PHOTOPLAY

OCTOBER

20¢



Why Are They Afraid To Marry?

—BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Boys Are Here To Stay!

—DEBBIE REYNOLDS

Is June Allyson Retiring?

—BY HEDDA HOPPER

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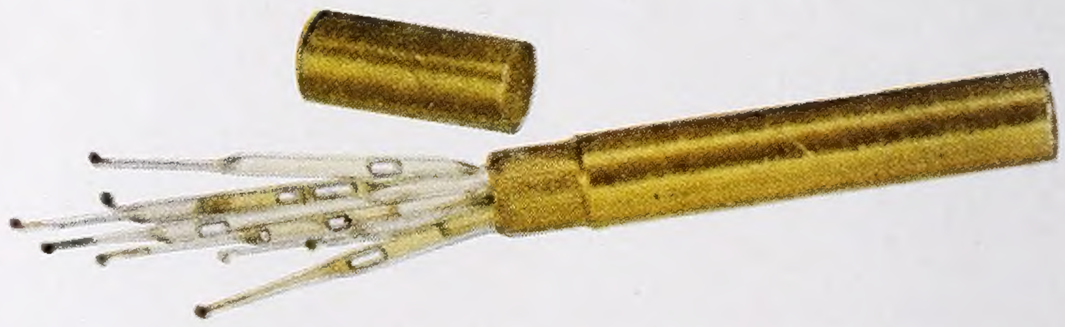
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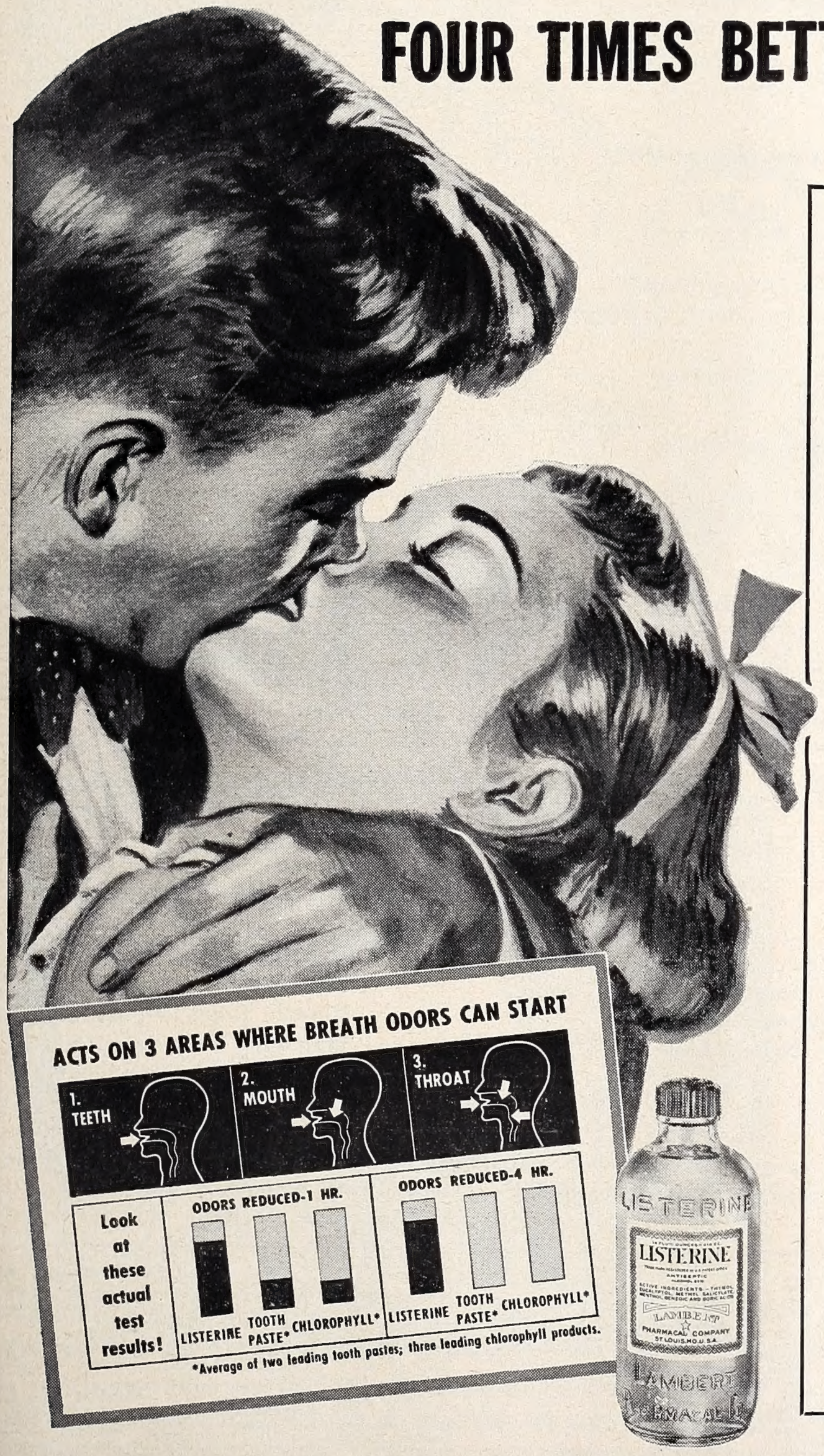
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Stops bad breath up to three —four times longer

Listerine Antiseptic was recently tested by a famous independent research laboratory against three leading chlorophyll products and two leading tooth pastes. Listerine averaged at least four times more effective in stopping breath odors than any of the products tested. By actual test, Listerine stopped bad breath up to three to four times longer than any of the chlorophyll or tooth paste products!

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this...instantly

The reason why Listerine gets these better results is perfectly simple. While bad breath is sometimes systemic, by far the most common cause is oral fermentation of food particles caused by bacteria.

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No chlorophyll, no tooth paste offers clinical proof like this of killing bacteria that cause bad breath.

So why experiment with unproven products? Get Listerine Antiseptic! It offers clinical proof . . . four times better than chlorophyll, four times better than tooth paste.

Use the extra-careful Precaution against Bad Breath . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS
BAD BREATH
AND
STOPS DECAY
BEST!

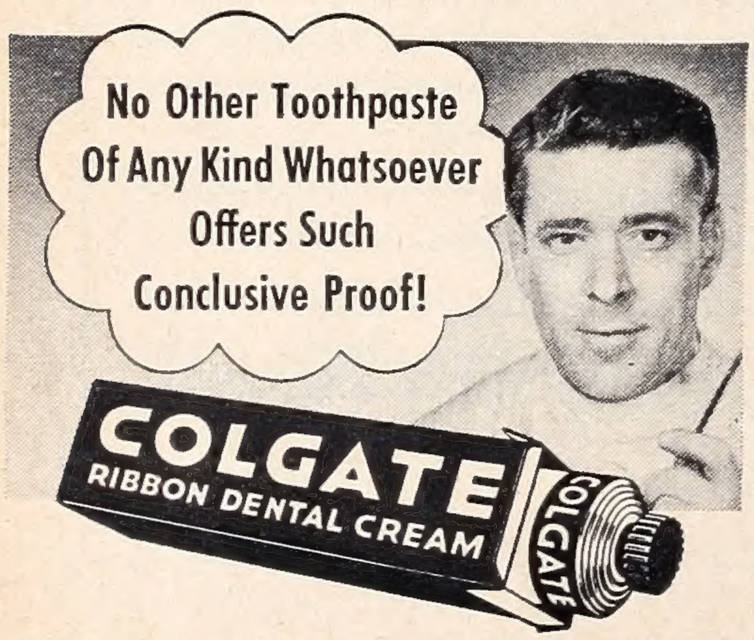
Colgate's Instantly Stops Bad Breath
In 7 Out of 10 Cases
That Originate in the Mouth!



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Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! In fact, brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the *best* way is the *Colgate* way!



PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 40 YEARS

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NATURAL COLOR PORTRAIT BY COBURN

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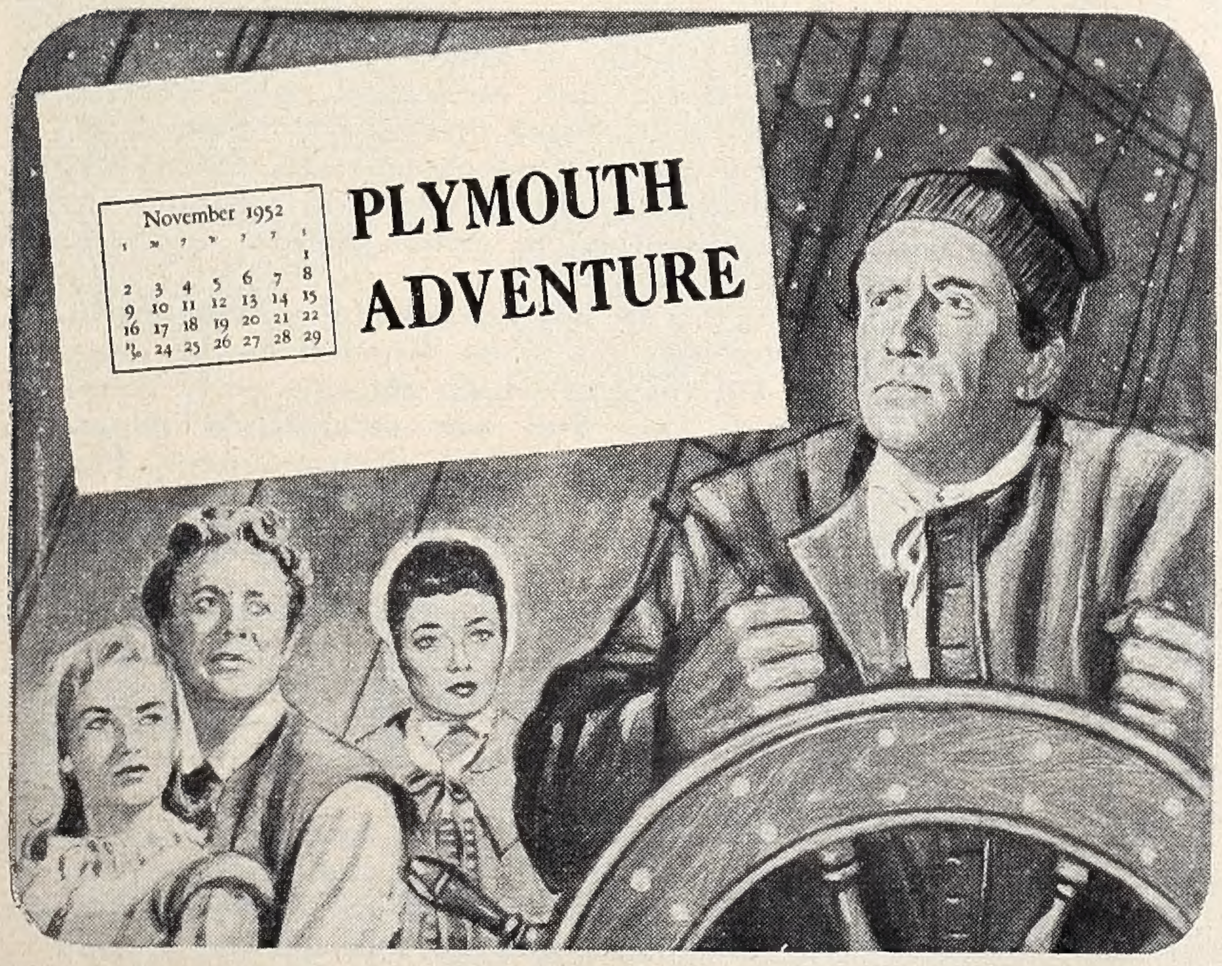
Member of The True Story Women's Group

M-G-M's Movie-of-the-Month Calendar



The golden voice of MARIO LANZA is heard again in the eagerly-awaited musical "BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE." It tells the rollicking, romantic story of a singing star drafted into the Army. Introducing lovely DORETTA MORROW of Broadway fame. With JAMES WHITMORE.

Color by *Technicolor.*



"PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE" is a Thanksgiving event. From the famed best-seller comes this heroic drama of men and women who triumphed over many perils on an epic sea voyage. Starring SPENCER TRACY, GENE TIERNEY, VAN JOHNSON and LEO GENN.

Color by *Technicolor.*



And to make it a Merry Xmas . . . "MILLION DOLLAR MERMAID" presents eye-filling ESTHER WILLIAMS in a spectacular new musical and water revel co-starring VICTOR MATURE, WALTER PIDGEON and DAVID BRIAN.

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NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

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• **Delicately fragrant** new Mum is useable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.



New **MUM**®

CREAM DEODORANT

A Product of Bristol-Myers

What should I do?



Your letters answered by ***Claudette Colbert***

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have been married for two years. During this time, while having luncheon with girl friends and playing bridge, I began to smoke and found that I enjoyed it. My husband does not smoke and he hates to see a woman with a cigarette although his sisters smoke and all of his friends do.

A few nights ago he asked me directly if I had started to smoke. He said he could smell tobacco on my hands and in my hair. I told him "Yes." Naturally, the roof was blown off. He stated flatly that unless I would quit smoking he would divorce me.

I asked if I couldn't smoke when he wasn't around, but he said his presence had nothing to do with it. He didn't want his wife to smoke.

I love my husband very much and he loves me, but he was in earnest about getting a divorce. Do you think he is being selfish and immature about this?

Do you think I should stop smoking? And if I give in on this question do you think he will continue to make DON'T rules for me to observe?

Benita I.

Dear Mrs. I:

Frankly, the average person considers that the question of smoking belongs in the same category with eating onions: it is a matter of personal taste. Some people enjoy the fragrance or aroma; some don't.

In controversies of this sort, the question has to be reduced to its simple fundamentals. If your husband asked you not to eat onions because the resulting breath discouraged his desire to kiss you, you would lose interest in onions. If your husband asked you to give up a certain brand of perfume because it made him sneeze, you'd change perfumes without a thought.

When a girl is truly in love, her desire is to please her husband and to be attractive to him.

So . . .

Claudette Colbert

Dear Claudette Colbert:

We are heading for a real tragedy. A relative owns a gun. Up until a few years ago he lived with us and had lived with us all our lives. He is impossible to bear, so we moved to another state and started a new life.

Now he has traced us and has our address. We received a letter last week in which he said he was going to move in with us. We have a two-bedroom house with two people in each bedroom, but this will not stop him from sleeping in the living room on the lounge as he has done all his life. Or even on a chair.

He is seventy-seven years old but robust and in perfect health. He will last for another twenty-five years. He is a hopeless hypochondriac, always complaining about food and insisting that he needs a special diet including two inch steaks. He is lazy (won't keep himself clean), stubborn (he delights in doing anything you ask him not to do), dishonest (he has stolen money from my purse and out of milk bottles in an apartment hallway), and altogether horrible.

Can you think of a way to keep him out of our house?

A Worried Family

Dear Correspondent:

You should go to the Chief of Police in your town and tell your story. In any case where anyone is likely to threaten you with a deadly weapon, or in any case in which your home is likely to be violated, you should appeal to the authorities at once.

Don't be hysterical or confused about it. Think out your problem, making notes if necessary, and then tell a straightforward story that will give the authorities a clear picture of your problem.

If you are advised to consult an attorney, ask to be directed to the Legal Aid Society which charges only nominal fees and was established to aid people in modest circumstances. Fortunately you live near a large city in which there is a very active Legal Aid Society.

Don't be victimized. Be sensible and rational and you will be able to work this out to your satisfaction.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of CLAUDETTE COLBERT? If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Hills, California. If Miss Colbert feels your problem is of general interest, she will consider answering it here. Names will be held confidential.

Dear Miss Colbert:

My husband and I have been married for nearly four years and we have been intensely happy. At least, I know I have been happy and my husband has assured me in thousands of ways that he is, too. He is wonderful about sending me cards on all the holidays and he is very generous at Christmas time and my birthday.

He compliments me on my cooking, and I get along very well with his brothers and sisters. My (*Continued on page* 20)

Betty tops her Big Top performance... in this
Greatest Show of the Movie Season!

A PERLBERG-SEATON PRODUCTION

Somebody Loves Me



'I'm Sorry Dear'

'Smiles'

'I Can't Tell Why I Love You'

'Jealous'

'That Teasing Rag'

'Way Down Yonder In New Orleans'

18 TERRIFIC TUNES...

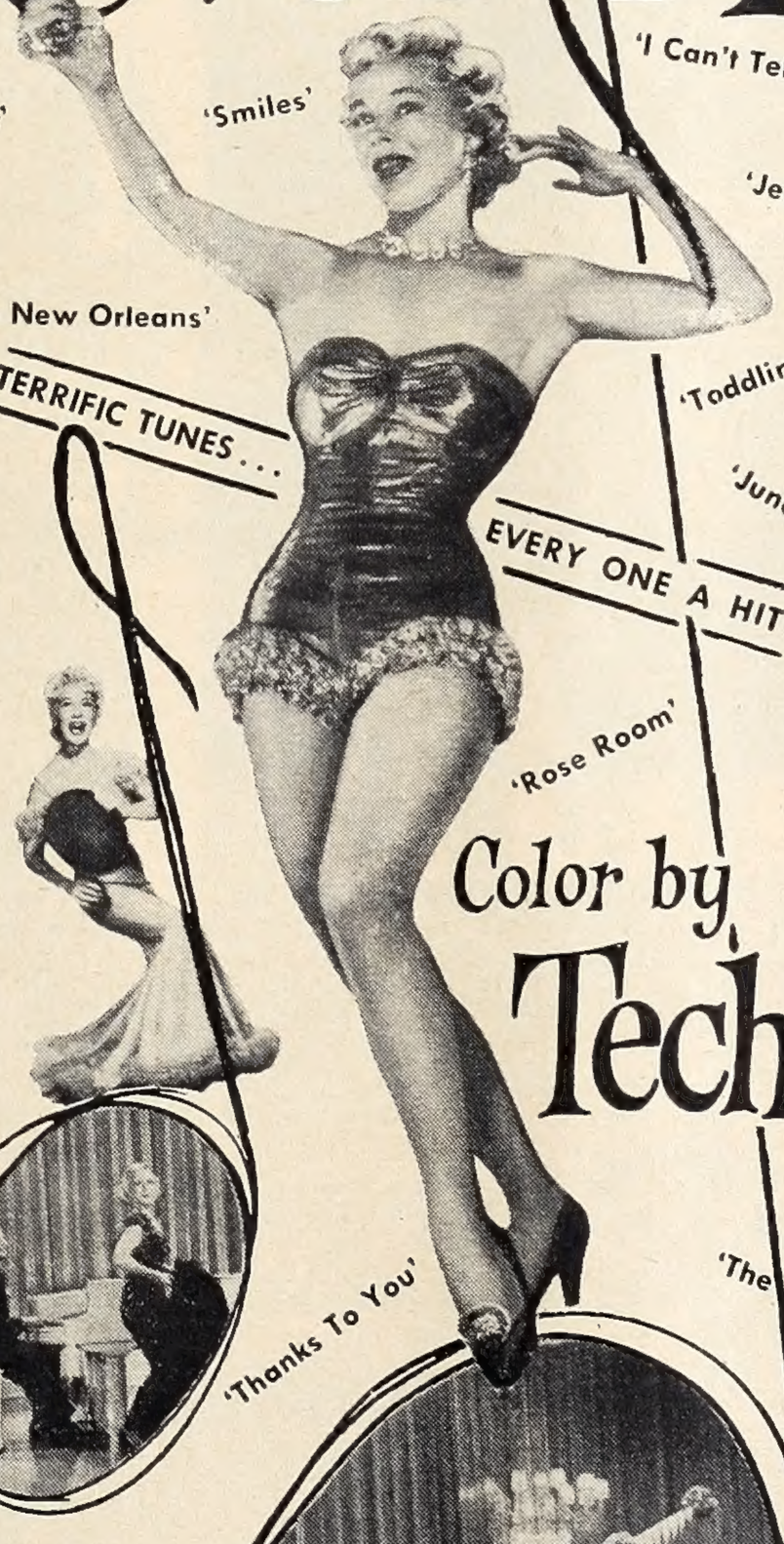
'Toddling The Todalo'

'June'

'Dixie Dreams'

'Love Him'

EVERY ONE A HIT!







'I Cried For You'

'Rose Room'

'Honey, Oh, My Honey'



Color by
Technicolor

'Somebody Loves Me'

'Thanks To You'

'The Wang Wang Blues'

'On San Francisco Bay'

'A Dollar And Thirty Cents'





starring **BETTY HUTTON**

RALPH MEEKER

with ROBERT KEITH · ADELE JERGENS

AND THE CHEZ PAREE ADORABLES

Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG and GEORGE SEATON

Written and Directed by IRVING BRECHER

A Paramount Picture



Use new *White Rain* shampoo tonight—tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo pampers your hair... leaves it soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, and so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS

CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

White Rain



Fabulous New **Lotion Shampoo** by Toni

laughing stock...

BY
ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station.)

A blonde actress introduced her husband to her psychiatrist and said:
"Doctor, this is my husband—one of the men I was telling you about."

Producer Stanley Kramer asked the Columbia studio publicity boys for some new title suggestions for his picture, "The Cyclists' Raid." The boys suggested: "Sink or Schwinn," "The Harley Girls" and "The Best Gears of Our Lives."

Red Skelton quipped it after watching a Hollywood actor down enough firewater for a lost weekend:
"The man obviously has a Scotch-tape worm."

Eye-opening line on the program correction sheet of a Los Angeles TV station:
Kill—"My Wife's Relatives."

Bob Hope's reaction to his first glimpse of Jane Russell in "Son of Paleface":
"I don't know what she's got, but if I could bottle it I could make a fortune."

Alan Young's description of his role in "Androcles and the Lion." "While I'm chewing the scenery, the lion is chewing me."

Gagsters are wondering why Artie Shaw's autobiography wasn't distributed by the Wife of the Month Club.

Jack Benny tells about the drunk who staggered home before dawn to a TV set that wifey had failed to turn off. He looked at the horizontal weaving lines on the screen and muttered:
"Thash beautiful tweed, but what right has my tailor got to be in my home selling me suits?"

Alan Wilson's saying some smart night club owner should book Johnnie Ray and Esther Williams on the same bill. First, Johnnie comes out and does a song and then Esther swims in it!

Gene Evans, the actor who has played almost every role wearing a beard, is saying:
"It's getting so that in every movie I hardly speak above a whisker."

Basil Rathbone tells it: The late British actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, once referred to Basil as "two profiles stuck together." When he asked her why she said it, she retorted: "I take it back. You look like a folded umbrella taking an elocution lesson."

Eddie Cantor played the role of himself in "The Story of Will Rogers." But before he faced the cameras, Cantor spent forty minutes in Warner's makeup department being made up to look like Cantor.

A couple of teenagers sat through all five of Gene Nelson's shows during a personal appearance. As a gag, he sent them some sandwiches. Later they went to his dressing room to thank him.
"How did you like the sandwiches?" he asked.
"Oh," they replied, "we didn't eat them. We're having them framed."

ALL THAT A WONDERFUL MOTION PICTURE CAN BE



...AND SOMETHING MORE!

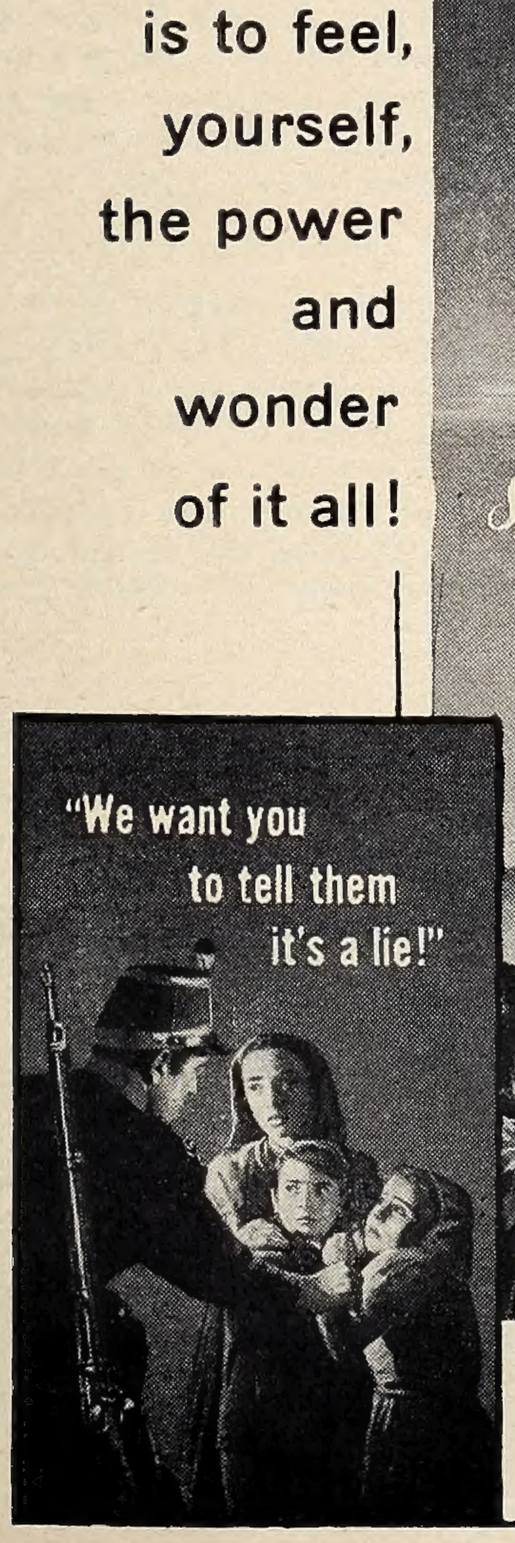
One young girl's unusual story that touched the hearts of untold millions! To share her longings, her dreams, her inspiring hopes, is to feel, yourself, the power and wonder of it all!

WARNER BROS.
PRESENT
ONE OF THE GREAT
TRUE STORIES OF OUR TIME

THE Miracle OF OUR LADY OF Fatima

All its Spectacle and Magnificence in color by
WARNERCOLOR





WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN BY CRANE WILBUR AND JAMES O'HANLON
DIRECTED BY JOHN BRAHM · MUSIC BY MAX STEINER PRODUCED BY BRYAN FOY

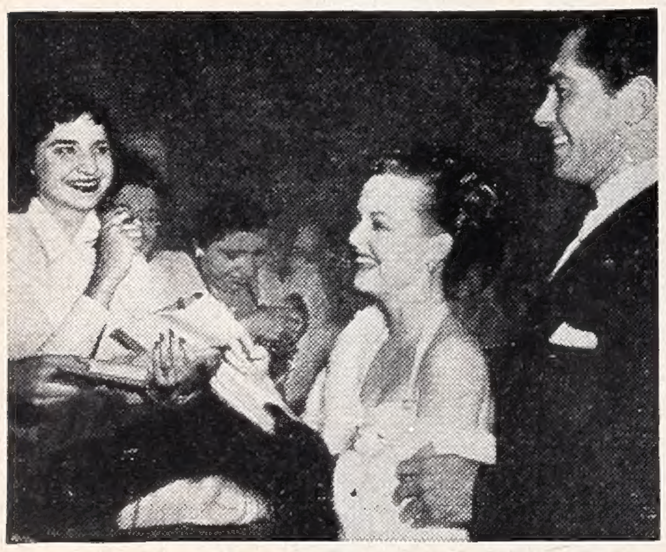


hollywood party line

by Edith Gwynn

NO MATTER WHAT CHANGE OF SILHOUETTE a new style trend may bring (though Heaven knows, most *any* silhouette is chic at the moment) there is never really any style or "shape" or color that challenges the perennial smartness of black. And now there's the latest rage in fabrics, our old, old standby, *crepe*, to wear it in. Whether softly draped or softly full, nothing lends itself to the addition of varied accessories nor furnishes the basis for so many changes of costume as your old friend, the "basic black." This season, the very festive cocktail or dinner dress will be superseded by the less dressy, yet more than usually smart afternoon dress. Golly! It's been ages since gals shopped for glamorous *afternoon* clothes. But they're making up for lost time. Saw Esther Williams at the Brown Derby in a navy blue crepe very much in the new mood. The bodice was snug, with full sleeves that drew tight just above the elbow. The skirt had a graceful panel—lined in mauve satin—floating from the right hip to the hem. A tiny navy hat, violet-trimmed, short mauve gloves, and navy suede bag and shoes finished off this charming outfit.

Then there are those wonderful wrinkle-resistant crepes that can go anywhere, anytime, and look just as good after a week in a suit-case! Shelley Winters has a stunner in charcoal gray. It was her mainstay when she visited her Vittorio in Mexico while he was working on "Sombrero." The trim sheath has short puffed sleeves, and over it goes a soft jacket with a narrow shawl collar and bracelet-length sleeves. But we'd better get on to *shindigs!*



Premiering: Wanda Hendrix, Dick Allan

The opening of "The Story of Will Rogers" was a very glittery event and full of nostalgic moments. Finlay Currie, that great character actor, showed up in *kilts!* Roy Rogers and his ever-lovin' Dale Evans wore matching white suits and cute cowboy hats. But for most, it was a black-tie affair and the grandstand crowd cheered their favorites—Debbie Reynolds, real sharp in a mauve, full-skirted evening gown, with Bob Wagner; Margaret O'Brien, in a beoootiful white lace bouffant gown; Wanda Hendrix in white satin, with Dick Allan; Janet Leigh, with that poodle cut she hates (but has to have for "The Naked Spur") and Tony Curtis with a long bob—and we're not kidding; The Danny Thomases, the Jeff Chandlers, the Jerry Lewises, the Dennis Morgans, Joel McCrea.

On the way into the theater, Virginia Mayo, in a lovely full-skirted gown of fire-engine red silk and net, suddenly stopped dead, raised her skirts and had hubby Michael O'Shea adjust a fire-red garter on one of her gorgeous gams! (Most of the gapers probably weren't hep to the fact that this *might* have been a good stunt to plug Virginia's picture, "She's Working Her Way Through College.")

Now then, we come to the exciting opening of the play, "Stalag 17" (you'll be seeing a movie of it this fall), when not only Michael Rennie showed up wearing one of those black string ties with his tux, but so did George Montgomery. (We teenk they steenk!—the ties, that is!) Also at the show were the Burt Lancasters (he left next day for the Fiji Islands to star in "His Majesty O'Keefe"), Dinah Shore, really snappy in dressy separates consisting of black velvet, short-sleeved, low-necked top and a gold and black metallic skirt "a few thousand yards" wide. The Brod Crawfords, Monica Lewis in pale blue taffeta, Eve Arden, the Don Taylors, the Lloyd Nolans, Gary Cooper with dotter, Maria, Alex Nicol there too! But it was starlet Laurette Luez who really stole the style show (and we don't necessarily mean the laurels for smartness). She was decked out in a slinky, low-cut number of black satin. It was so tight, it looked as though she was wearing black skin. All we can say is that if Marilyn Monroe had seen it, she would probably have cut her throat. *Or* cut Laurette's!



Guess who's Gary's favorite girl friend now!

Of course, the biggest to-do in town was one again honoring Judy Garland. Meaning the huge testimonial dinner tossed for the gal by the Friars' Club at the Biltmore Bowl. And the bowl overflowed with people who not only paid tribute to Judy, but paid $25 a plate for the privilege, thus swelling the charity fund of the Friars to the merry tune of $25,000. Speechmakers (including Judy, who also sang) were Frank Sinatra, Roz Russell, Ezio Pinza, Marie Wilson, Olivia de Havilland, Eddie Cantor, Ronnie Reagan and others. Judy looked darling in pale, pale yellow crepe and net trimmed with tiny pearls. Roz Russell pulled the nicest, most sentimental line of the evening when she said, "I don't need an autograph book, Judy. Your name is written on my heart."

Bob and Dolores Hope seldom go to parties or nightclubs, but they had lots of fun at the soiree Liz Dailey (Dan's ex) gave for her on-again, off-again fiance, wealthy Bob Neal, at Ciro's. Sheila Connolly, who is an absolute *double* for Liz Taylor, was there with Arthur Loew, Jr., once Janet Leigh's best beau. Craig Hill was with Molly Dunn who used to date Pete Lawford, and Pete was there with Jean McDonald. Terry Moore was stunning in a full skirted dress of reddish brown crepe.

Wot fun there was at the crammed jam-session type party Jane Wyman threw for about a hundred chums! Jane asked her guests to wear ginghams, dungarees and such, and she came in a red and white checked cotton. Nancy Sinatra, and most of the other gals dressed "as instructed." But of all people, Betty Hutton, who loves to rough it, was dolled up like crazy! She wore a tiny little cocktail hat with a really knockout black and white checked dress. Sally Cobb, wife of Brown Derby's Bob Cobb, looked similarly chic in white satin with small black stripes.



Betty, new groom, Charlie, and Mrs. Bob Cobb

"ah-h! my Ivory Bath

it's a pleasure...

pure pleasure!"

Yes, there's more lather . . . faster lather . . . in an Ivory bath!

It's so *relaxing* to sink into an Ivory bath! You don't grope for soap—Ivory floats right into your hand. You don't wait for lather—that husky cake of Ivory fairly *bursts* into rich, foamy suds! For Ivory makes *more* lather, *faster*, than any other leading bath soap!

There's Ivory's famous mildness . . . and such a clean, fresh odor!

It's pure delight—the gentle caress of silky Ivory suds. For Ivory is 99 44/100 % pure . . . mild as mild. Why, more doctors advise Ivory Soap for skin care than any other soap. And that clean, fresh-smelling Ivory lather leaves you *so* refreshed! All aglow and ready to go!

You get more for your money, too!

Yes, mild Ivory . . . pure Ivory . . . floating Ivory . . . actually costs you less! Gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!







99 44/100% pure...it Floats



"The whole family agrees on Ivory!"

America's Favorite Bath Soap!



Why do so many think these silverplate patterns are sterling?

Because women see in Holmes & Edwards silverplate the artistry and craftsmanship usually found only in sterling. Because they note the feeling of weight, the depth of detail, the superb finish!

. . . YET THEY COST $200 LESS

A gleaming 52-piece service for 8 in Holmes & Edwards is only $74.95 . . . including 4 serving pieces and chest. This is at least $200 less than a comparable service in fine sterling. Ask your dealer about his Club Plan . . . the popular budget way to buy . . . use it as you pay for it!

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that's hollywood for you

by Sidney Skolsky



"Don't get me wrong!"

I CAN'T ACCEPT Piper Laurie as a big movie star, no matter how popular she is at the box-office. Don't get me wrong: I like Piper personally, but I'm a guy who was brought up on such movie stars as Crawford, Shearer and Garbo . . . As handsome as Tony Curtis is, I have a strong suspicion that he'd like to be Jerry Lewis . . . And that Jerry would give anything, even Dean Martin, to be Charlie Chaplin . . . Marilyn Monroe dials her own private phone number in "Niagara." But don't get too excited, fellows, she's changed her number since . . . Fans of Marlon Brando expect him to wear a torn toga in "Julius Caesar" . . . I think certain couples look as if they belong together, such as Ava and Frankie. Yet I can't become accustomed to the Ida Lupino-Howard Duff combination . . . Debbie Reynolds always looks as if a vitamin shot has started to work on her . . . There's no better view from any night club in the country than from the rear window of the Champagne Room of the Mocambo . . . No matter how good the script is, I can't believe in Van Johnson as a congressman! . . . The drive-in theatres are doing great business, proving that television can't hurt love, although it can hurt the movies . . . I liked Bob Mitchum's remark when Teresa Wright recently had to pose for her first cheesecake photos. Bob said, "This kid has talent she hasn't even used yet."

VERA-ELLEN *could use more weight, especially in the right spots . . . Leo Genn tells me he likes women who are feminine, attractive and intelligent, but primarily intelligent . . . After seeing "Glory Alley," I'm hopped up to see a good movie about bop musicians . . . Although the movie executives may pan television, they have TV to thank for the beginning of the end of the double feature menace . . . I want to tell you there's nothing false about Shelley Winters . . . My latest Marie Wilsonism finds her ordering French champagne and saying, "Make sure that it's French, waiter, because if it isn't, I won't be able to tell the difference" . . . I admire Betty Hutton for giving up a studio contract so that husband Charles O'Curran could direct her and she could do TV. As Betty knows, there's no business like show business—but it's much better with love . . . Barbara Payton proved she was very sexy in the headlines, but when I saw her shopping at Schwab's in short shorts and flat sandals, she had legs like a first baseman . . . Cary Grant has more charm than any other actor on the screen . . . Linda Christian isn't at all embarrassed by that sculptured bust of her. "Everybody wants me to pose," says Linda. "I've always had that trouble. I don't know why." Should we tell her? . . . I just can't buy Billy Daniels or Johnnie Ray or any other sound singers who go through a set of gymnastics while delivering a song. Their bad acting is laughable . . . Carleton Carpenter looks like a bop musician.*

IF I WERE the owner of a movie studio I'd demand a percentage of the candy sales at the theatres playing my pictures. If the picture isn't good, the people don't come to buy candy . . . Esther Williams reminds me of the counsellor at a girls' camp on whom all the girls have a crush . . . Thelma Ritter told me she read it somewhere and now it's her motto: "If a man and a woman have nothing to say to each other, sex will not say it better" . . . Dale Robertson would have been tremendous in silent pictures . . . I'm glad Ray Bolger clicked in the movie "Where's Charley?" He's a nice guy . . . Don't be misled by the "Sunset Strip" handle: it's a broad main thoroughfare connecting Hollywood and Beverly Hills . . . Whenever I see Patrice Wymore alone, Errol Flynn becomes a big puzzle to me. You just don't leave a package like this unclaimed . . . Of course Hope and Crosby are friends off the "road" as well as on, but Bing will tell you, "there are times when Bob is hard to talk to, unless you don't object to talking while he's talking." After Bob reads this, I'll give you his answer.

I'll say that movie acting is better than ever, and wait for Shirley Booth and Julie Harris to prove it for me . . . Watch Kathryn Grayson when she takes a high note. The Johnston Office does . . . Why does a studio, after making a picture about football or baseball, hide the fact from the public in advertising and make them believe it's the same old story about boy meets girl? . . . Rosemary Clooney's pet name for José Ferrer is Sam Shrike . . . I sometimes wonder what Betty Grable thinks when she sees Marilyn Monroe, but then I remember Betty's bank account and wonder why I'm worrying for her . . . At a party at the Charlie Chaplins', Gregory Ratoff leaned over and whispered to Oona, "Off the record, your husband is a genius." That's Hollywood for you.

impertinent interview

by Mike Connolly

OLIVIA DE GOODRICH, they called her. Olivia de Goodrich, the inaccessible.

Newspaper people pinned that tag on Olivia de Havilland when they found it difficult to interview her after her marriage to Marcus Goodrich.

During the past six years since their marriage—on August 26, 1946—Marcus watched over her as relentlessly as a presidential bodyguard. It was this domination, this constant dictation, that was blamed for the recent divorce action.

The beautiful Olivia, who is deeply religious, entered into her marriage pact with Goodrich expecting it, in all sincerity, to be "till death do us part." It was her first marriage, his fifth. She was only twenty-nine, he many years older. Yet she had no qualms as to their marital future. It was only after long and careful thought, Olivia told me, that she became convinced the incompatibility surrounding their life together was an insurmountable block to happiness. She reached the inevitable decision to separate.

It has been said around Hollywood that the intellectual Marcus, author of the best-selling novel "Delilah," was responsible for deepening the already wide rift between Olivia and her equally lovely sister, Joan Fontaine. There are some who feel that without Goodrich's influence on Olivia the two sisters might have found it possible to reconcile.

From what Olivia told me, I don't think so.

When I asked her about the much-publicized differences between Joan and herself, she said, "It is not altogether a successful relationship and I don't think anyone can ever make it so. It's too bad something special has to be made of it because observation of other people will show that feuds are commonplace in families. I know a newspaperman who can't stand his brother! It's a sad thing for the people involved."



Olivia de Goodrich

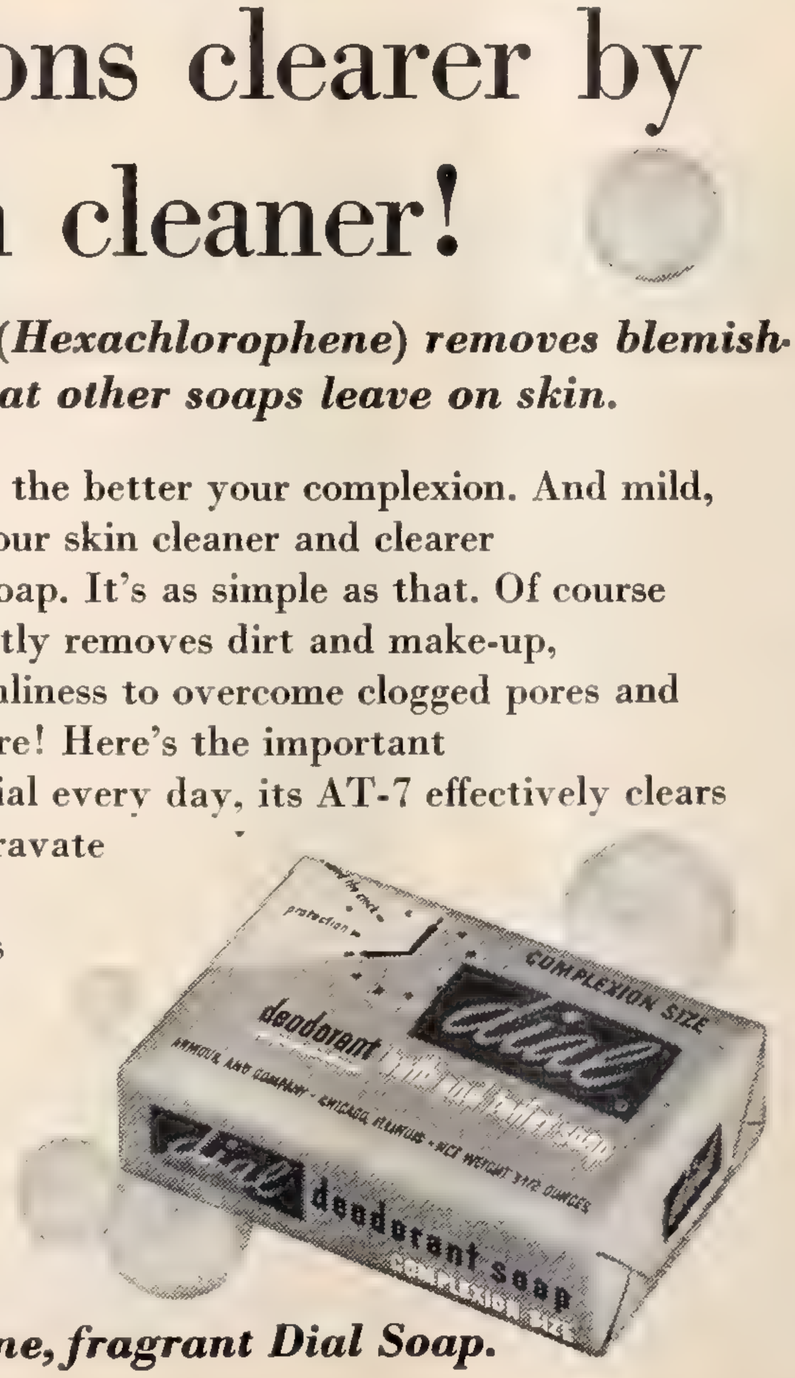
Now that Olivia is once again directing her own destiny, she returns to the screen for the first time since her Oscar-winning performance in "The Heiress" in 1949. Her present vehicle is "My Cousin Rachel," produced by Nunnally Johnson and directed by Henry Koster, for which acting chore she is receiving the fat salary of $175,000.



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Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's bland *beauty-cream* lather gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more! Here's the important *difference:* when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.



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Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

what hollywood's whispering about.

by Florabel Muir

There are constant rumors of trouble in the marital menage of Esther Williams and Ben Gage, with columnists popping off every once in a while that the end is near. But the couple keep on smiling tenderly at each other when together in public, so if there is a rift they're doing a good job of covering it up. I can't find out any reason why they shouldn't be getting along, unless it's finances, which put a lot of folks on edge these days.

•

Will Rita Hayworth and her Aly Khan rush back into each other's arms? Aly is here to sell a flock of thoroughbred yearlings for his father, the Aga Khan. Nobody can take heavy money out of England, where much of the Aga's fortune is invested—and hosstradin' is one way the Khan family can get their hands on American dollars. Four years ago, when Aly was in Hollywood wooing Rita, he sold some of his foreign cars for ready cash.

•

Whether or not Greer Garson's husband, wealthy Cattle-man Buddy Fogelson, will do anything about the drastic steps he threatened if Greer went back to work. Despite his objections, she's hard at it these days, in M-G-M's "My Mother and Mr. McChesney."

•

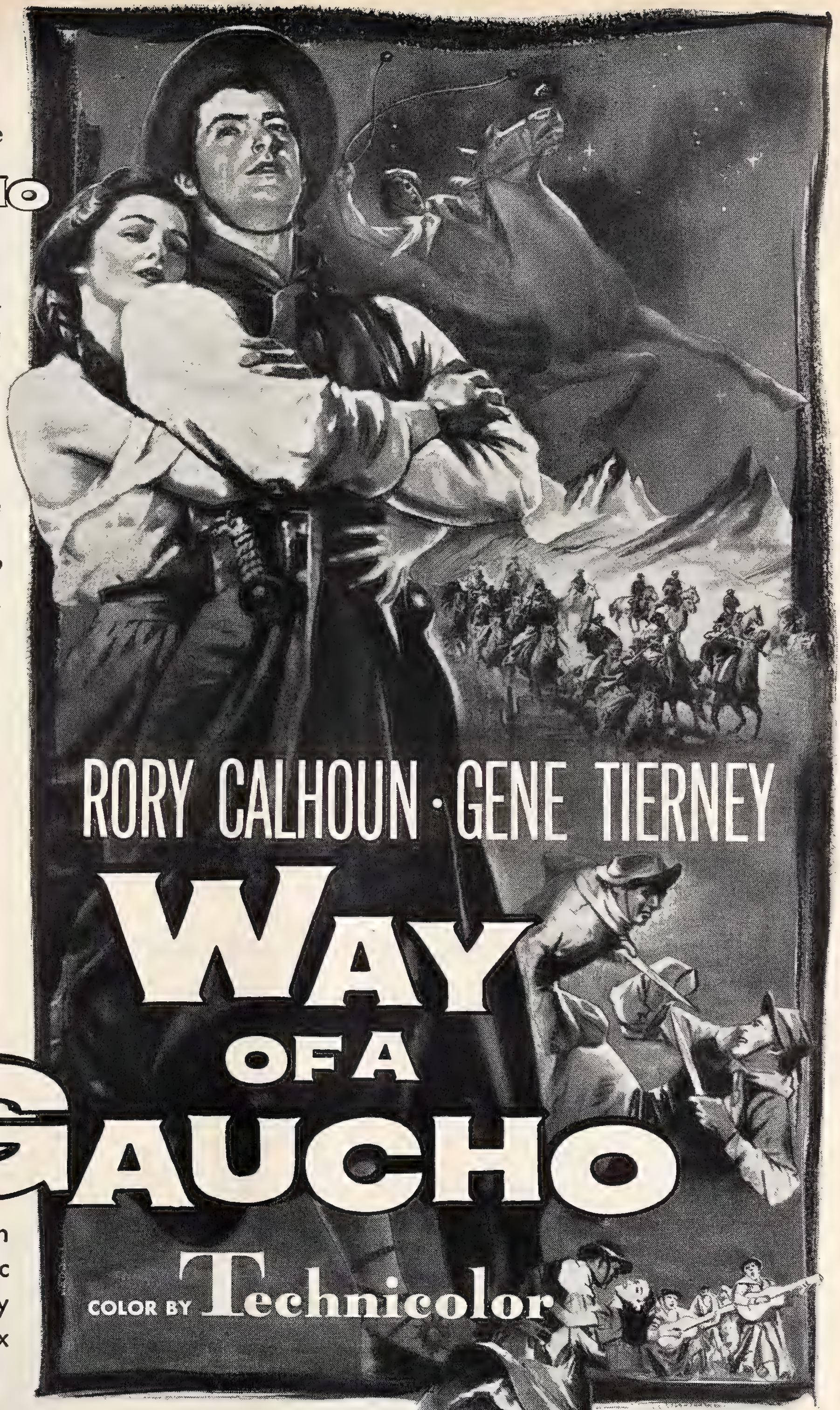
Does Maureen O'Hara's heart belong to that wealthy young Mexican she recently met south of the border? And is that why she finally decided to snip her marriage ties to Will Price? And will she ever be able to marry her Latin boy friend who is married?

(*Continued on page* 14)



Esther & Ben: Storm warnings?

The GAUCHO and Argentina are as one! He is the strength of the mountains, the fury of the pampas. And when he takes a woman, it is like earth is to earth...



Filmed in romantic Argentina by 20th Century-Fox

with RICHARD BOONE · HUGH MARLOWE · EVERETT SLOANE

Produced by PHILIP DUNNE Associate Producer JOSEPH C. BEHM Directed by JACQUES TOURNEUR

Screen Play by PHILIP DUNNE

Based on the Novel by HERBERT CHILDS



Slim The Way The Stars Slim



• Joan Bennett spends many happy hours reading in the library of her Beverly Hills home. Here's what she says about Ayds: "The Ayds way is the really sensible way to reduce. That's why so many Hollywood stars follow it."



• Joan about to go for a drive with her French poodle, Bambi. "If you are overweight, Ayds can do wonderful things for your figure," says Joan. "I recommend it to any woman who wants to keep herself looking slim and youthful."

"AYDS Can Do Wonderful Things for Your Figure," says Joan Bennett

Let lovely Joan Bennett, mother of four, tell you how to win a lovelier figure! Lose weight *the way* Nature intended you to! With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat the foods you like. Ayds contains no harmful drugs . . . calls for no strenuous diet.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health-giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, more beautiful day by day.

Delighted users report losing up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you must lose weight with the first box ($2.98) or your money back.

The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS



what hollywood's whispering about.

by Florabel Muir

(*Continued from page* 12)

When Judy Garland's baby will be born is another topic of conversation. Friends and enemies trying to predict the exact month. . . . Is Gary Cooper trying to prove he's young again by night clubbing several times a week with fireball Dusty Miller? When he was happily married to Rocky she couldn't drag him to a night spot twice a year. He balked, though, when Dusty tried to lure him into the Hokey Pokey, that mad new dance at the Mocambo. He apparently noticed some of the older gents pulling up lame.

•

Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassmann are another couple whose marriage, according to gossips, hasn't a chance. Two columnists seem intent on breaking it up and snatch at any little argument the two have. "Sure we fight," says Shelley, "because it's so much fun to make up." But she's volatile, and some time they might not make up.

•

How much dough will Lana wind up with when she divorces Millionaire Bob Topping? And how soon will she become Mrs. Fernando Lamas? When the South American actor pays enough dough to get his wife in a mood to seek a divorce? The good old jack seems to be slowing up this great romance.

•

Does the fact that Evie Johnson's turned movie actress again—she's doing a small part in Rosalind Russell's new picture, "Never Wave at a Wac"—indicate that she's really tired of being Mrs. Johnson, as gossips say?



Shell and her Vittorio

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"Fashion features a slimmer figure for fall—accents it with supple, slender lines—a trim curve from waist to hips. You can create this figure for yourself—with the Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle!" Smooth latex, with cloud-soft fabric next to your skin, molds you—holds you so comfortably—gives you boundless freedom. And the 4 new Adjust-All garters quickly adjust to a perfect fit . . . help save stockings. Without a seam, stitch or bone, Playtex is invisible under sleekest clothes, washes in seconds, dries in a flash.



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Face Powder in eight different shades **$1.00** each *All prices plus tax*

Shades of Night!

Even Hollywood stars have nightmares! And they shudder when they think about some of the disturbing—and surprising—phantoms that haunt them in their dreams.

*

Ingrid Bergman: "I am swimming in pleasant, placid waters, feeling happy and at peace with the world. Then all of a sudden, white caps break around me. Still I have no feeling of fear. When a man's head emerges out of the water ahead of me, I call to him, 'Look, look at the white caps—how pretty they are. They look just like white flowers!' And the man calls back to me, in a hoarse voice, 'Those are not white caps, Ingrid—those are sharks!' "

*

Barbara Stanwyck: "I am locked in a small, dark room without windows, but with so many doors it is impossible to count them. Little doors, big doors, narrow doors, fat doors—the room is jumping with them. And from each and every door there emerges, moving at a slow pace, some sort of gruesome character—nightmarish creatures too horrible to describe. They draw nearer—nearer. And suddenly I am awake—shaking like a bag of bones!"

*

Gene Tierney: "I am reaching into my bureau drawer, where I keep my stockings. Something glides through my fingers. I pull my hand away and stare, shuddering, at the thing inside the drawer. It is a snake—the same color as my nylons! I scream. And wake up—still screaming."

*

Joan Evans: "I haven't had this nightmare since I was fourteen. I would be walking through a long, dark passage. Finally, I would come to a door. Only it wasn't a door, really, but a mesh thing that opened like a horrid jaw. I would enter this jaw and there would be a flight of stairs. I'd climb up and up and up. And finally, I would find myself in a cavern that was pitch dark. And then, although I never saw anything and nothing ever touched me, I'd know that *something* was in the cavern with me. I could *feel* its presence. I would shiver and shake—until I woke myself with my shaking."

*

Esther Williams: "This used to happen to me when I went in for competitive

Here are reasons why some stars wake up screaming!

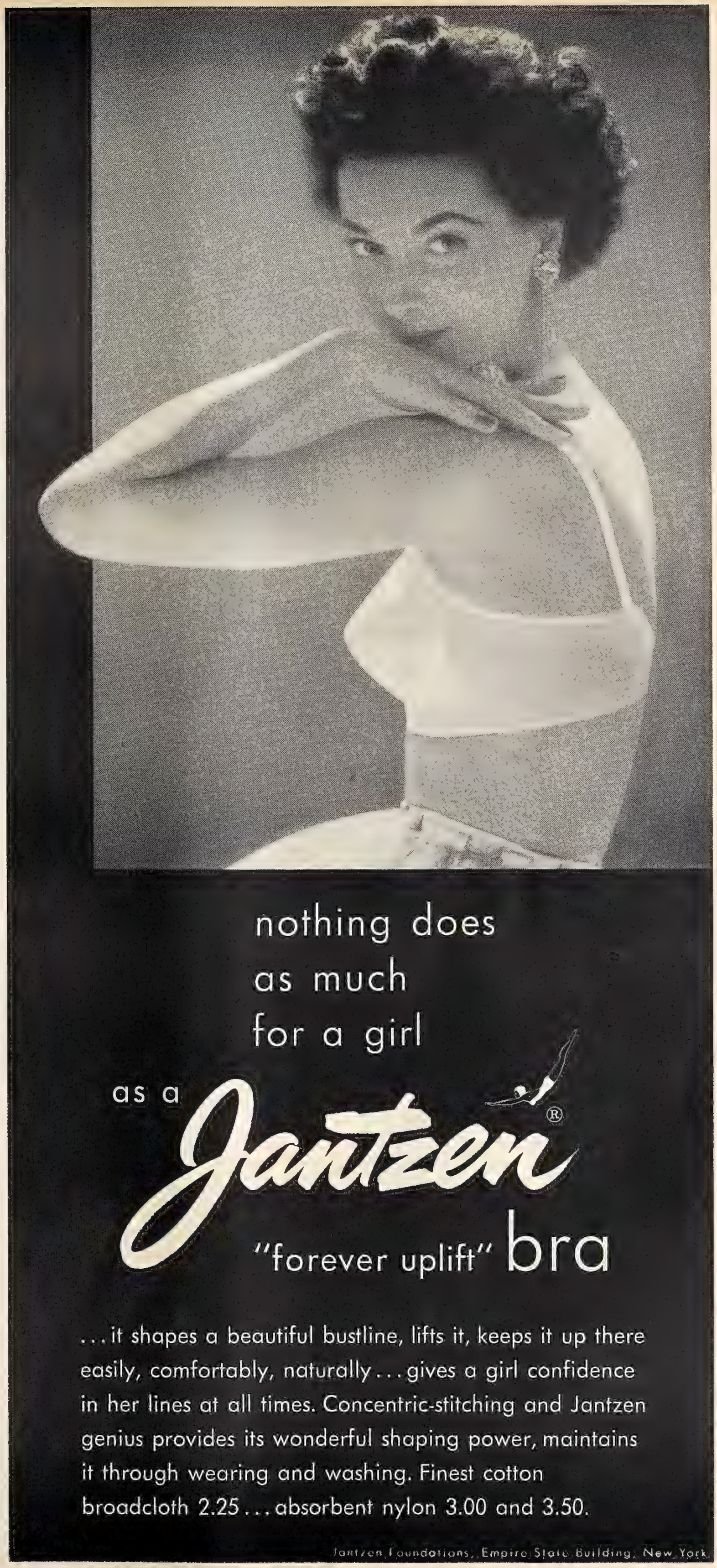
swimming events. And always, the night before. I would dream I was in the race, well in the lead, when suddenly, the other swimmers would begin to pass me. Only they'd be the same swimmers, passing me over and over again. And the harder I tried to swim, the more frequently they'd pass me. Then, suddenly, I would realize I was on a water treadmill. No matter how I tried, I couldn't get away. This would go on for what seemed like hours. And I'd wake up, crying real tears and be so exhausted, I'd think, "I'm a gone girl for the race today!' "

•

Joan Crawford: "I receive an invitation to a special radio broadcasting show. I am told I must be at Studio One at 9:00 P.M. On the night of the show, I am working late and have to rush from the set. I grab dinner on the way and arrive after the show has begun. As I enter by the back way, I hear beautiful music and grope my way to it through shrouding darkness. I stand there, drinking in the music, letting my eyes become accustomed to the dark. Suddenly I realize I am being stared at. Only all I can see are eyes—blank staring eyes that are cold and hateful. I gasp, choke and start to run. I run for what seems endless miles in a darkness that is thick and heavy, like velvet. I wake up shaken, trembling."

Bob Mitchum: "I dream I am walking along a highway crowded with people going in all directions. Every so often, someone stops me and says, "Please pull out my tooth!" I try to laugh. I can't. My mouth has set in cement. I try to run away. My legs won't move. Then something is thrust in my hands. I know, without looking, that it's a forceps. Then, under compulsion, I start to pull a tooth. I pull and pull until I wake up pulling, with my thumb and forefinger—at *one of my own teeth!*"

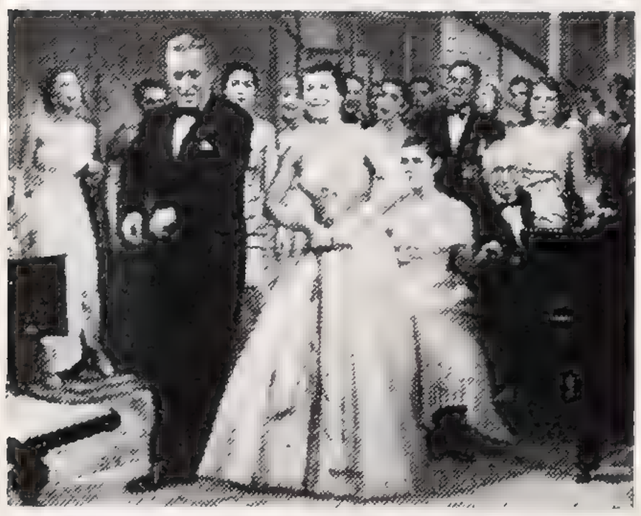
Van Johnson: "I am on a boat that seems to be sailing under its own power. There are always two other people with me. We sail on and on, until we finally reach what appears to be a giant waterfall. And for a terrifying second, we teeter on the edge of what I suddenly know is the end of the world!"





As relaxed between takes as before the cameras (giving the month's best performances!), Jane and Bing picnic-lunched on Lake Arrowhead location







Hit of the ten-song score, "Zing Me a Zong" is done in impromptu style, like Oscar's pet "In the Cool, etc."

"Just for You"

And for every other fan, Paramount reunites Bing and Jane in the month's most lovable music-film

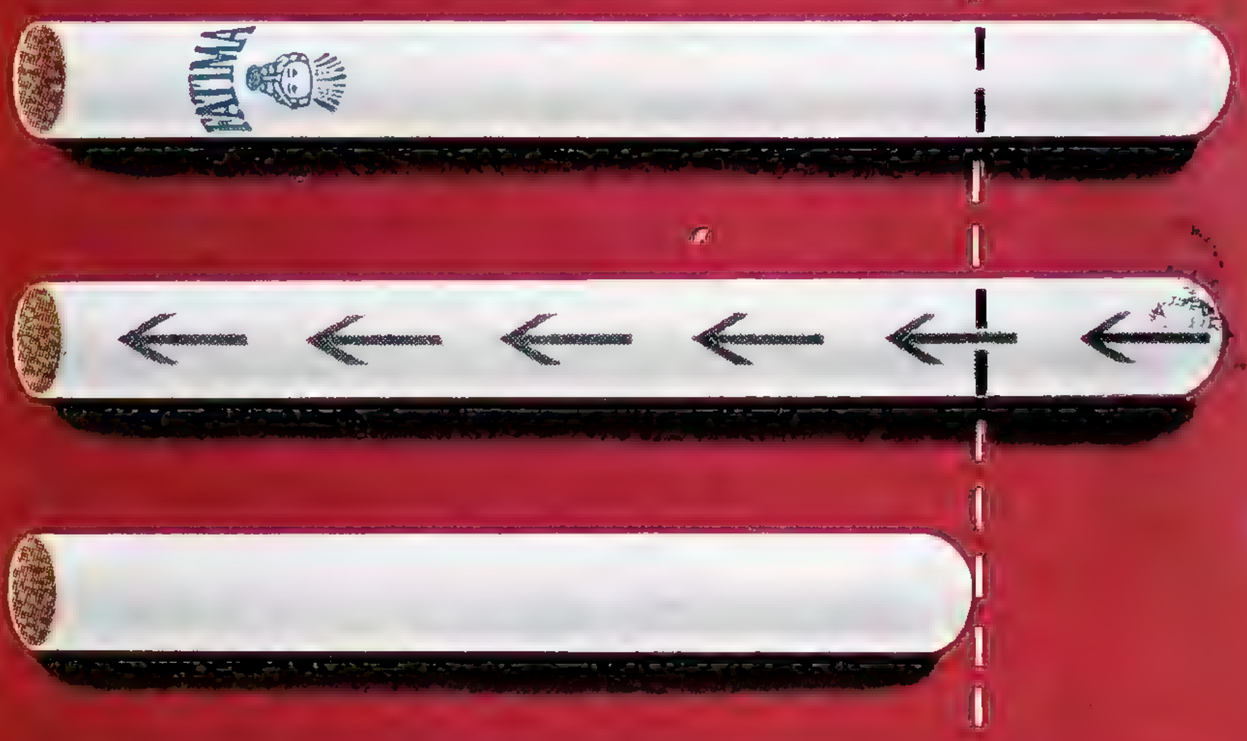
HERE'S MORE than a mere follow-up on "Here Comes the Groom." The story is again neatly tailored to Der Bingle's comfortable style, but its theme is simpler and warmer than the first Crosby-Wyman laugh hit.

Bing's a composer-producer too absorbed in his stage musicals to be a real father to his children. There's a nice difference between the attitude of the two kids. As the younger, Natalie Wood resignedly figures a father's job is just "to make money and be famous." As the older, Bob Arthur is resentful. Criticizing Bob's first effort at a torch song, Bing asks, "What do *you* know about being lonely?" And Bob says, "Quite a lot." Jane also gets her share of the "too-busy" routine. Truly in love with his song star, Bing just hasn't had time to ask her to replace the children's late mother.

On this solid base the picture builds an airy structure of tunes and understanding humor. Snub-nosed, trim-figured Jane is so at home in comedy you forget how she won her Oscar. Natalie, growing into a surprisingly pretty girl, is artful as ever, and Bob does a picture of first love that's not quite the usual "puppy love." And Bing? He doesn't look as if he's half-trying, but even Ethel Barrymore can't steal a scene from him.

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Your color—*naturally* lovely
all day! Thank Woodbury's
special color-blending . . . and
foundation-cream ingredient
for your pretty new complexion!

ELIZABETH TAYLOR,
co-star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"IVANHOE" (color by Technicolor)
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to intensify the tone of her skin.
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new big 50c size
also 15c, 30c, $1.00, plus tax.

new woodbury liquid make-up . . .
tints, smooths, glorifies! Devastating alone,
doubly so with matching shade of Woodbury Powder. 59c, plus tax.

What Should I Do?

(*Continued from page* 4)

husband's parents are no longer living.

We have a nice home and I keep it well, and we have been hoping for a family as soon as we are a little better established.

Before I met my husband, he had been deeply in love with a very beautiful girl, but she married another fellow and moved away. Now she is divorced and she has returned to this rather small city. Naturally, her path and ours cross often. We belong to the same little golf club and we usually see her when we visit friends.

She always manages to dance with my husband several times each evening, and she is forever reminding him of something that happened when they were sweethearts. I'm afraid she is still in love with my husband and may make trouble for us.

Sometimes I'm sick with fear. What can a girl do in a case like this?

Jacqueline E.

Dear Mrs. E:

First of all, don't become panic-stricken. To quote a famous phrase, "You have nothing to fear, but fear itself."

And to quote a famous legal phrase, "Possession is nine points in the law."

You should go on in your usual happy fashion, regarding your marriage as a lifetime arrangement, joyous and permanent. Don't doubt yourself; don't doubt your husband. Hold calm and steady.

Here are some thoughts to help you remain assured: if your husband were to take this woman seriously, he would have to admit that he is second choice. There are very few men who care to accept that position. Surely he will dance with her; he may even encourage her flirtatious ways, but if he is sensible—and your letter leads me to believe that he is—he will do this only to please his own ego. There will be a certain grim satisfaction in observing this girl make a fool of herself by throwing herself at your husband's head. Others must be aware of it.

Whatever you do, don't discuss the situation with anyone else. If someone is so ill-advised as to bring up the subject, it would be graceful for you to say, "She's beautiful, isn't she? No wonder she was so popular during school days. I think she adds a lot of fun to a party."

Be friendly with her, but don't make a particular effort. Relax. Be secure in your love and in your husband's honor, and you will have nothing to fear.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Claudette Colbert:

I am fifteen and live in the country. For about eighteen months I have gone with the same boy and like him very much. My parents like this boy so everything has been fine.

Last Friday night there was a school play and this boy took me. As we left the house my father said, "Come straight home after the play." Well, there was a dance after the play and although I have never disobeyed my father, we went for about fifteen minutes, then we went to get something to eat. When we got home my father was waiting for us in the front room. He told my boy friend that he could never take me anywhere again.

This boy called two nights later and after we had been talking about two minutes, my father made me hang up. The next time the boy called, I took the call upstairs and when my father heard of it, he called me a sneak.

The girls in my class have a club called "The Upbeaters" and I am one of the officers. Now my father has forbidden me to go to the club. Everyone I know belongs, so there can't be much wrong. My mother excuses my father by saying that because he is a lawyer, he hears all about these clubs. All we do

is have cokes and popcorn and sit around talking, which isn't so poisonous.

I try to be nice to my parents, but the more they keep me in the more I begin to hate them. I have thought of running away.

Please tell them what a mistake they are making.

Ingrid O.

Dear Ingrid:

The princess is locked in the round tower and the wicked old king has thrown away the key! 'Tis a sorry situation.

Yes, I'm teasing you. Perhaps I can also see, reading between the lines of your letter, the problems your parents face. These days, considering automobile accidents and a combination of youthful disregard and high-spirited waywardness, there is plenty to keep a father awake.

Probably your father expected you home by ten-thirty or eleven o'clock. Considering how short "fifteen minutes" is at a dance, and how long it takes to imbibe a coke and a hamburger these days, I imagine it was after midnight when you reached home. Undoubtedly he had been worried, and worried affection gives way to parental exasperation.

I'm sure that if you will talk things over with your father, perhaps he will relent if the club is as nice as you say.

You might give a moment's thought to an often quoted humorous comment of Mark Twain: "When I was fourteen, my father was so ignorant and stupid that I could scarcely bear to have him around the house, but when I became twenty, I was amazed to discover how much the old man had learned in six years."

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Occasionally some girl writes to you complaining about being an "ugly duckling." Maybe my story will be of help to you in answering.

I have two beautiful sisters, so I felt abused. I wore bands on my teeth, my hair was thin and colorless, I was terribly overweight. I felt so sorry for myself that I expected people to cater to me. Well, for awhile I did get sympathy, but sympathy wears out quicker than any other emotion. I began to wonder why nobody liked me, not even the kids at school. I decided that I wasn't getting anywhere, so I changed my style.

I began to study with my radio turned off. My grades went from C to A. Every night I brushed my hair 100 times and every morning, too. I cut out my usual three candy bars at noon. I began to practice a pleasant expression, not quite a smile but almost, and I began to start conversations with people I knew were shy. I began to read the newspapers, the front page as well as the funnies and the movie gossip. I kept my face scrubbed and I gave myself a weekly manicure and pedicure with colorless polish. I wore a blouse just one day, and I was careful about keeping my skirts pressed and my sweaters cleaned.

It wasn't long before people were saying, "You look so nice, Dot—neat and fresh." Or, "Some of the kids are coming over tonight for a platter party, won't you join us?"

I found out that it isn't the way you *think* you look that counts. It's how you make other people feel. If other girls feel pretty around you, partly because you've said something casually nice, well then you have friends. If boys feel important around you, because you know how good they are at some game or school activity, you'll have boys around all the time.

Thank you for the use of your hall, Miss Colbert. Gosh, you're pretty.

An ex-ugly duckling.

Dear Miss Ex:

And, gosh, you're sharp.

Write again soon and tell me more



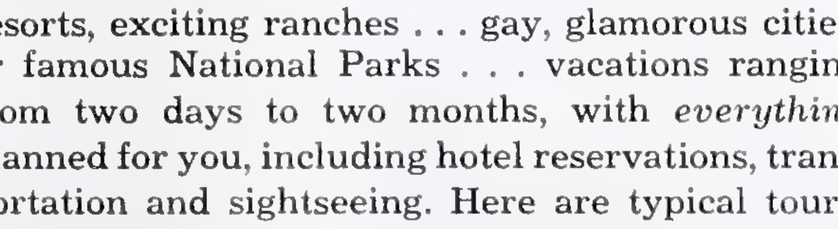
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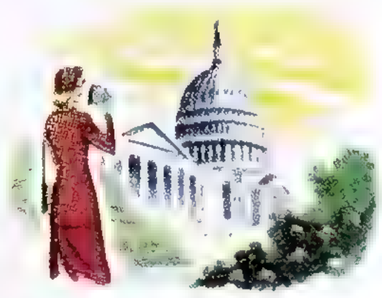




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The Most Beautiful Hair in the World

is kept at its loveliest . . . with

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

When Betty Hutton says, "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo" . . . you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

You, too, like Betty Hutton, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse . . . dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights.

Lathers lavishly in hardest water . . . needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to $2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

about what you think and what you do, because your letter will help thousands of girls.

I'm telling you true!

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I want to ask you a strange question. Do you believe that it is always possible to start over again? Do you believe that happiness is possible, or is it a myth?

Before you answer, read this: I am twenty-seven. I came from a family of nine. My father was a dictator. He ruled every part of our lives, even decided what we would wear to school each morning. I was the rebel. I loathed him and refused to obey some of his mean rules. Result: when I was twelve he took me to court, declared me a delinquent and incorrigible and insisted that I be sent to reform school. I was there three years and learned the horrible side of life pretty thoroughly.

Even so, I was a green kid when I was sent home at fifteen. The beating started again (for a B on a report card, for unpolished shoes after a rain, for not eating all my dinner), and to "get even" I began to sneak out with a wild gang.

I had begged the people at the school to let me work in a strange family—anything to get away from my father, but since I had a home, I had to go to it.

Upshot: I became a mother a week before I was fifteen. I breast-fed that baby for three weeks and loved him with my soul. The baby's father wanted to marry me, but my father said he would kill me first. I had to give up the baby for adoption. That has been eleven years ago, but there is not a night that passes but what I wonder where my little boy is in all this world.

When I returned home, my father kicked me out—after making arrangements for me to go to work as a maid in a large home in the city. He collected my wages because I was still a minor. Just before I was eighteen I married. I told my husband my story; instead of understanding, he held my past over me; ridiculed me. To save my sanity, I divorced him.

I worked my way through a good school and for seven years I have been successful in exacting work. Occasionally a man comes along who is interested in me, but I am terrified. Do you think I will ever get over this fear?

A Steady Reader

Dear Madam:

What you are really asking is, do I think you would ever be able to make a success of marriage?

With one part of your spirit you feel that you should marry, but in your history and in your mind there are gigantic blocks against your marrying. Wouldn't you be happier if you could say to yourself, "There is no rule on earth that says I *must* marry."

Yet great happiness of a different nature is lying in store for you, if you will only reach out for it. It is clear that the frustrated love for your child is a constant sorrow. Why don't you make use of that love by seeking work in your spare time in an orphanage? There are thousands of children in this world who need exactly the devotion you are longing to give. Instead of being mother of one, you may become proxy mother to dozens of motherless children. You would find such an experience rich and rewarding.

It seems to me that your salvation lies in expressing your love for children and refusing to worry about any other relationship.

You are still a very young woman and I'm sure that in time you will meet the right man and have children of your own to cherish.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I come from a family of twelve and my husband comes from a family of seven, so you would think we would be the busiest couple in the world. Well, we aren't. For some reason I just don't click with all our families. When I was a little girl I was my father's favorite, but now that he isn't living, there is a coldness between the other children and me.

I've thought of it a great deal. One of the reasons may be that I don't like to copycat. For instance, my sisters and sisters-in-law decided to paint their kitchens yellow and get linen to match. Then when we had reunions, all the linen would match. I didn't want that. I like my red, blue and white kitchen.

At Christmas everyone chips in to buy oysters and anisette to make a special oyster dish. I don't like oysters, so I don't see why I should contribute. At Thanksgiving everyone chips in for brandy for the plum pudding, but I don't like plum pudding. You would think I had committed a crime to see the look on the relatives' faces when I explain my views.

I read a great deal, but no one seems to be interested in talking about books or the latest magazines. I think a person should keep alert and in tune with the times, but my opinion isn't shared by the rest of the family.

In a way I feel so different from the family that I don't see how I could have been born of the same father and mother. All this makes me miserable, but I don't know how to break down their dislike.

From what I have told you, do you think I should stop trying to be a part of the family, or is there some way I can get them to understand my feelings on some of these subjects?

Nickola M.

Dear Mrs. M.

The truth is that you don't really want to be a part of the family. You may tell everyone who will listen that you feel martyred, and you may believe it yourself, but down deep in your subconscious, you don't want to follow the family pattern.

You regard yourself as superior to your brothers, sisters, and in-laws, and perhaps you are. At least you are an outspoken and forthright individualist.

If you simply regarded yourself as superior and were content with that private theory while giving the outward appearance of approving the family way of life, you might get along fine. However, your problem is that you want them to agree with your own estimate of yourself.

I think you're going to have to face the fact that in this world, our relatives make no plans to roll out red carpets for any of us.

Either you must make your intimate friends outside your family group, or you must give up your attempt to get special attention from your relatives and accept their mode of life.

Claudette Colbert

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variation on the notched lapel theme...soft-tailored by expert man tailors with custom-tailor workmanship. Finest rep weave or Rosenblum-exclusive Fantasia wool shantung...heavenly colors...sizes 8 to 20 and petite sizes...55.00...others 35.00 to 65.00...at fine stores.



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LET'S GO TO THE

✓✓✓✓ OUTSTANDING ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR



Look out below! Some unwary villain's about to get conked with a belaying pin. To Burt and Nick, mayhem is a laughing matter



With help from the pooch, Jane Greer's family demonstrates how not to entertain a daughter's millionaire boy-friend (Lawford)



Feeding-time at the lion-house never looked like this, but then Carleton Carpenter's friend Fagan happens to be an unusual lion

THE CRIMSON PIRATE

(WARNERS—TECHNICOLOR)

✓✓✓✓ (F)

Like his vastly successful "The Flame and the Arrow," Burt Lancaster's new swashbuckler is a high-spirited yarn that never takes itself seriously. In fact, Burt warns you in a cheerful foreword, "Believe *half* what you see." As a captain flying the Jolly Roger on the old Spanish Main, Burt's strictly out for loot, until he gets embroiled in some down-trodden Caribbean colonists' fight to free themselves from an unnamed empire. Most satisfying part of the action is the acrobatic skill of Burt and his mute side-kick, Nick Cravat—rhythmic and pleasing to the eye as good dancing. The laughs come fast—in pantomime, like the sequence of the walking rowboat—or in the dialogue. Hungarian beauty Eva Bartok is the heroine.

Verdict: A feast for the kids—fun for sophisticates

YOU FOR ME

(M-G-M)

✓✓✓ (F)

Once in a while, along comes a "sleeper"—an unpretentious little picture that serves up a surprisingly good measure of pleasant entertainment. In this case, there's an extra surprise element: A hospital hardly seems a likely place to start a comedy. But Peter Lawford's injuries aren't serious; a hunting accident has left him with a load of buckshot in a traditionally humorous part of his anatomy. A few caustic comments from nurse Jane Greer, and the plot's off to a lively start, since Pete's a millionaire contributing heavily to the hospital fund. Jane's crisp voice and Lawford's gay clowning play up neat lines and wry situations; Gig Young properly dead-pans it as a noble young medico, who urges Jane to use her charm on Pete—and regrets it.

Verdict: Engaging comedy with unexpected quirks

FEARLESS FAGAN

(M-G-M)

✓✓ (F)

Before you complain that this story is completely unbelievable, remember that there really was a draftee who tried to take his lion into the Army with him. Carleton Carpenter (with an even tamer lion to stand in for the original Fagan) whips up such a smooth mixture of humor and pathos in his first leading role that he makes this friendship between man and beast convincing. As a young circus performer who does a daring clown act with a lion, Carp faces a dilemma on being drafted: He doesn't want to leave his lion to a zoo nor to a brutal lion-tamer. So he takes Fagan along. Later events do stray from facts into some wild fancies. As a cynical young movie star who—at first—thinks Carp is crazy, Janet Leigh's a bit coy.

Verdict: Unusual tall tale, amusing for non-skeptics

For Complete Casts of New Pictures See Page 112
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 76

MOVIES WITH JANET GRAVES

(F) FAMILY (A) ADULTS ONLY

THE STORY OF WILL ROGERS
(WARNERS—TECHNICOLOR)

✓✓✓✓ (F)

A wealth of real-life material goes into this story of a remarkable American, showing Will as Oklahoma cowhand, sideshow rope artist, Ziegfeld star, film star, humorist, political commentator, air-power advocate, devoted husband and father. Will Rogers, Jr. is the happiest of choices in the lead role, portraying his father with complete relaxation and rightness, in looks, speech and gestures. It takes the charm and directness of Jane Wyman to make the secondary role of his wife stand out, and equally in-key performances are given by Carl Benton Reid, as Will's father, and Noah Beery, Jr., as Wiley Post. The dialogue's enlivened by Rogers' actual sayings, still pertinent today. The rich backgrounds picture a changing country.

Verdict: First-rate biography of a beloved American



At first meeting, baggage agent Jane Wyman isn't too deeply impressed by homecoming cowboy Will Rogers, Jr. But later . . .

ONE MINUTE TO ZERO
(RKO)

✓✓ (F)

First starred in a drama of World War II, "The Story of G. I. Joe," Robert Mitchum brings the saga up to date with his role as an American officer in Korea. This timely picture clearly presents the case for the UN's stand against Communist aggression, with Ann Blyth, as a dedicated UN representative, putting it into words, Bob putting it into action. From the outbreak of fighting to the Inchon landings, the battle scenes give a searing picture of modern warfare, lent conviction by Army and Air Force cooperation in the filming. Less a unified story than a series of vignettes, the picture has a blurred love interest, with Ann and Bob differing over unrelated subjects. William Talman and Richard Egan score as officers.

Verdict: Spectacular, often inspiring drama of Korea



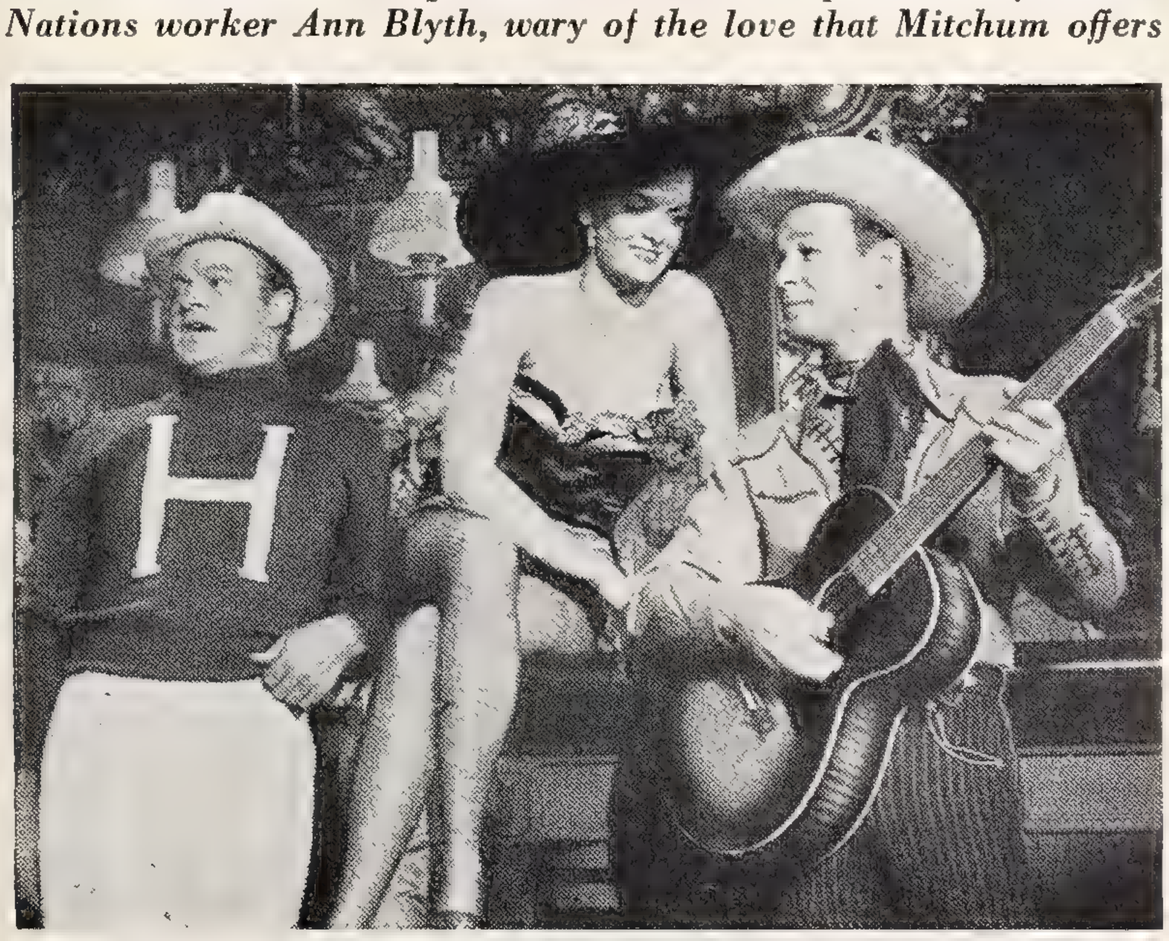
War shadows even this quiet interlude at the apartment of United Nations worker Ann Blyth, wary of the love that Mitchum offers

SON OF PALEFACE
(PARAMOUNT—TECHNICOLOR)

✓✓✓ (F)

Rare among sequels, this lush comedy lives up to its hilarious predecessor. As the offspring of the original hero-by-accident, Bob Hope's just as cowardly as his old man. Arriving in the frontier town to claim *Paleface's* fortune, Bob finds himself in a race to discover its hiding place before his pop's angry creditors string him up. Leave us face it—the plot's as ramshackle an affair as Harvard man Hope's 1900 Ford, but who cares? The important features are the dependable Hope mugging, Jane Russell's generous beauties (displayed in a saloon singer's finery and a bandit queen's sinister black) and Roy Rogers' cheerful good sportsmanship in playing his role for laughs. Songs include "Am I in Love?" and "Wing-Ding."

Verdict: Lavish and colorful spoof on the westerns



It's an encore for "Buttons and Bows," but this time Roy Rogers makes the Hope-Russell duet a trio, with a guitar accompaniment

Full Reviews Continued on Next Page

New! COLGATE Chlorophyll Toothpaste DESTROYS BAD BREATH

Originating in the Mouth.



Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts *quickly* . . . acts *thoroughly* . . . and the purifying action *lasts for hours!* Keeps your breath sweet and fresh *longer!*

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll*Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create . . . Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!

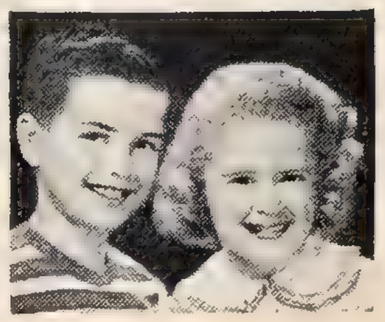
Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (*water-soluble chlorophyllins*)—before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

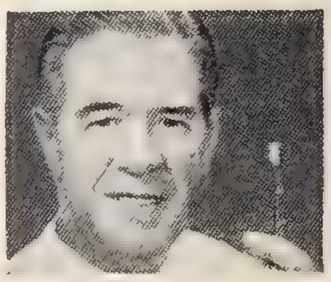
For *real help* against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the *finest chlorophyll toothpaste* the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

Fights Tooth Decay!

Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay . . . actually help retard their formation!



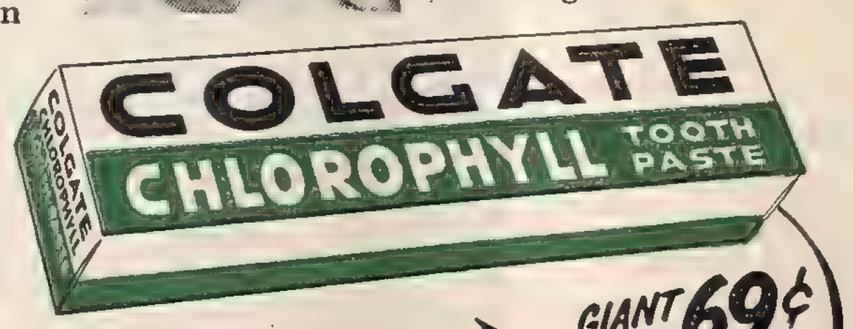
Checks Common Gum Disorders!



Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. New Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.

Colgate's Guarantee:

Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you *double your money back, plus postage!* Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.



*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.

Tested And Guaranteed by COLGATE!

MOVIES — CONTINUED

Lure of the Wilderness
(20th Century-Fox, Technicolor)

There's a natural, unsophisticated charm about this adventure story of Georgia's famous Okefenokee Swamp. Jeffrey Hunter, comely and earnest, seizes on his biggest chance so far, giving a harmonious performance as the youth who invades the swamp to find furs—and finds instead a hermit with a half-savage daughter. Walter Brennan's as shrewd an actor as ever, playing the old man hiding out from an unjust murder charge, and Jean Peters is sullenly handsome as the girl who distrusts all humans. As Jeff's flirtatious sweetheart, Constance Smith is an added decorative touch, but the dominant character is the swamp itself, with its moss-hung trees and swarming wild life. Some scenes move as slowly as the boats poled through the dark water, but you can hardly cover a swamp at a full gallop.

Verdict: Satisfying fare, if you don't insist on fast and flashy movies

✓✓✓ (F)

Caribbean
(Paramount, Technicolor)

Let "The Crimson Pirate" kid the business of piracy and rebellion on the Spanish Main—this vigorous, efficient production chooses to play it straight. John Payne, as a young hunter, isn't at all amused when he's kidnapped and drafted to help a pirate's revenge scheme. And Sir Cedric Hardwicke, aristocratic buccaneer, might be reading lines by G. B. Shaw—he's that dignified as he relates the wrongs done him. Portly Francis L. Sullivan—who done 'em—is a suitably oily menace as the island despot and cruel slave-owner. But Arlene Dahl has to cope with a vague role. Is she a vixen, true daughter of Sullivan? Or is she an innocent victim?

Verdict: Rousing, handsomely turned-out adventure yarn

✓✓✓ (F)

Les Miserables
(20th Century-Fox)

The powerful story of *Jean Valjean* hits the screen again, this time with Michael Rennie as the paroled convict, brutalized by years in the galleys but turned toward a new, upright life by the Christian kindness of a bishop (Edmund Gwenn). Rennie cuts an authoritative figure as outcast, successful businessman and civic benefactor, loving foster-father—and again fugitive. Often pretty uninhibited in his acting style, Robert Newton puts on the soft pedal to excellent effect as police officer *Javert*, who follows the letter of the law as implacably as he follows *Valjean*. Debra Paget and Cameron Mitchell enlist sympathy as the young lovers, and it's good to see Sylvia Sidney again, as Debra's pathetic mother. But, in reverence to a classic, the plot covers too much ground.

Verdict: Affecting but unwieldy drama of regeneration and pursuit

✓✓ (F)

For more reviews, see page 28.

"I broke the rules at a football game!"

"My favorite way to spend a holiday," Diana Lynn says, "is at a game. But an actress should never break her 'training' rules as I did by exposing my skin to raw winds for hours—'specially as it got colder towards the end.



DIANA LYNN
Glamorous Star
of Motion Pictures

"I was so excited, I even forgot to put on my gloves, and my hands got dreadfully chapped. You can guess how good it felt to smooth on soothing, pure, white Jergens Lotion.



"All the way home I looked forward to Jergens. It works so *fast*—doesn't leave a greasy film like ordinary lotions, but really penetrates the upper layer of skin. Try it and see: Smooth one hand with Jergens . . .



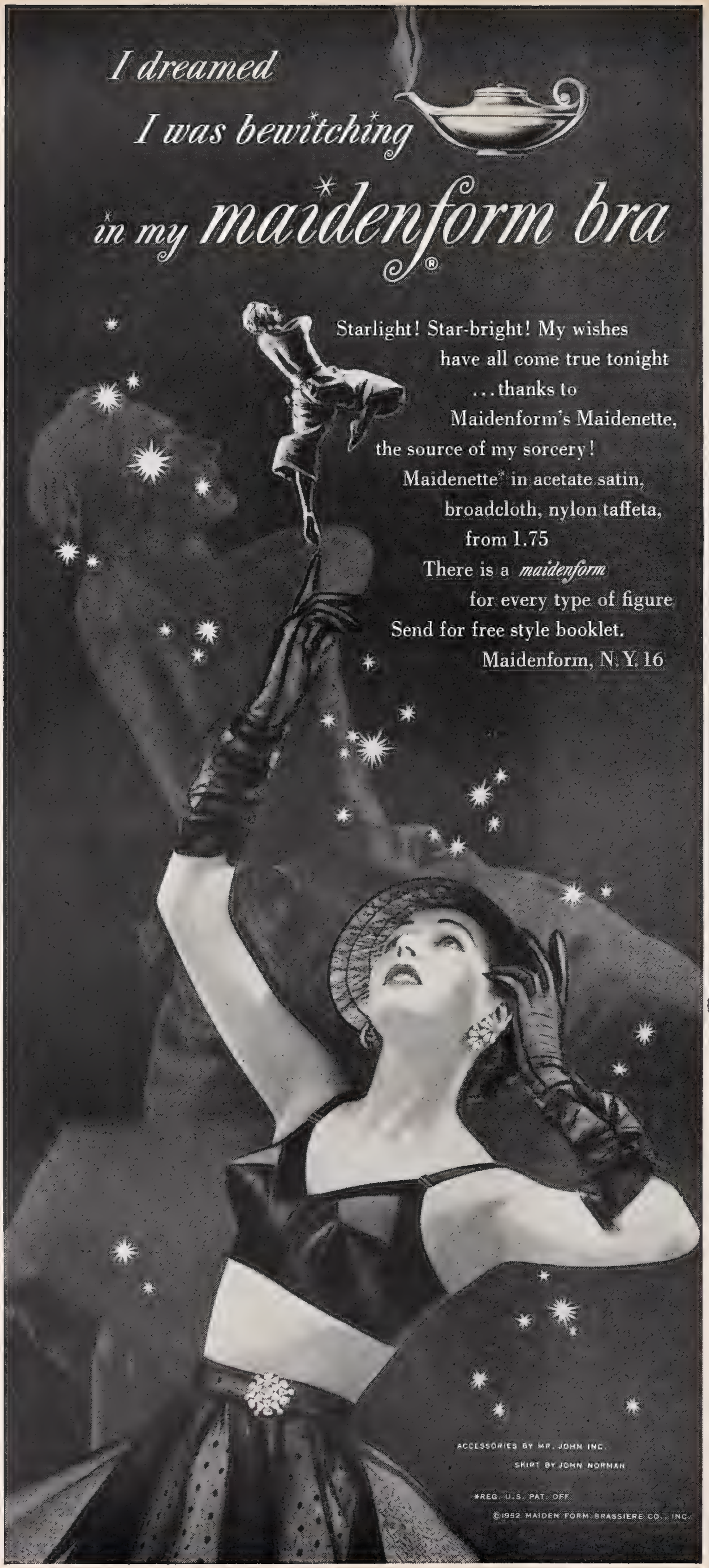
"Apply any lotion or cream to the other. Then wet them. Water won't bead on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care!



"Back at the studio my hands were smooth—ready for close-ups." It's no wonder Jergens is preferred by screen stars 7 to 1. It's so *effective!*



So try Jergens yourself. See why more women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world. And Jergens is only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.



Dreamboat
(20th Century-Fox)

Here's Hollywood taking hilarious revenge on television, with a clever story and barbed dialogue, delivered in Clifton Webb's best supercilious manner. Webb's cast as an austere college prof, whose garish past comes to light when Ginger Rogers shamelessly parades on coast-to-coast TV the hammy old silent-film epics in which she and Webb once co-starred. In righteous rage, the prof descends on New York, with a law suit in mind, his tweedy and intellectual daughter (Anne Francis) in tow, and his amorous college-president boss (Elsa Lanchester) in pursuit. The Webb-Rogers teamwork is delightful, especially in the rollicking burlesques on silents. Jeffrey Hunter is appealing as the smooth talent-agency man assigned to entertain Anne, but she is stuck with the worn ugly-duckling routine.

Verdict: Tasty soufflé of farce and satire
✓✓✓ (F)

What Price Glory
(20th Century-Fox, Technicolor)

Veteran movie fans remember kindly the smash hit of twenty-five years ago that starred Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe and Dolores del Rio in the World War I saga of two hard-bitten marines who battle over a French inn-keeper's daughter. The new generation of fans will judge this version, with James Cagney as *Captain Flagg*, Dan Dailey as *Sergeant Quirt*, and Corinne Calvet as *Charmaine*, strictly on its own merits. And both groups of fans are likely to be disappointed. There's more listlessness than lustiness about the story's mingled comedy and tragedy. But Bob Wagner scores a personal hit, as a youthful marine involved in a wistful romance with French schoolgirl Marisa Pavan.

Verdict: Disappointing would-be epic
✓ (F)

Breakdown
(Realart)

Oddly neglected at larger studios, the handsome, husky William Bishop gets solid opportunity in this tale of a fighter unjustly jailed for a politically contrived murder, and paroled to fight again. The urbane Sheldon Leonard, well-known as a sardonic gangster in movies and on Phil Harris' radio program, turns in a nicely balanced performance as a gambler and ward-heeler, crooked but deeply devoted to his brother. This latter character's an interesting variant: a crippled, neurotic manager who identifies himself sympathetically with his fighter. But it's acted too enthusiastically by Wally Cassell. Ann Richards seems out of place as Bishop's socialite sweetheart, but Anne Gwynne is effective as a flashy dame in love.

Verdict: Brisk, business-like prize-ring melo, with some fresh angles
✓✓ (F)

Anna
(Lux Film)

Like the popular "Bitter Rice," this is an Italian-dialogue film with titles in English, starring Silvana Mangano and featur-

ing Vittorio Gassman and Raf Vallone. Silvana, with her classic-sized beauty and unbridled emotionalism, plays a night-club dancer whose tangled and tragic love-life drives her to become a nursing sister in a big Milan hospital. Vallone is earnest and attractive as one-half of her love-life, an honest farmer. But Vittorio's role, the other half, is a mechanical repetition of his "Bitter Rice" chore—the scoundrel who holds Silvana in bondage. There's also a taint of sensationalism and a clutter of confusing flashbacks.

Verdict: Old-fashioned, occasionally effective romantic melodrama

✓✓ (A)

Untamed Frontier
(U-I, Technicolor)

A sturdy and familiar theme in Hollywood westerns, the war between ranchers and homesteaders is freshened by some new plot twists. Scott Brady makes a comely young menace as the ranch scion who coolly woos and marries Shelley Winters to keep her from giving damaging testimony against him on a murder charge. But Shelley's not too happily cast as the naïve victim of the cattle baron's schemes, and Joseph Cotten, playing noble nephew to Scott's wicked son, seems to be conscious that he's doing a bush-league "Duel in the Sun." Like most westerns with "A" budgets and "B" scripts, this one boasts some splendid scenery—in this case, Arizona pretending to be Texas.

Verdict: Entertaining enough for ardent horse-opera or Brady fans

✓ (F)

Sudden Fear
(RKO)

With a splendid stellar wardrobe and elegant settings, this drama of high-life, love and intrigue promises to be just the sort of Joan Crawford picture her fans recall so fondly. But the story has a little trouble deciding which way it's heading, and ends up by losing itself in a maze. It could have been an ironic comedy. As an heiress-playwright, Joan tosses rugged Jack Palance out of her new play on the ground that he isn't romantic enough—and then she proceeds to fall madly in love with the actor. But the tale takes a sinister turn when it is disclosed that the bridegroom's a heel, out for Joan's millions, and presently he's plotting with his secret light o' love to make himself a widower in short order. Joan does her competent best, but the scheming wench portrayed by Gloria Grahame seems more real.

Verdict: Occasionally gripping thriller, aiming for suspense rather than realism

✓ (A)

Son of Ali Baba
(U-I, Technicolor)

That star-maker "The Prince Who Was a Thief" enchanted movie-goers with its fairy-tale, tongue-in-cheek charm. So Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie are teamed again in a tale of old Bagdad. But something's gone wrong. Settings and costumes are sumptuous but the plot is weirdly involved with windy dialogue and some of the most leisurely escapes and chases ever filmed.

Verdict: Excuse it, please (F)



1 **TAKE A GOOD LOOK.** This fragrant liquid-saturated pad is called the 5-Day Deodorant Pad and it is fast *revolutionizing* America's deodorant habits.

2 **YOU WIPE UNDERARM,** then throw pad away. Liquid in pad applies itself as no cream or spray can. No trickle! No sticky feeling or messy fingers.

EASIEST WAY EVER CREATED TO STOP UNDERARM PERSPIRATION AND ODOR!

And... 8 times more effective!

Once in a blue moon something comes along that is so much better than anything yet invented for the purpose that it sweeps the nation overnight.

Like home permanents . . . shift-free driving . . . soapless detergents. And . . .

Like 5-Day Deodorant Pads. Actually *8 times* more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than the average of leading brands tested.

Women are literally *raving* about this new way of checking perspiration and odor. And they're deserting their old deodorants in droves.

An *overwhelming* percentage of women—and men too—who try 5-Day come back for more. Your cosmetician and druggist will tell you they've never seen anything quite like this happen before.

We've made it very easy for you to try this new wonder-deodorant. We'll *give* you a month's supply *absolutely free!* That's how sure *we* are that *you*, too, will say . . . "At last! . . . this is what I've been waiting for!" Just send the coupon below.

5-Day Deodorant Pads are available at all drug and cosmetic counters.



5-day deodorant pads

Please, madame, try 5-Day Pads at our expense! We want to send you a month's supply . . . FREE

5-Day Laboratories, Box #1001
Dept. PH-10, New York 1, New York

Enclosed find 10¢ to help cover cost of postage and handling.

NAME

ADDRESS

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OFFER EXPIRES IN 60 DAYS

Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 20% tax on other deodorants, pay only . . 2¢ on 25¢ size . . 4¢ on 59¢ size . . 5¢ on $1.00 size

NOW!

The Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company

ANNOUNCES

"NATURE'S CHLOROPHYLL"

in Every Cake of Palmolive Soap

"NATURE'S CHLOROPHYLL"* is what makes Palmolive Green! –

*No therapeutic claim is made for the chlorophyll.



SAME WRAPPER —SAME LOW PRICE!



NOW! FOR YOUR COMPLEXION . . . Palmolive Care Brings Out Beauty While It Cleans Your Skin!



NOW! FOR YOUR BEAUTY BATH . . . Enjoy Palmolive's Rich, Fragrant Lather . . . Delightful in Tub or Shower!

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY PLAN BRINGS MOST WOMEN LOVELIER COMPLEXIONS IN 14 DAYS OR LESS!



36 LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS
IN 1285 TESTS PROVED BEYOND A DOUBT
THAT THE PALMOLIVE BEAUTY PLAN
CAN BRING YOU A SOFTER, SMOOTHER,
YOUNGER LOOKING SKIN!

The very first time you try the Palmolive Beauty Plan you'll actually see Palmolive begin to bring out beauty while it cleans your skin. Palmolive is so mild . . . so pure . . . its rich, fragrant lather gives you everything you need for gentle beauty care.

Remember—36 doctors in 1285 impartial tests proved that Palmolive's Beauty Plan brings most women softer, smoother, younger looking skin. You can prove it to yourself in your own home within 14 days.

Massage Palmolive Soap's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold, and pat dry. Do this 3 times a day. It feels just right . . . is just right for your skin.

Palmolive... The "Chlorophyll Green" Soap With The Pure White Lather!



"**Handsomest** college boy" champ in 1949, Bob won as his prize a date with Liz

"miss matchmaker"

• LIZ TAYLOR has been making romantic news in her own right these past few months, what with her trip to England to marry Mike Wilding, their honeymoon, and Liz's recent announcement that she is expecting a baby early next year. But aside from her personal romance, Liz has made other news in the romance department—she's the matchmaker who saw the good results of her efforts in the wedding of her friend Betty Sullivan and Ensign Robert Precht, Jr.

In December, 1949, Ensign Precht, then a student at UCLA, won a date with Liz when he was voted the "handsomest college boy." Bob had a buffet dinner at Liz's home, then went with her to Paramount's "Great Lover Ball." But Liz asked her chum, Betty Sullivan, to "please come along because I don't know these college boys very well." Betty obliged, and it was a case of love at first sight for Bob and Betty! When they were married, this June, the guest of honor at their wedding was of course none other than Liz, back in California again and ready to begin work on her new picture, "The Girl Who Had Everything."

Evidently the beauteous Liz, in addition to all her other talents, is as adept as a matchmaker as she is in adding to fans' pleasure with her vivid beauty!



In 1952 Liz's chum Betty Sullivan married Bob, with Liz, now Mrs. Michael Wilding, a guest of honor at their wedding

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

INSIDE

Rock Hudson's star is soaring fast . . . the new Shelley Winters amazes her old friends . . . Jane Wyman is partying in the Elsa Maxwell tradition



Fink

Bing Crosby, now in "Just for You," and Bob Hope are the practical jokers on Paramount's "Road to Bali" set

Hearts and Flowers: Theme song for Robert Taylor, as inspired by Ursula Thiess, could be "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered"—with accent on the last. The German-born beauty is under contract to Howard Hughes . . . With more dates than you can find on a palm tree, Olivia de Havilland is interested in keeping only one (until after her divorce). This "date" is with the script of "My Cousin Rachel" . . . Mona Freeman's Pat Nerney is treating his torch to a trip through Europe, although Mona hasn't followed through on that filed divorce complaint . . . Cameo cuff links that belonged to Vera-Ellen's father, are Rock Hudson's most treasured possessions . . . It's true that Gary Cooper's daughter isn't quite old enough to date Bob Wagner. Her mother who does, however, isn't the right age either.

Baby Blues: Remember when Cal told you that M-G-M was searching frantically for an unmarried Elizabeth Taylor, just in case the original stalked the stork? They didn't find the pretty lass and, in the meantime, Mrs. Michael Wilding announced she was going to become a mother. With Janie Powell "expecting" again and Ava Gardner still on suspension, there's no one to replace lovely Liz—but Liz! Writers are working day and night to complete the script of "The Girl Who Had Everything." Liz will try to make it before she temporarily retires. After the great moment arrives in January, the English nannie who took care of Liz when she was tiny, will again render her services.

Bob Horton grins as new father, Howard Keel, and mom-to-be, Jane Powell, talk babies in M-G-M's commissary

Fink



Barbara Rush and Jeffrey Hunter check baby's wardrobe. They have big "cradle to college" plans for their first-born

Fink-Smith



STUFF

Words and Music: Our town, Hollywood, could use a few more uninhibited, but honest souls like Gordon MacRae. He's always ready and willing to sing and, with that voice, it's a great break for everyone. Someone, it seems, told Gordon that Cole Porter had never heard his recordings of the famous composer's songs. The records *are* wonderful and, being extremely proud of them, Gordon took them along when he and "King" Cole attended the same party. The only raised eyebrows (natch!) belonged to those people present who were completely without talent. Composer Porter listened and loved every note of it.

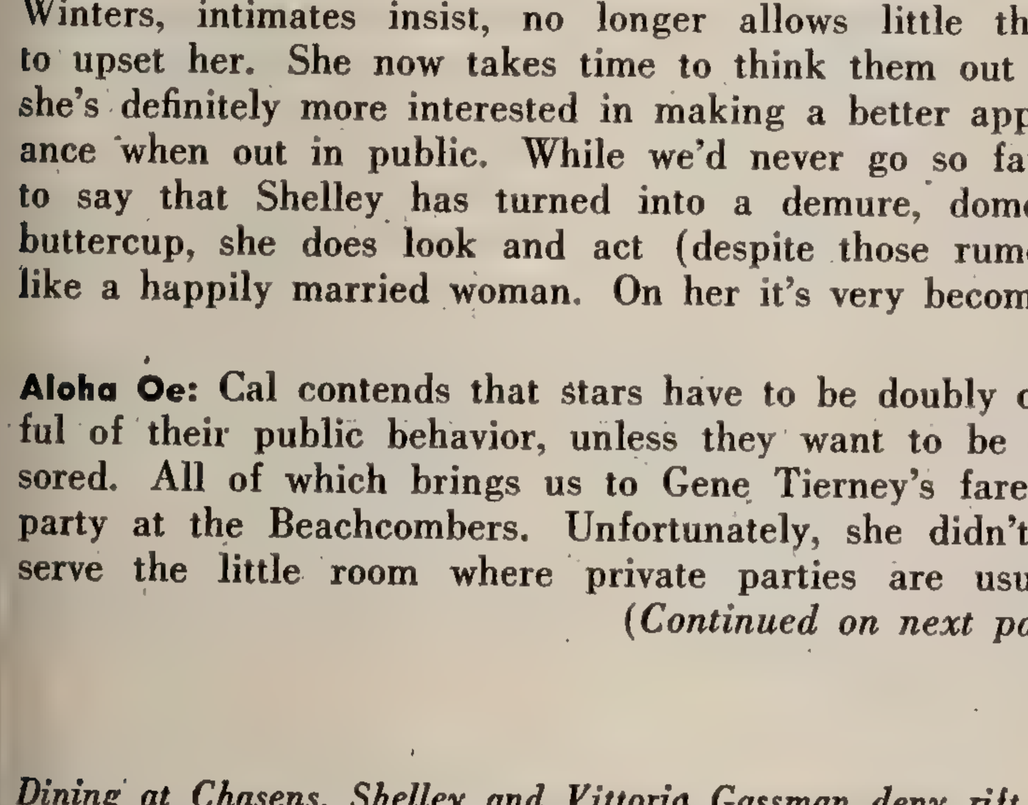
Reformed Rebel: All right, so we've lost our head. There *is* a new Shelley Winters! Cal was on his way to the airport the other morning to pick up a friend. It was practically dawn, but there driving along next to us was our gal, Shel. Sitting beside her was Vittorio Gassman, who was being chauffeured out to M-G-M where he's making "Sombrero." This wifely duty is performed every morning unless Shelley has to report for work, herself. The new Winters, intimates insist, no longer allows little things to upset her. She now takes time to think them out and she's definitely more interested in making a better appearance when out in public. While we'd never go so far as to say that Shelley has turned into a demure, domestic buttercup, she does look and act (despite those rumors) like a happily married woman. On her it's very becoming.

Aloha Oe: Cal contends that stars have to be doubly careful of their public behavior, unless they want to be censored. All of which brings us to Gene Tierney's farewell party at the Beachcombers. Unfortunately, she didn't reserve the little room where private parties are usually

(Continued on next page)

Dining at Chasens, Shelley and Vittorio Gassman deny rift rumors. They fight, then make up in a matter of minutes

Fink





Fink

Ava Gardner will return to movies as a brunette. She and Frank hope to make a picture in Europe this year

Jeanne Crain introduces Miss Jeanine Cherie Brinkman, born in March. Jeanine's three brothers share their parents' pride

Powolny



INSIDE STUFF



Jerry Lewis stops by for a quick kibitz with Jeff Chandler on the U-I set where Jeff is working on "Because of You"



A party at La Rue's finds table neighbors Spencer Tracy and Jane Wyman exchanging friendly chat

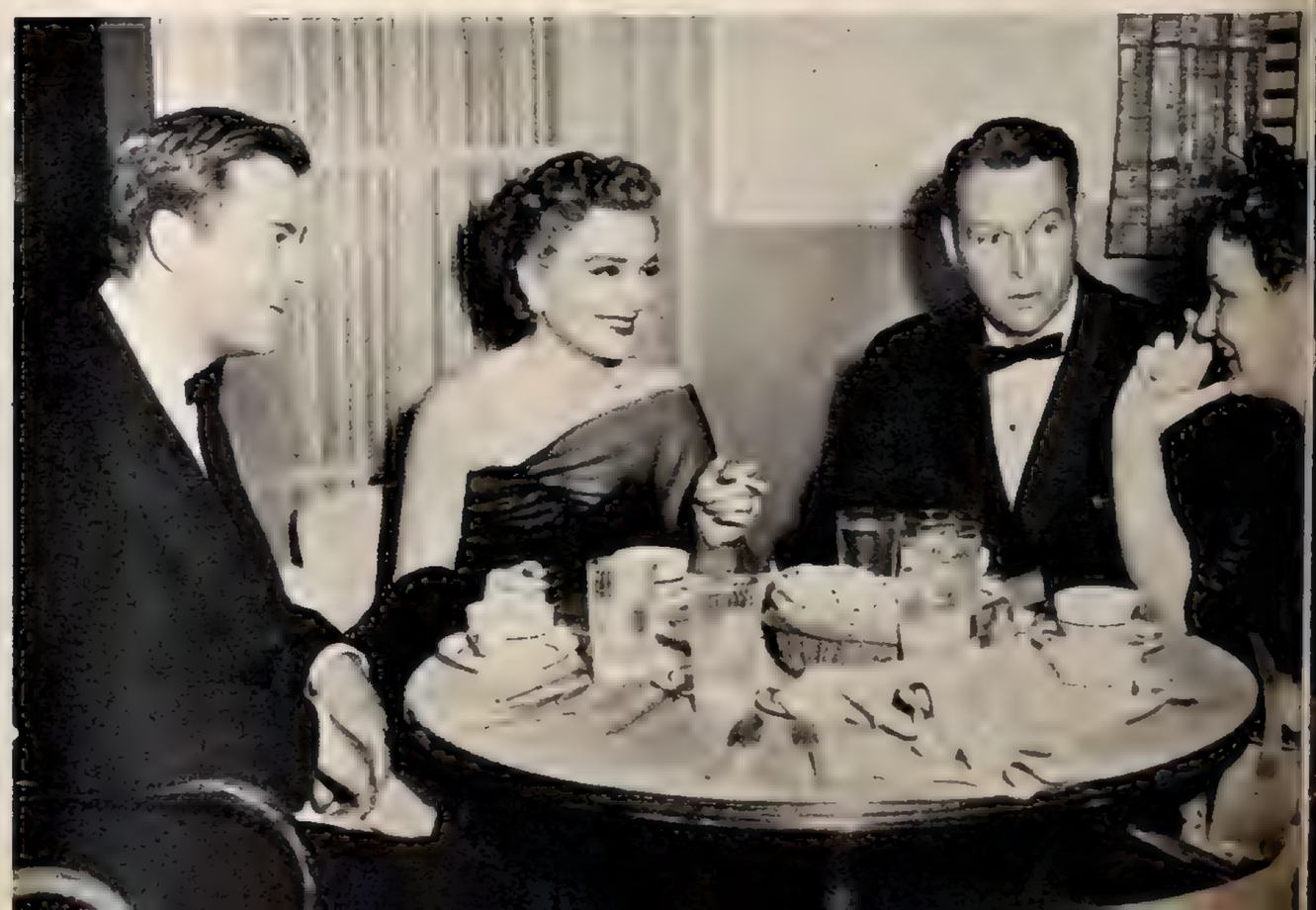


Rock Hudson, being made up for the lead in "The Lawless Breed," will forsake Westerns for his next, a film to be shot in London

given. Instead, her long table centered the main room where tourists sat goggle-eyed and listened to loud-voiced remarks meant for "the industry"—only! Kirk Douglas escorted Gené, who left for London to co-star with Clark Gable in "Never Let Me Go." The Van Johnsons, the Tyrone Powers, and other famous guests were present. Ty seemed to be the only one who was aware of what was going on and showed the embarrassment he felt.

Hot Hips: "I'd like to give a party that's different from all the rest," confided Jane Wyman. Cal can only say she did! Janie took over the Tiffany Club, far removed from the glitter and glamour of the Sunset Strip. Red Nichols and his Five Pennies made with the reddest hot music that ever singed a star. The hostess requested the gals to wear gingham, denim, calico and the strapless creations were something that shouldn't happen to Adrian! Along about it's-later-than-you-think time, the joint was really jumpin.' Even Greer Garson and Gary Cooper trucked on down. Betty

It's snack time at Twentieth's commissary for Casey Adams, Anne Baxter, Leif Erickson, Shirley Booth.





Birthday doin's for Anna Maria Alberghetti on "The Stars Are Singing" set. Co-celebrators are Monica Lewis, Pier Angeli and Marion Marshall

Hutton and Cesar Romero cut a rug. Personal to Elsa Maxwell: Watch out for Wyman, the two-gun party woman!

Behind the Camera: Although it was tactfully announced that Betty Grable was being saved for something special, she was still deeply disappointed when Marilyn Monroe was given the starring role in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." An ecstatic Rock Hudson plans to call on relatives he's never met when director Raoul Walsh takes him on his first trip to Europe to film "Toilers of the Sea."

Room to Grow: The inimitable Humphrey Bogart says he's married to an optimist. The Bogarts' new home in Beverly Hills has four extra bedrooms. Lauren Bacall says these are for future Bogart babies! Bogie tells this one on himself: Early one morning in their new house, he went into the kitchen for a cup of coffee. As he walked out, Bogie overheard the plumber say to the cook: "Does he *always* look that way in the morning?" (*Continued on next page*)

Piper Laurie is full of congratulations for Carmen Torres following Carmen's singing success at the Cocoanut Grove





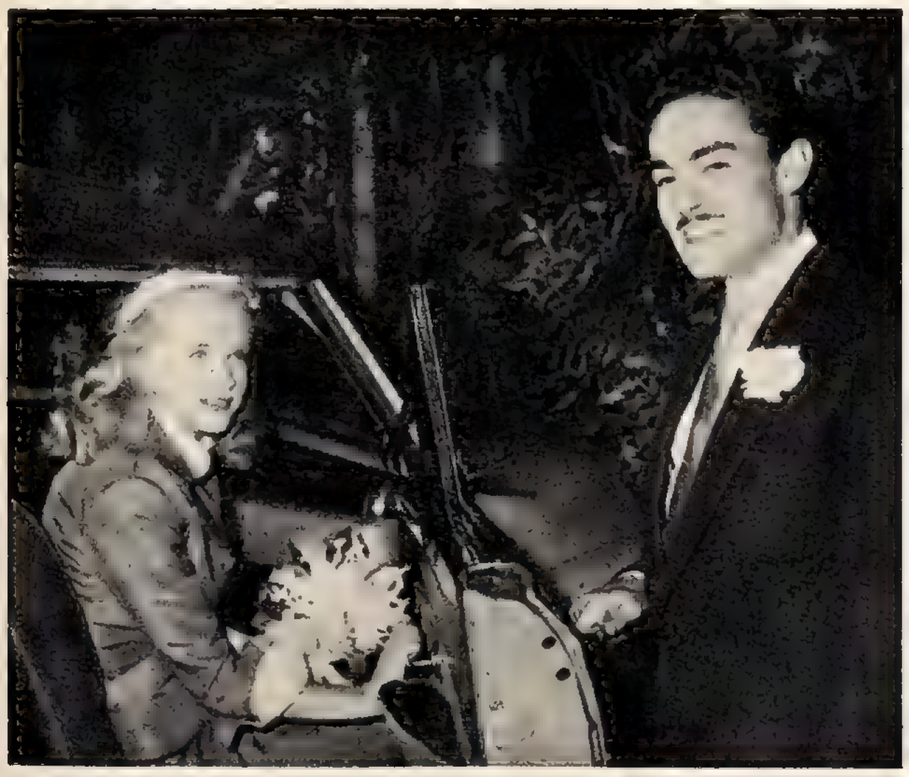
Gay Paree will be even gayer than ever now that Gregory Peck has breezed into town





Serious business for Betty Grable in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," as Marilyn Monroe practices for "Monkey Business"

Anne Francis and her brand-new husband, Bam Price, Jr., take off on their honeymoon after nuptials at Harvard Chapel



Lana and Lamas: Their dates began for sweet



Fink

Lana Turner and Fernando Lamas begin a festive evening attending Ann Miller's party for Bill O'Connor at the Beverly Hills Hotel





Hollywood's most devoted couple, Lana and Fernando usually prefer quiet dinner dates in out-of-the-way places to large social events

Love in Bloom: The wedding bells chimed for red-headed, green-eyed Rhonda Fleming and Dr. Lewis V. Morrill, and thus ends a long period of indecision . . . They knew each other in Hollywood, they met again in New York, so Zachary Scott married actress Ruth Ford in Chicago . . . Married this summer, Barbara Ford (former wife of the late Robert Walker) and cowboy singing star Ken Curtis, are already counting the children they hope to have . . . Joanne Dru and John Ireland deny there's anything wrong with their marriage . . . Lex Barker and Arlene Dahl have "worked things out" and Dan Cupid is bustin' out all over!

Love Out of Bloom: John Wayne's friends are loyal, which is why those "inside" stories on feuds with his "Chata" never reached print. Now that even John admits they are "past reconciliation," the situation may change . . . Though the Glenn Fords have patched up the particular quarrel that threatened their nine-year marriage, Hollywood isn't optimistic about their future—together . . . First the kindly Tony Dexter lost his identity playing "Valentino" and now it looks as though he's lost his wife. At least, they've announced separation . . . After so many denials, Maureen O'Hara finally set out for Nevada to divorce director Will Price.

Star Stuff: Cal's lunch with Jeff Chandler in the U-I commissary was stimulating, humorous and revealing, as always. Unless you hear him tell it, you might find it hard to believe that until recently the big guy felt very unsure of himself. "What has to happen," we inquired curiously, "to make a star actually *believe* he is a star? Of course he gets better billing and bigger money (if he's lucky) but when does a man say to himself—*now* I am a star!" Jeff grinned, winked and quietly answered: "I guess you know you're a star when people listen to you—even when you have *nothing* to say!"

Once Over Lightly: According to a printed report, Hedy Lamarr is having a romance with Joe Mailman (that's right!), the razor blade king, who supposedly said: "I love Hedy much too much to marry her." A comedian you all know and love read this report and quietly cracked: "Oh well, Joe can always cut his throat!"

First Nighter: Well, Doris Day finally went to a preview of one of her own pictures! This one, however, she gave herself in the studio projection room. Do-Do rounded up visiting friends from Cincinnati, she also invited the family, the cook and her two French poodles. After laughing and crying their way through "The Winning Team," in typical fashion Doris opined: "And *this* was the picture I didn't want to do!" Guests were served punch, homemade cookies and a great time was had by all. Remember this when you listen to all those stories about wild, wild Hollywood!

publicity. Is their love real? Can it last? see page 70



Although romances between co-stars are often studio products, it now seems evident that Lana has at last found the "right man"



Admittedly in love, Fernando says, "How can we say about the future?" Lana says that they will marry when their divorces are final



Guess-Who Department: A rugged director at a major studio recently refused to discuss roles with two popular young stars, until they washed their faces and combed their hair . . . Ever since enthusiastic fans practically disrobed a virile actor at a Valley studio, his front office insists that he wear underwear at all times . . . An actor no longer under contract was made to believe he presented casting problems. The truth is, his studio was worried over the social deportment of his wife and wary of front-page stories.

Sleepy Time Gal: Those who love Ann Blyth, and everyone does, also love to tease her. Currently the pretty one is managing to take a pretty ribbing from the cast and crew of "The Student Prince." Prior to playing opposite Mario Lanza again, Ann flew to the Aleutians to entertain our troops there. Unfortunately for her—but not the least bit unfortunate for the grateful G.I.'s—she arrived when the days were a full twenty-four hours long. Annie hasn't stopped yawning yet!

Hollywood Today: Paramount is pulsating with pride over their great new star, Shirley Booth, who captivated the audience at the sneak preview of "Come Back Little Sheba" . . . After a month's suspension, Tony Curtis is back on salary but his studio has no new picture scheduled for him. His last picture did not please critic or public. The Brass at U-I are also anticipating further dissension with Tony and are quietly grooming Rock Hudson for the number one spot on the lot . . . Photogenically speaking, Rita Hayworth looks enough like Corinne Calvet to be a relative!

The Older Set's Young Set: Joan Davis' eighteen-year-old daughter, Beverly, set maw back on her heels by eloping to Carson City with fireman Lee Bamber. Said Joan: "At eighteen, kids sure do think they know everything." . . . Bing Crosby's four sons had hay-pitching help down on the ranch this summer from their celluloid brother, Bob Arthur, who plays Bing's son in "Just For You" . . . While Joan Bennett toured the country in "Bell, Book and Candle," her talented teen-age daughter, Melinda, brushed up on acting techniques in stock. Melinda's hoping to crash Broadway this fall . . . Jenny Hecht, Ben Hecht's precocious nine-year-old moppet, almost stole the show from her writer-father with her histrionics in his "Actors and Sin."

Hands Across the Sea: Word has it that the lobby of London's Savoy Hotel this summer looked like the Beverly Hills and the Bel Air hotels combined. Old home week all the time . . . Errol Flynn and Clark Gable became practically bosom pals overseas. They had never really had time to get to know each other in Hollywood. Errol rented a London town house for his picture sojourn there and Gable was a frequent "Man Who Came to Dinner."



What's fun for the children is fun for June. Their big days are her big events—above, Rev. Kermit Castellanos, June and Dick at Richard Keith's christening. Below, their Bel Air home



June does some straight—

and exclusive—

talking in this frankly revealing

interview with Hedda

Is June Allyson

BY HEDDA HOPPER

● JUNE ALLYSON has sometimes been called "Allyson Wonderland." The term is applicable if used in reverse. Hollywood has been but little of wonderland to Allyson. She has not found stardom and greatness synonymous.

Perhaps there was a time when June found films a challenge. She proved to herself that Hollywood could be taken, and she took it. A couple of years ago fans voted her their number one choice among feminine stars; the following year, their second.

Though appreciative of the honor, June was not obviously impressed. Another star recently said to her, "It's amazing that you can be so popular with all the bad pictures you make." June didn't know whether it was a slam or a compliment. "I never got around to asking exactly what she meant," said June.

June went into show business for two reasons. She had to make a living; and she wanted to convince friends, who had dared her to try, that she could make a go of it. She has a child-like quality of acceptance. Her click in movies neither amazed nor exhilarated her. When she wished to learn to dance, she went to see Fred Astaire in "The Gay Divorcee" seventeen times, studied his technique, and landed herself in a series of Broadway musicals that eventually brought her to Hollywood.

It seems that everyone wants her to be a movie star but June herself. Making motion pictures is to her a job, like selling ribbons over a counter, and she does it well. Two years ago Dick Powell (*Continued on page 98*)

"My children need me" . . .
June, Richard Keith and Pam

Retiring?



Valeska

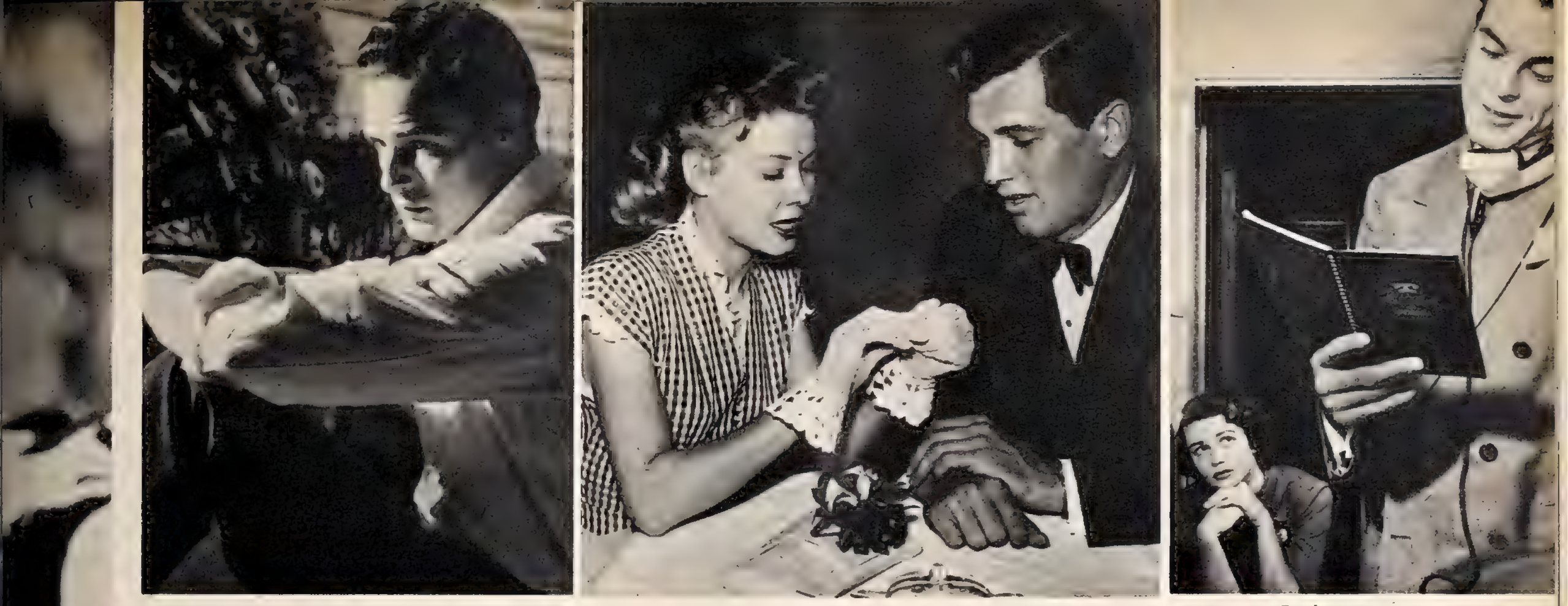
WHY ARE THEY AFRAID TO MARRY?

Sheilah rushes in where Cupid fears to tread

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

● WHAT IS IT that makes so many of our up-and-coming young stars shy like frightened colts at the sound of wedding bells? It may be that the gold dust gets blown off their dreams by the vast number of unhappy and broken Hollywood marriages they see about them. It may be that they're simply reluctant to give up their personal freedom. Or perhaps they hesitate to share their successes on the mistaken theory that an ego is halved—and not *doubled*—by marriage.

Whatever you call it in each individual case, the over-all factor adds up to a huge and unreasoning *fear*. Ask them what they're afraid of—exactly what—though, and they can't tell you themselves.



Ornitz

They Walk Alone: Peter Lawford eludes girls who adore him . . . Marlon Brando's too moody . . . Rock Hudson and Vera-Ellen: near the altar she ran . . . Scott Brady and Dorothy Malone: what do they fear? . . . Ann Blyth: is Charles FitzSimons the answer to a dream? . . . Jean Peters: career minded? . . . Dan Dailey and June Haver: love shy?



—and discovers the reasons why these Hollywood eligibles keep dodging the marriage question

I've tried to find out from a dozen timid stars. They talk like mad on other subjects. On this one, they only double-talk.

Why, for instance, doesn't Marlon Brando—with $100,000 per picture to share with some lovely damsel—shake himself loose from his moods and go find her? What really makes Vera-Ellen—married young, divorced young—give the brush to her beaux each time it begins to look like a wedding? Why does Steve Cochran, the big he-man hero, quake at the thought of the plunge? And what about June Haver? How come she's not brave enough to marry again? Or Ann Blyth to marry—period.

Always the spare man, the socially useful bachelor, never *the* man—that's Peter Lawford. Dan Dailey poses as the woman-hater, making absolutely no sense when he shoots off his mouth against females in general and wives in particular. Farley Granger is twenty-seven now—quite a big boy—but so far he hasn't outgrown such childish tricks as giving Shelley Winters that mock engagement ring. Jean Peters fools nobody by pretending to be so dedicated to her career that she has no time to be a wife. Again, the talk hides fear. What are they all afraid of?

There isn't any general answer to cover every marriage-shy star. In (*Continued on page* 101)



Kirk directs while Mike and Joel attend to yard work



FOR



Three weary bachelors, Kirk, Joel and Mike, settle down to serious reading after a busy day on the beach in Santa Monica

BY PAULINE SWANSON

MEN ONLY

Kirk Douglas had their summer all planned. But when Mike and Joel took over, all daddy could do was dream—of the girls he was too tired to date!

• KIRK DOUGLAS had mysteriously disappeared. For months, he had been a regular at the smartest spots in town, every other night squiring a different girl, and all of them beauties—Gene Tierney, Rita Hayworth. Then, suddenly, he vanished. Columnists made ready to put imagination and ingenuity into high gear, to chase after some new romance that called for a retreat to discreet hide-aways. But that wasn't the solution to the mystery. The truth was infinitely warmer and more appealing, and the story began like this . . .

Kirk Douglas waited with some trepidation for the train to pull in.

He hadn't seen his two sons, Mike, seven, and Joel, five, since Christmas, and now they were coming to spend not just a few festive days, but three whole months—their summer school vacation—with him at his bachelor home in Beverly Hills.

Kirk's apprehension stemmed from two sources. For one thing, he knew that small boys can do an awful lot of growing up in a few short months. He had found that out on previous occasions. "Last Christmas, for instance," he recalls, "I told Mike a bedtime story that had fascinated him when he was four. This time he listened politely but obviously bored. When I ran out of breath, words *and* courage, he finally announced, 'That's a silly story, Daddy.'" Kirk grinned. "That's tough in this business. An actor has to know his audience is *with* him."

To make things even worse, this time the boys' mother was going to be 3,000 miles away. Their governess was coming with them, but that wasn't like having Diana within hurrying-over distance in a moment of possible crisis. Diana Douglas hadn't been in hurrying-over distance since she and Kirk were divorced two years ago and she took the boys to live with her in New York.

But the train was in now, and the boys and Madame Duprava, the governess, were piling out of their Pullman car and—for better or worse—Kirk was in for it. First came (*Continued on page* 92)

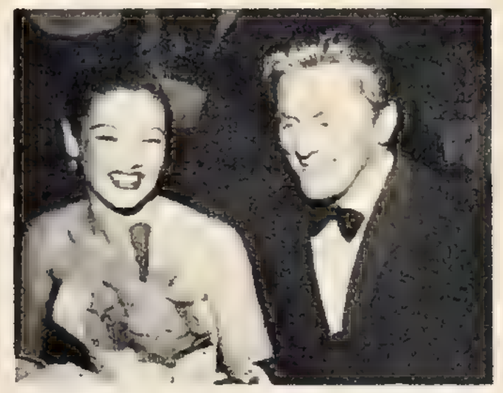
THE GIRLS HE USED TO DATE!



Pat Knight, formerly Mrs. Cornel Wilde, was a lovely Douglas date



Elizabeth Threatt followed Irene Wrightsman in Kirk's affections



Gene Tierney was squired by Kirk when she separated from Cassini



June Haver found Kirk an attentive escort when they dined duo

Gable's



Clark in 1947 with Mrs. Dolly O'Brien. At that time it was rumored that the socialite would be the next Mrs. Gable

BY ELSA MAXWELL

● YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO WOMEN—practically all women—every time Clark Gable's name is mentioned. It would be futile for me to deny that my own reactions follow the pattern. When I arrived in Paris this year and heard Clark was in town, prior to going to London to make his first picture there, I wanted to see him as soon as possible.

Naturally then, when Anita Loos phoned me one day and asked me to join her for lunch with Clark, I lost no time in accepting her invitation. I met him at the Hotel Lancaster where he was staying and where many of the stars live while in Paris and I was completely delighted.

I saw a new Clark Gable—younger, more handsome than ever, radiating happiness. The first thing I said was, "Clark, you're looking marvelous!"

"Why not, Elsa!" he exclaimed. And he smiled that inimitable Gable smile. "I'm as free as the air again. I've never been happier in my life. And I know now for certain that I shall never marry again."

Over lunch, he exuded charm and his own rare brand of vitality.

"This is the perfect life," he said. "Nobody bothers me. Nobody follows me. Most people here don't even know who I am—and even if they do, they don't care." Paris is much too polite to bother a King—even the King of Hollywood. (*Continued on page* 80)

There's a new love in Gable's life... an unexpected romance. And it's a surprise—especially to Clark!

in love again!



The strange romance of Mitzi Gaynor

She wears a gold band on her left third finger, lives in the same house with Richard and their parents. Still Mitzi insists, "We're not married"

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

● AS YOU READ THIS, twinkle-toed Mitzi Gaynor is whirling across the stage of the Philharmonic in downtown Los Angeles in "Jollyanna"—whirling to the exciting rhythm of mounting applause. A dream come true—the lights outside blaze that she is the star. So thrilling are those lights that she can forgive for the moment another dream delayed.

This is the story of that other dream. It is a story which began backstage five years ago when she was playing a bit part, dreaming of being the star—and when she met the man she also dreamed of marrying. Mitzi's own love story has all the storybook ingredients, all the drama, the conflict to match anything in which this sparkling young actress has ever starred on the screen. Including a "magic" pair of purple slippers!

The romance of warm, vivacious Mitzi, who whirls so eagerly through life on her talented tip-toes, and the handsome thirty-three-year-old attorney, Richard Coyle, has had a dizzying impact on Hollywood. Mitzi's marriage, when to be or not to be—and whether, in fact, it had not already been—has long been the question. Deny them as she might, rumors kept recurring that Mitzi was already married—and had been for quite (*Continued on page* 108)



Attorney Richard Coyle was Mitzi's first beau and for five years she's been strictly a one-man woman



BY JANE CORWIN

the not-so-private life of RITA HAYWORTH

The gossip columns play up her romances. And overlook the real reasons for the fabulous redhead's new-found happiness

● THE HEAD OF PUBLICITY at Columbia Pictures is George Lait. One night, he was sitting around with his wife when their phone rang. The voice on the other end of the line belonged to Rita Hayworth. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"We're reading," said Lait.

"Can I come over?" Rita wanted to know.

Lait said sure, and Mrs. Lait put on a pot of coffee. Rita climbed into her car and drove over the hill to visit.

For a couple of hours, the three of them sat reading in the living room of the Lait house. At 12:30 A.M., Rita said, "Work tomorrow," and left.

The next day four different gossip columns reported on Rita's night out. They had her in four different nightclubs with four different men, and they had her all wrong.

There is love in Rita's life these days. But it's not of a romantic nature. Rita's in love all right. She's in love with her children. That's enough for now. And then there is her career. Once again it has come to count. For three years she ignored its existence. However, even in temporary retirement, Rita was a star and the (*Continued on page* 105)







Rita, with the three men in her life: Ed Judson, top, taught her how to wear clothes, made Hollywood Hayworth conscious. With Orson Welles, center, she found love—for a while. Aly Khan, above, introduced her to new kind of world, gave her self-confidence she needed. But with daughters Rebecca and Yasmine, Rita is learning—to be herself





OUR SECOND HONEYMOON

Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh

Although Janet and Tony vowed never to part, studio schedules pay little attention to love. But even on location they found time for romance. Pictures from the Curtis' family album prove it . . . as do Janet's own words



Midnight — we exchange anniversary gifts. Pearl earrings for me. Cuff links for Tony. We kept them hidden for weeks!

MORE PICTURES ON NEXT PAGE

Our Second



Up each morning at five, I leave a note and a kiss for my vacationing husband



Tony says I should take it easy, but I don't hear him objecting. Iti his wash!



I'm a "quinea hen" for Tonys painting and I love it -



In "The Naked Spur" I play a Tomboy and I'm showing my husband



Whoops! A helping hand is always welcome from "The Son of Ali Baba". Alias T.C.



"If I can't act in this pic said Tony, "I'll be a masseu Thats fine with me!

HONEYMOON

Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh



Besides he's awfully good. What talent



Her mom and pop watch while Lisa Ryan takes the cake at our first anniversary party



Caught! Tony claims I've forgotten how to wear shoes. But love that wedding dress!



We play ping pong for relaxation. Did I say relaxation? It's work!



We stage a kiddie's magic show. Tony (right) carved all day on the heart. Such a doll!





FARLEY GRANGER

Youth behind a "don't disturb" sign . . . Bach and beer . . . refugee from the routine . . . dreams under lock and key . . . a walk in the rain . . . young man on a bachelor binge . . . determined individualist

Photograph by St. Hilaire: Farley's next is "Hans Christian Andersen"

Courtly cowboy . . . beefsteak and lemon meringue pie . . . dynamite in dungarees . . . moonlight sail on the Mississippi . . . Sagebrush sensation . . . stolen kisses in the dark . . . magnetism in a country kitchen

Photograph by Kornman: Dale is in "The Farmer Takes a Wife"

DALE ROBERTSON

THE PRESENT

In the past,
Bette Davis' career
was the main event.
Now Gary and the kids
have turned it
into a sideshow

BY IDA ZEITLIN



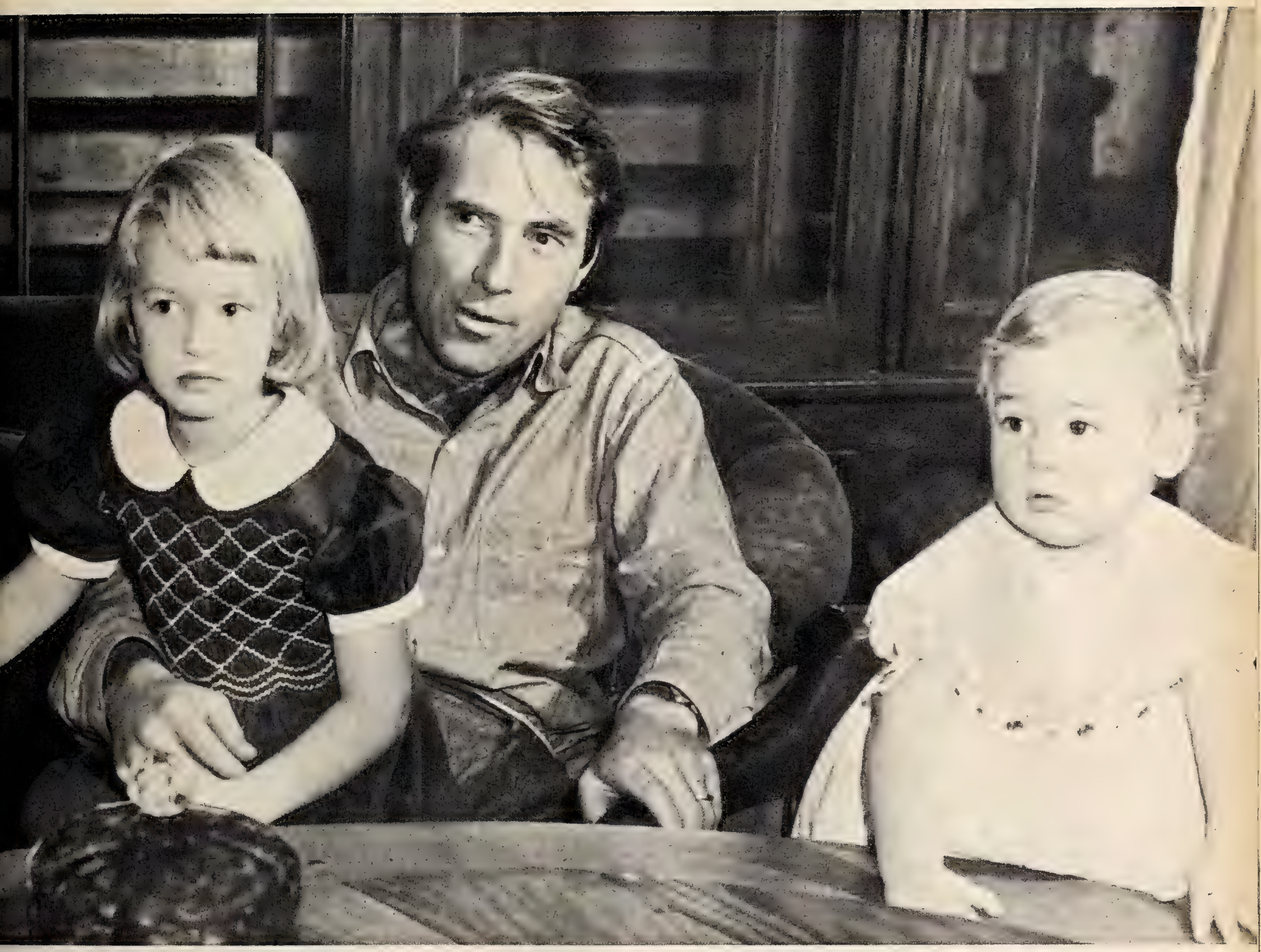
• THE GARRY MERRILLS recently moved into a new house. Though still not settled, the place gives a feeling of home. A large dog lifts sad eyes, wheels into reverse and presents his back for scratching. From nowhere a small gray mop bounces into your lap, turns out to be a poodle and curls up to snooze. This seems natural enough. Dogs have always been standard equipment with Bette Davis. Go-carts and playpens haven't been. But they are now.

In his favorite beachcomber's outfit, Gary lopes down the stairs, sticks out a genial hand and leads the way to his wife, who's in bed with a cold but not sick enough to have lost much energy. As always, her effect is like that of a window thrown open—a sudden rush of invigorating air.

"Don't come near me, it's catching. Shove that monster off and I think you'll be safe there on the couch."

The monster is a woolly innocent, stuffed firmly into pajamas, wearing a look both rakish and wistful under the moth-eaten hood that flops over one eye. B-D, as Barbara's called, comes in for him. Fairhaired and almost five, B-D has the face of a storybook child. "He's a lamb," she explains,

IS PERFECT!



"whose mother didn't have enough milk. I've got to feed him now. All I do is hold the bottle. He eats by himself. Would you like to see my brother? He's new."

Through the adjoining bedroom with its four-poster and crib goes B-D. "Margot sleeps here with me since my brother came. That's her bed, this is mine." She proceeds across the hall to where a pink smidgen of four weeks lies on top of a bathinette, enjoying a rubdown. "This is Woody. Later on we can see Margot. Right now she's having a little moment alone with a graham cracker." Her grave face breaks into a smile. "That's what Daddy said."

Adjusting your mind to Davis as the mother of three, you wander back and decide that on her, multiple maternity looks good. Except for the poodle cut, she might be the gal of ten years ago. The strained lines of *Margo* in "All About Eve" were either etched in by makeup or they've vanished. Certainly there's no trace of them in the fresh and blooming phiz of Mrs. Gary Merrill.

Her career used to regulate Bette's actions. Now it's more likely to be her (*Continued on page* 94)





Photoplay Fashions in *Shades of Autumn*

● Flannel with a flair: Constance Smith, of 20th's "The Golden Condor," wears a dressy version of an old standby—a gray 100 per cent flannel suit by Sacony. Fitted jacket is embroidered with black fleur-de-lis. Lapels, pockets are trimmed with black faille. Straight skirt has kick pleat in back. Also in navy, brown or green flannel with black trim. $29.95, sizes 10-20

Three for the money: Marge Champion, left, of M-G-M's "Everything I Have Is Yours," models a stunning casual suit that comes in three pieces—tailored three-button jacket, matching skirt and contrasting plaid skirt. Jacket worn by Marge is in a warm beige tone, with brown and white plaid skirt, by Rosenblum of California, in a California Desert Bloom fabric. Suit also comes in red, green, coronation blue, navy, gray and brown, all with matching and contrasting plaid skirts. The three piece suit costs around $55.00. Sizes 10-20

Pearls by Deltah
Black cotton gloves by Wear Right
Premier's white cashmere and nylon sweater
Brown calf belt by Garay
Beige string gloves by Wear Right
Capezio's butterscotch medium heel pumps
Photographs by Dirone

FOR STORES CARRYING THESE FASHIONS SEE PAGE 89 IF THERE IS NO STORE LISTED IN YOUR VICINITY, WRITE DIRECT TO MANUFACTURER LISTED ON SAME PAGE



Photoplay Fashions
in

Shades of Autumn

In the neutral corner: Muted grays and beiges are a very important part of the harvest color scheme for fall. This Handmacher suit, modelled by Grace Kelly of United Artists' "High Noon," is in a beige that's both distinctive and flattering to most skin tones. Of Miron gabardine, the fitted jacket features a tiny wing collar, interesting spread wing pockets at the hipline. Skirt follows the current straight line. In sizes 10-20, 7-15, price $60.00

Matching beige hat by Madcaps
Black gloves by Wear Right
Photograph by Dirone

FOR STORES CARRYING THESE FASHIONS SEE PAGE 89 IF THERE IS NO STORE LISTED IN YOUR VICINITY, WRITE DIRECT TO MANUFACTURER LISTED ON SAME PAGE



Fall's neutral story in knit: Monica Lewis of M-G-M's "Everything I Have Is Yours," models two beige knit dresses that will hold their shape, don't have to be pressed. Two-piece, above, has straight skirt, separate jacket with tiny collar, loose, easy-to-wear, three-quarter batwing sleeves. Price, $29.95. One-piece, at right, features the new full skirt that is flattering even to the fuller figure, also stresses the becoming batwing style sleeves. $39.95. Both dresses are by Lass of Scotland, in 100 per cent wool chenille yarn, sizes 10-18. Also available in other lovely new harvest shades, as well as black.

Coro jewelry *Debutante belt*
Wear Right gloves
With beige, Monica wears Bur-Mil Cameo hose in new Gold Rush shade
Photographs by Samerjan


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Famous for Style and Quality for 23 Years



Photoplay Fashions
in

Shades of Autumn

Stressing the muted, soft tones so popular for fall, this beige blended wool dress, modeled by Grace Kelly, introduces a different note with its yellow and white striped top. Small gold buttons march gaily down to the waist, where the Sacony waistband insures a perfect fit. Collar may be worn open or closed. In both misses and petite sizes, 10-20, dress costs $22.95, is also available in a variety of color combinations.

Gold jewelry by Coro
Beige string gloves by Wear Right
Photograph by Dirone

FOR STORES CARRYING THESE FASHIONS SEE PAGE 89. IF THERE IS NO STORE LISTED IN YOUR VICINITY, WRITE DIRECT TO MANUFACTURER LISTED ON SAME PAGE

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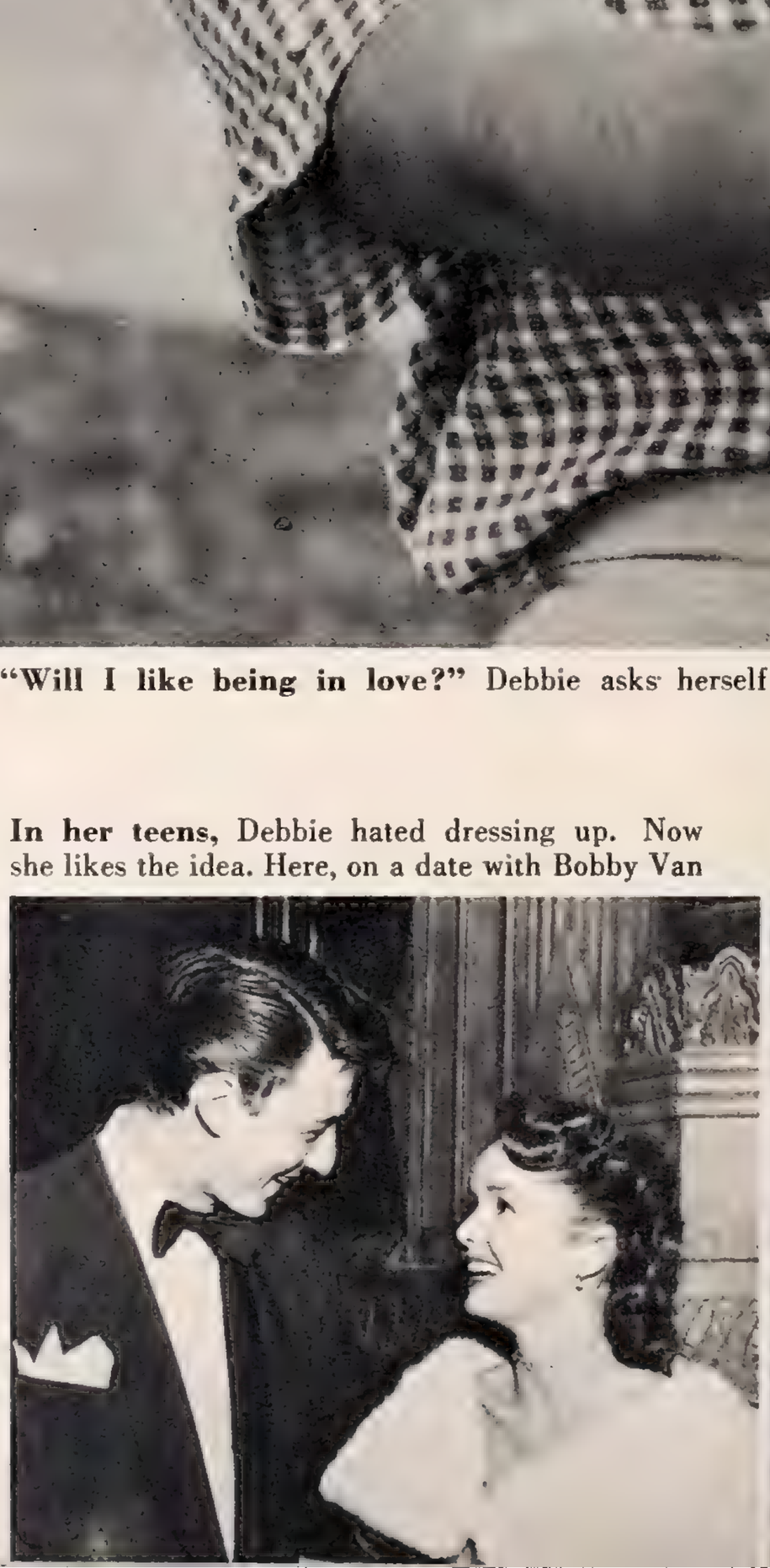
THE FORMFIT COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK

Life BY Formfit

FOR FIT, FOR COMFORT,
For a Sweetheart of a Figure

"**Will I like being in love?**" Debbie asks herself as her girl friends become engaged, marry. She's sure of the answer

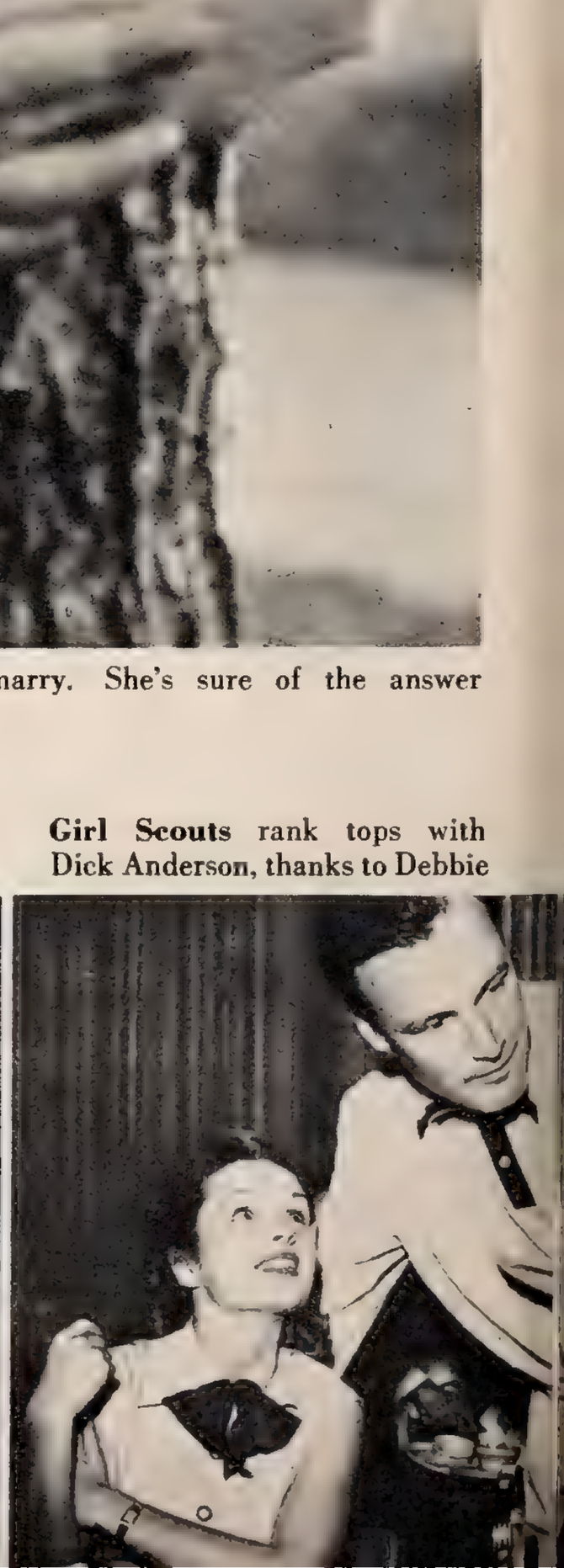
In her teens, Debbie hated dressing up. Now she likes the idea. Here, on a date with Bobby Van



Craig Hill, a frequent escort, says that Debbie's "a real pal"



Girl Scouts rank tops with Dick Anderson, thanks to Debbie



Boys Are Here To Stay!



They shuck corn, sometimes yawn her out of her red shoes. But it's the guys with the regular line who changed Debbie's "No Dating" sign to "Having a Wonderful Time"

BY DEBBIE REYNOLDS
as told to Ruth Waterbury

● PERSONALLY I THINK boys are very essential to history. It looks to me as though they are here to stay. So I think we girls simply have to accept the fact that boys do make a girl's life very eventful.

Farley Granger's story in Photoplay a few months ago that said girls ruin romance started me thinking. In my opinion that's a pretty broad statement. That kind of remark from any fellow is just another way of shifting the blame when girls believe everything boys tell them.

For instance, a boy says to you, "Oh, you're such a doll." Then he waves his eyelashes at you and purrs, "I just wish a wonderful girl like you would take me seriously." It's my theory he is taking a chance that you might believe him.

However, if you fall for this line and do take it seriously, as would seem only natural, then it's likely to be freezeville for you from then on.

To me necking seems to be a very individual problem, and whether a girl does or doesn't neck is (*Continued on page* 90)

It's said that Bob Wagner, her most serious romance, has proposed



Movie partner Carleton Carpenter and Debbie, date duo after their first hit, are good friends



Premiere time finds Debbie with new actor, Jeff Richards



BY DIANE SCOTT

Rory's Gone Hollywood

It was back to the woods for Calhoun. Until fate and romance convinced him he was really a "picture fellow"



Rory and his wife, Lita, juggle plates at a buffet dinner at The Flamingo in Las Vegas

• THE REDHEAD WAS MIGHTY PRETTY. The "picture fellow," Fred MacMurray, looked husky enough to be a ranger himself. But surveying the movie location scene being filmed, Forester Francis Timothy Durgin felt no envy. He wanted no part of it, this play-acting in his redwoods.

He was a native of the tree-country. Lean-hipped, with wide shoulders and a sun-warmed smile—his blue-green eyes were alerted for any flicker of flame, his senses keyed for the smell of smoke. He'd been assigned by the Division of Forestry to make sure the movie company observed every fire law. And he was observing.

"I heard people scream and holler," he remembers. "And I heard all the whistles blowing. What a hassle, I thought. What a way to make a living!"

Just let him earn his keep under the open sky. Give him the rich coloring of the redwoods, the sounds of the forest, and the music of the river. His was a stage of majestic splendor. In his watch tower he was king and guardian of all he surveyed. Actors. What a way to make a living!

Forester "Smoky" Durgin had no way of knowing then that two years later he would be a "picture fellow" named Rory Calhoun, up to his expressive dark eyebrows in the same profession. Or that his performance in "I'd Climb The Highest Mountain" with the "pretty redhead" would determine his whole future, and that some day he would be co-starring with Susan Hayward, too, in "With a Song In My Heart."

However, in the time that followed—the years between—he had wanted no part of Hollywood, itself. During those first few years in movies, Hollywood and acting—his acting—seemed too insecure. He was making no permanent mark in motion pictures, and getting no solid roles which assured him he ever would. True, he was getting parts, but the whole thing was too temporary. He began looking for ranches and land to invest in. Back to the open spaces for him. A man could put his faith in land. Together with his bride, dancer Lita Baron, and her family, Rory invested in some property which soon doubled in value. They bought another ranch, 165 acres near Ojai, which they converted into a guest dude ranch called "The Rocking Star." This was Rory's real security.

But then Rory's own star •(*Continued on page* 86)



In the days when he was "Smoky" Durgin, he-man forester, Rory thought movie-making was a "mighty weird hassle"

The True TURNER-LAMAS story



• AT FIRST, IT SEEMED TOO NEAT, too pat, too according-to-the-script to be true. Here was Lana Turner—the golden, the sumptuously proportioned, never quite happy nor quite alive unless she was in love, and now separated from her third husband. Here was Fernando Lamas—the only present-day incarnation of the fabled Latin lover, with the assured manner, the flashing smile, the graceful and sleekly muscled frame, with a marriage that was not of the steadiest and a new career that could use a build-up. And together on the set of "The Merry Widow," Lana and Fernando were going through scenes of an unabashed romantic fervor rare on today's screen.

You can just picture the boys in the publicity department chortling among themselves, "What a setup! It's a natural!" So, when reports began to come through hinting that the film lovers of "The Merry Widow" were ad libbing some extra ardor into their love scenes, everybody from fans to columnists hooted, "Publicity! Strictly a phony—wait till the picture's finished, and see how fast this 'great passion' cools off."

Many months after the cameras had stopped rolling, Fernando said of his co-star: "I think she is a wonderful woman, a very real person. She's warm and tender and sweet. She's a woman with a great amount of tenderness to give—that's still waiting strong within her." And Lana—Lana went around with that special, visible glow that means only one thing to her friends: Lana's in love again, and she's happy when she's in love.

Well, what happened between the cynical beginning and the ecstatic ending? Were the fans and the columnists all wrong in the first place? Or did the relationship between the co-stars of "The Merry Widow" actually undergo a change as legitimate as it was startling? Here are the facts.

When work (*Continued on page* 84)

BY EVE FORD

TO REACH THE STARS

PHOTOPLAY receives thousands of letters asking for photographs and addresses of movie stars. Home addresses cannot be revealed and Photoplay cannot fill requests for photographs. However, following are the addresses of the major motion picture studios and a list of the stars they have under contract. If your favorites are not listed in any contract list, write to them in care of the studio at which they made their last picture. For autographed pictures send twenty-five cents to the star to cover cost of mailing.

Columbia Pictures, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood: Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette, Broderick Crawford, Joan Davis, John Derek, Glenn Ford, Gloria Greenwood, Rita Hayworth, Judy Holliday, Jack Mahoney, Beverly Michaels, Aldo Ray, Rex Reason, Donna Reed, Mickey Rooney, Johnny Stewart, Audrey Totter.

Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Los Angeles: Joan Evans, Farley Granger.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 10202 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City: Dawn Addams, June Allyson, Richard Anderson, Pier Angeli, Fred Astaire, Lionel Barrymore, Robert Burton, Louis Calhern, William Campbell, Leslie Caron, Carleton Carpenter, Diane Cassidy, Gower Champion, Marge Champion, Cyd Charisse, Patrick Conway, Donna Corcoran, Jonathan Cott, James Craig, Vic Damone, Michael Dugan, Billy Eckstine, Marilyn Erskine, Nanette Fabray, Lisa Ferraday, Sally Forrest, Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, Greer Garson, Stewart Granger, Kathryn Grayson, Jean Hagen, Robert Horton, Van Johnson, Kurt Kasznar, Howard Keel, Gene Kelly, Deborah Kerr, Fernando Lamas, Mario Lanza, Peter Lawford, Janet Leigh, Monica Lewis, Marjorie Main, Ralph Meeker, Ann Miller, Dean Miller, Ricardo Montalban, Doretta Morrow, George Murphy, Reginald Owen, Walter Pidgeon, Jane Powell, William Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Jeff Richards, Barbara Ruick, Janice Rule, Red Skelton, Elaine Stewart, James Stewart, Lewis Stone, Barry Sullivan, Elizabeth Taylor, Robert Taylor, Patricia Tiernan, Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, Bobby Van, Vera-Ellen, James Whitmore, Esther Williams, Keenan Wynn, Gig Young.

Monogram Pictures, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood: Johnny Mack Brown, Wild Bill Elliot, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Florence Marly, Jane Nigh, Whip Wilson.

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood: Anna Maria Alberghetti, Judith Ames, Jean Arthur, Peter D. Baldwin, Gene Barry, William Bendix, Lyle Bettger, Pierre Cressoy, Bing Crosby, William Demarest, Laura Elliot, Rhonda Fleming, Joan Fontaine, Mona Freeman, Paulette Goddard, Gloria Grahame, Nancy Hale, Virginia Hall, Peter Hanson, Patricia Ann Harding, William Holden, Bob Hope, Betty Hutton, Irene Martin, Robert Merrill, Ray Milland, Michael Moore, Susan Morrow, Mary Murphy, Nancy Olson, Eleanor Parker, Barbara Rush, Jan Sterling, Joan Taylor, Alan Young. Under personal contract to Hal Wallis: Polly Bergen, Corinne Calvet, Wendell Corey, Don DeFore, Vincent Edwards, Charlton Heston, Burt Lancaster, Jerry Lewis, Marion Marshall, Dean Martin, Eddie Mayehoff, Lizabeth Scott, Mary Sinclair

RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood: Keith Andes, Jack Buetel, Janice Carter, the Charivels, Joan Crawford, Barbara Darrow, Brad Dexter, Joan Dixon, George Dolenz, Faith Domergue, Linda Douglas, Betsy Drake, Mel Ferrer, Steve Flagg, Jane Greer, Dee Hartford, Tim Holt, Richard Martin, Charles McGraw, Colleen Miller, Robert Mitchum, Carole Morton, Mala Powers, Jane Russell, Robert Ryan, Margaret Sheridan, William Talman, Ursula Thiess, Kenneth Tobey.

Republic Pictures, 4024 N. Radford Ave., N. Hollywood: Rex Allen, Roy Barcroft, Esperanza Baur, Rod Cameron, Judy Canova, Brian Donlevy, Allan "Rocky" Lane, Muriel Lawrence, Ray Middleton, Vaughn Monroe, Vera Ralston, Estelita Rodriguez, John Russell, Forrest Tucker, John Wayne, Chill Wills, Grant Withers

Twentieth Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Blvd., Beverly Hills: Casey Adams, Richard Allen, Merry Anders, Charlotte Austin, Richard Basehart, Lauren Bacall, Barbara Bates, Anne Baxter, Richard Boone, Cornell Borches, Scott Brady, Marlon Brando, Macdonald Carey, Jill Clifford, Joseph Cotten, Jeanne Crain, Dan Dailey, Linda Darnell, Dennis Day, Joanne Dru, Gloria DeHaven, Penny Edwards, Henry Fonda, Anne Francis, Mitzi Gaynor, Betty Grable, Bob Graham, Cary Grant, Billy Gray, Susan Hayward, June Haver, Donna Lee Hickey, Craig Hill, Jeffrey Hunter, Richard Hylton, Louis Jourdan, William Lundigan, Myrna Loy, Joyce MacKenzie, George Mathews, Victor Mature, Hugh Marlowe, James Mason, Gary Merrill, Cameron Mitchell, Zero Mostel, Marilyn Monroe, Ava Norring, Pat Neal, Debra Paget, Walter (Jack) Palance, Gregory Peck, Jean Peters, Ezio Pinza, Tyrone Power, George Raft, Michael Rennie, Thelma Ritter, Dale Robertson, George Sanders, Constance Smith, Helene Stanley, Warren Stevens, James Stewart, Randy Stuart, Gene Tierney, Robert Wagner, David Wayne, Clifton Webb, Orson Welles, Oskar Werner, Richard Widmark, Cornel Wilde.

Universal-International, Universal City: Abbott and Costello, Julia Adams, Ann Blyth, Judith Braun, Susan Cabot, Mary Castle, Jeff Chandler, Jeanne Cooper, Anthony Curtis, Yvonne DeCarlo, Peggy Dow, Charles Drake, Joyce Holden, Rock Hudson, Kathleen Hughes, David Janssen, Russell Johnson, Alice Kelly, Jack Kelly, Arthur Kennedy, Piper Laurie, Palmer Lee, Harvey Lembeck, Richard Long, Stephen McNally, Bodil Miller, Robert Monnet, Audie Murphy, Lori Nelson, Alex Nicol, Hugh O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Maureen O'Hara, Gigi Perreau, William Reynolds, Claudette Thornton, Dennis Weaver, Guy Williams, Shelley Winters.

Warner Brothers, 4000 W. Olive Ave., Burbank: Humphrey Bogart, Ray Bolger, Eddie Bracken, David Brian, James Cagney, Philip Carey, Steve Cochran, Gary Cooper, Horace Cooper, Doris Day, Errol Flynn, Virginia Gibson, Phyllis Kirk, Alan Ladd, Burt Lancaster, Frank Lovejoy, Gordon MacRae, Raymond Massey, Virginia Mayo, Allyn McLerie, Eve Miller, Dennis Morgan, Gene Nelson, Nancy Olson, Paul Picerni, Ronald Reagan, Ruth Roman, Randolph Scott, Phyllis Thaxter, Danny Thomas, Lurene Tuttle, Dick Wesson, Jane Wyman, Patrice Wymore.



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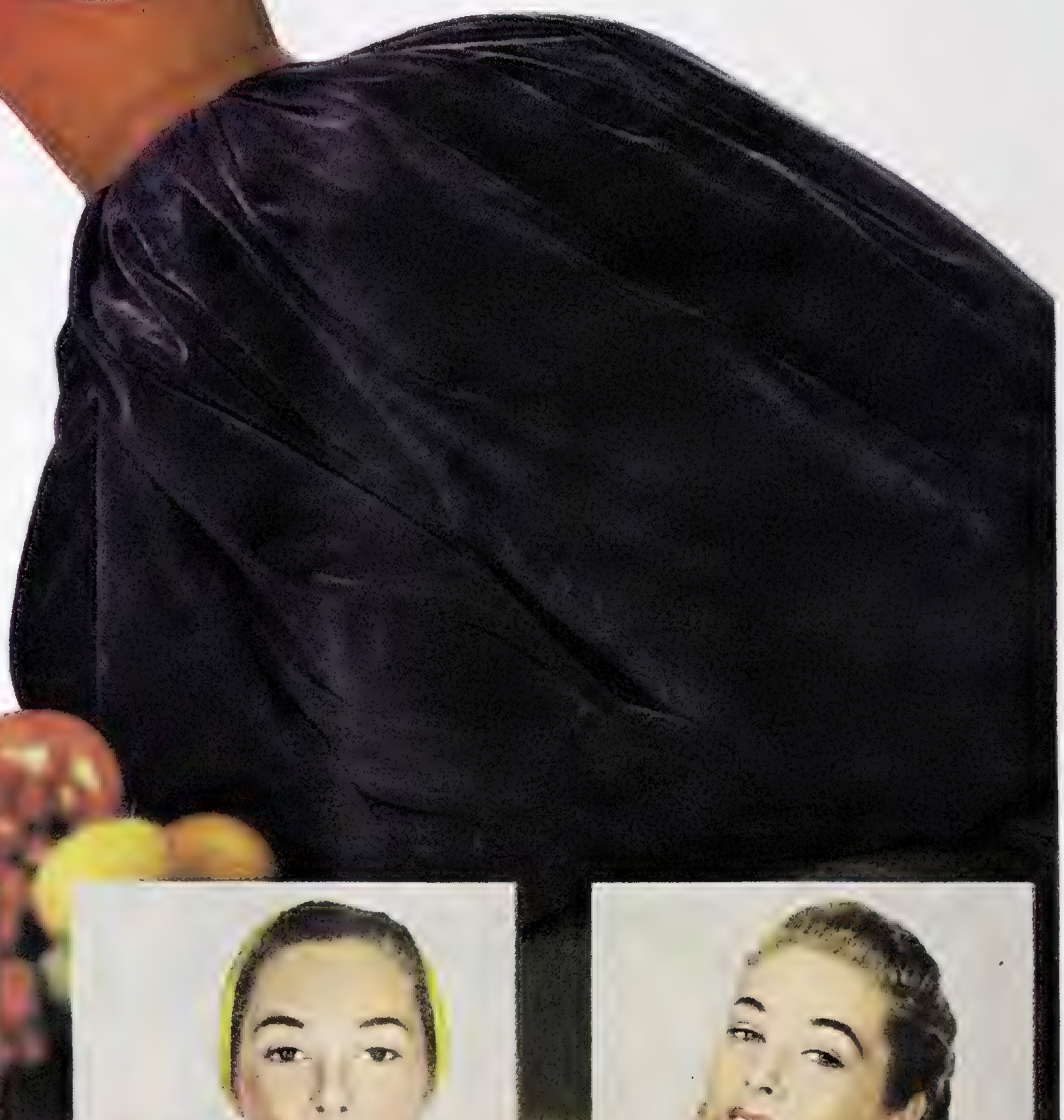
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ALICE KELLY
as she looks when away from the studio.

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*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.

FOUR TO GO!

Not three—but four girls will compete this year for Photoplay's Scholarship prize. But only one can win. Who will she be?

BY BEVERLY LINET

AFTER REVIEWING CARLOADS of applications, listening to thousands of recordings, auditioning hundreds of talented young women, the nationwide search to find the winner of the Photoplay Scholarship Contest has reached its final stage with an exciting surprise. Four instead of three finalists have been chosen to go to Pasadena on September 15, to compete for the two-year scholarship at the Pasadena Playhouse.

The finalists are Jill André, seventeen, of New York City; Nancie Brown, nineteen, of Carmel, California; Connie Mavis, nineteen, of Berkley, Michigan, and Natalie Sue Polak, twenty, of Dallas, Texas.

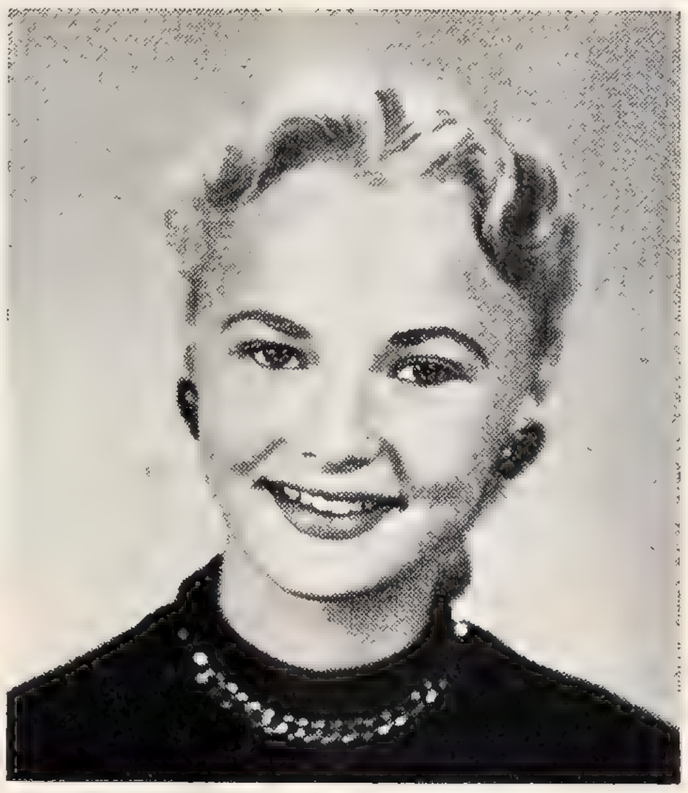
Jill André was working at the Cain Park Summer Theatre in Ohio. She auditioned before a board headed by K. Elmo Lowe, celebrated director of the Cleveland Playhouse. "Her unique dramatic ability," he says, "guarantees her a notable place in the theatre." Jill graduated from New York's High School of Performing Arts last June. She was Salutatorian and won the school's drama medal.

Nancie Brown competed in the statewide California audition in Los Angeles before Robert Young, Florence Bates and Pasadena Playhouse's Robert Rence. She was chosen unanimously. Nancie is going into her third year at Stanford. She was Junior President of the Forest Theatre Guild and toured with the Looking Glass Theatre.

Connie Mavis was chosen from the Michigan auditions held by Dick Osgood, movie, TV and stage reporter of the American Broadcasting Company and Detroit Free Press. Aside from a lead in a Highland Park Junior College musical, and a brief course in dramatics at high school, she has had little training. Of Connie, Mr. Osgood says: "She has an earthy quality that reminds me of the late Carole Lombard."

Natalie Sue Polak has studied dancing and piano for five years, but discounting a few grammar and high school plays has had no dramatic experience. Yet, Dorothy Bell of Radio Station WFAA says: "She is one of the most talented girls I've auditioned in my ten years in Dallas."

The final decision as to which girl will remain at the Playhouse rests with judges Barbara Stanwyck, Dore Schary, James Stewart, Mark Robson and Photoplay's Hollywood Editor, Sylvia Wallace. The other finalists will be spot-lighted on radio and TV, interviewed by talent scouts of the major studios and possibly screen-tested. The winner will be announced in the December issue of Photoplay.



Connie Mavis of Michigan: "Has the earthy quality of Carole Lombard"



Natalie Polak of Texas: "A talent treat to Dallas audition board"



Jill André of New York: "This girl has a unique dramatic ability"



Nancie Brown of California: "The state judges chose her unanimously"

RUNNERS-UP: *Patricia Anne Rose, Denver, Colorado; Nance Dickinson, Rochester, Wisconsin; Dolores Radd, St. Clair Shores, Michigan; Valerie Bales, China Lake, California; Martha Aldrich Scott, Hyde Park, Massachusetts; Penny Howard, Columbus, Ohio.*

They make you laugh. They make you cry. These faces won't be forgotten as their talent takes them straight to stardom

BY LIZA WILSON

LOOK





PALMER LEE

YOUNG ACTORS are becoming very sensible these days. They are saving their money. One of the most sensible, and one of the most attractive of the careful new crop, is six-foot-plus Palmer Lee. He already has nine pictures under his belt, including the current "All Because of Sally," in which he's Ann Blyth's boy friend, and "Francis Goes to West Point," wherein he's Donald O'Connor's chum. With his Universal-International contract, and leading parts coming up any minute, Palmer could afford to splurge a bit. But he's saving for "a small house with a lawn and a picket fence." In the meantime, he shares digs with two other boys. They eat out, but not at Romanoff's.

Palmer has no steady girl friend. Although he has never dated her, Ann Blyth is his idea of a perfect girl. Recently Ann, Palmer and several other young U-I players toured Army bases and hospitals in Alaska. "The G.I.'s wanted to eat Ann with a spoon, they loved her so," says Palmer.

Palmer himself is an ex-G.I. He joined the U.S. Air Force in the summer of 1945, and served as a code expert. Two of his four brothers are in service now—one in Korea, one in Germany. After his Air Force stint, Palmer got a job, by accident, as a radio announcer and disc jockey in San José. The guy who gave him the job became a Hollywood agent, and Palmer became his client. It took three years to get a picture part, and a U-I contract. Meanwhile he drove trucks and hauled ice.

Palmer is a born emcee. His hobby is building small models of trains and planes. He blushes easily, prefers casual clothes, likes all athletics, especially skiing. He works hard at the studio preparing himself for the "big break." It's due. Soon.

Born: San Francisco, Calif. Date: 1/25/27 Height: 6'2"
Weight: 185 Eyes: Brown Hair: Brown

ALLYN McLERIE

IT'S OLD HOME WEEK for talented Allyn McLerie in Warners' box office hit, "Where's Charley?" Allyn created the role of the prim and pretty *Amy* in the original production and played it in New York and on the road for almost three years. One week after it closed, she was on her way to London for the picture version. The Brothers Warner liked her screen test so much they signed her to a contract. "The Desert Song" is her second picture.

When Allyn first came to Hollywood, she lived in a small apartment. Then she got a real break. Her good friends Eddie Albert and Margo set out for Europe, and left their house to Allyn. "It has a pool and a dog and a beehive," says city-girl McLerie. "I've never had it so good."

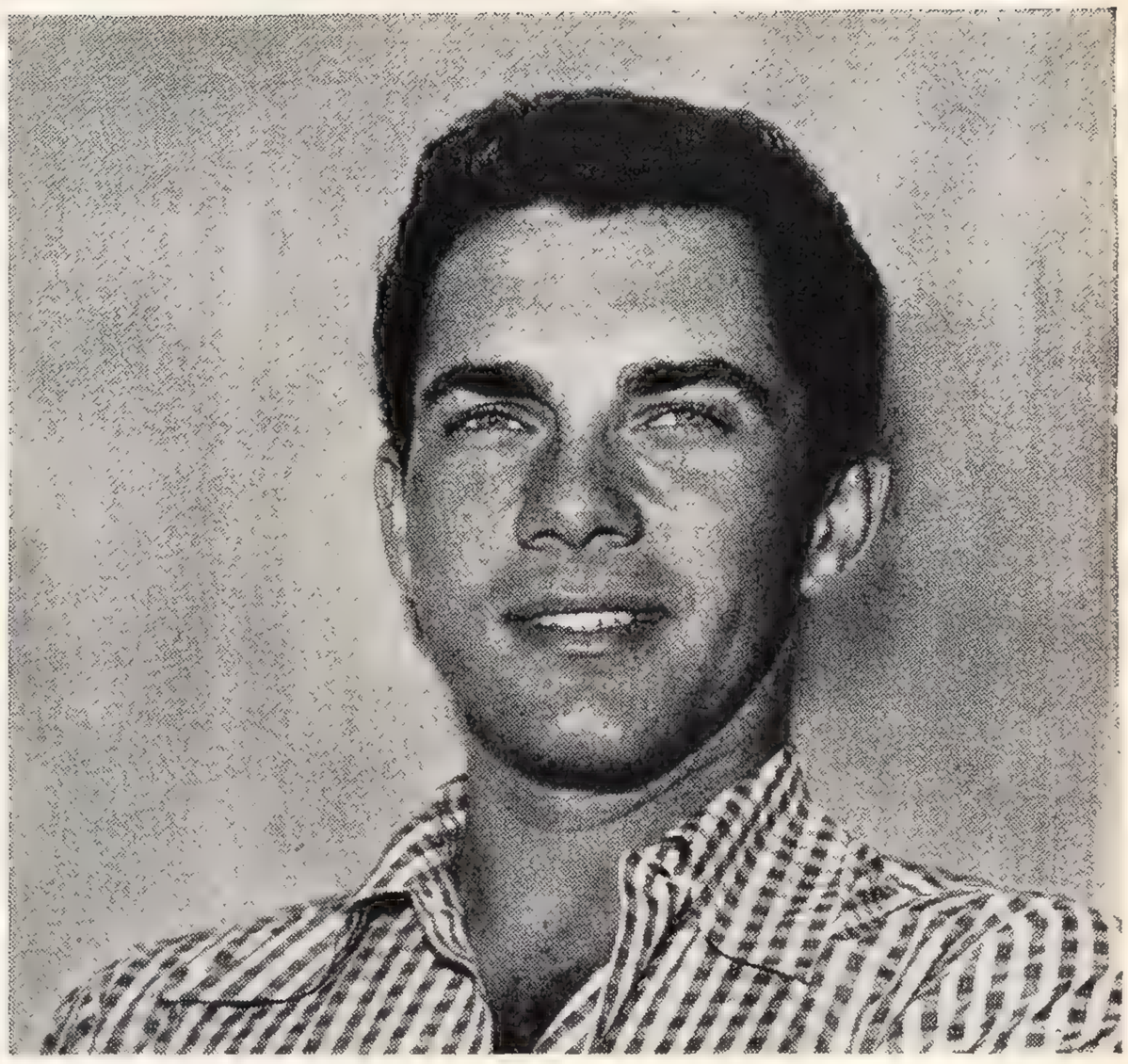
Allyn was born in Canada. When her father died, her mother moved to New York, became an American citizen and started her daughter taking dance lessons. Allyn was fifteen and attending high school in Brooklyn when Agnes De Mille gave her a part in the chorus of "One Touch of Venus." Then came "On the Town," "Finian's Rainbow," and "Where's Charley?"

Allyn likes clothes, yet hates to shop. She learned to ride horseback while in London and did her own difficult riding in "The Desert Song." She can't remember names. However, she remembers conversations word for word. She's friendly, but shy, and finds it hard to make small talk with strangers. She is completely sold on California. She has only one beef: she eats more in California and thinks she's taking on weight. "When I take it on," she says, "the only way I can take it off is by worrying. And I have nothing to worry about these days."

Born: Quebec, Canada Date: 12/1/26 Height: 5'5½"
Weight: 125 Eyes: Blue-gray Hair: Brown

WHO'S HERE!





PHYLLIS KIRK

"THE IRON MISTRESS" is the first Alan Ladd picture under his new Warner Brothers contract, and young Phyllis Kirk is the lucky girl who gets him in the final fadeout. "It's the only incredible thing in the picture," says Phyllis. "No one will believe that Alan would choose me instead of Virginia Mayo."

Phyllis has always wanted to act. As a child in Syracuse, New York, where her father sold autos and her mother was a nurse, Phyllis used to invent roles for herself. After high school graduation in Elizabeth, New Jersey, she headed for New York. She started as a waitress, moved on to a job selling perfume. A Conover scout saw her behind the atomizers and—presto—she was a model.

She studied drama with every penny she could save, and in 1949, hit the boards in the Jean Pierre Aumont play, "My Name Is Aquilon." Next, roles with road companies and in summer stock. Then Hollywood. Her first picture was Sam Goldwyn's "Our Very Own." Warners signed her to a long-term contract a year ago, and she's now appearing in "About Face."

Phyllis lives alone in a small Beverly Hills apartment with her half-Persian cat. Her pet hate is paying rent, and as soon as the bank balance permits, she's going to buy a small house and have her sister Peggy live with her. "I have no desire for a mink coat or a Cadillac," she says.

She's cordial, warm-hearted and doesn't try to hide her intelligence. And she's a great talker—on any subject! She loves Hollywood and picture-making, and has no patience with fancy "theatuh" folk who criticize the place. And when Phyllis has no patience, she lets you know. You're never bored around Phyllis.

Born: Plainfield, N. J. Date: 9/18 Height: 5'5"
Weight: 109 Eyes: Blue-green Hair: Reddish brown

RICHARD ALLAN

WHEN RICHARD ALLAN received a letter of invitation from his Uncle Samuel, he was preparing for a career as an opera singer at the University of Illinois. But Uncle Sam had other plans. "We were consigned to the Quartermaster's Laundry Battalion," Richard recalls. "You never saw sadder rookies. But being a soapsuds soldier did have its moments. When the washing was done, I studied languages and voice from wonderful teachers in Oran, Pisa and Rome."

It was swimming, however, that got Richard his first movie job after Army days. Paramount hired him as a double and stunt man for Montgomery Clift in "A Place in the Sun." Swimming also got him jobs in Esther Williams' pictures. He was working in a musical with Betty Grable—this time as a dancer—when he caught the eye of a Fox producer and was signed to a long-term contract. He's in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" and "Bloodhounds of Broadway," but his best part to date is in the recently completed "Niagara." He portrays a heavy who plots a murder with Marilyn Monroe.

Richard comes from a large family, most of whom still live in Jacksonville, Illinois. His father is a farmer and his mother is a dietician. When he was a kid he sold magazines from door to door. "I was not a success," he says. "I was too social. Customers would give me cookies and milk and soon I'd be completely bogged down from food and conversation."

Richard's quite a conversationalist. He's always a great asset to a party. He can play piano as well as sing. But he's no party boy. He's studying for that day when grand opera and acting will merge on the screen. A Great Day for Richard.

Born: Jacksonville, Ill. Date: 6/22 Height: 6'
Weight: 165 Eyes: Blue Hair: Dark brown

✓✓✓✓ **Outstanding**
✓✓✓ **Very Good**
✓✓ **Good** ✓ **Fair**

BRIEF REVIEWS

A—For adults
F—For the whole family

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for months indicated. Photoplay Applauds this month, page 18. This month's full reviews, page 24.

✓✓ (F) *AFFAIR IN TRINIDAD*—Columbia: Rita Hayworth is back in a would-be torrid tale of a virtuous but hussyish-looking dancer at a Caribbean dive. With Glenn Ford investigating the murder of his brother, Rita's husband, this shapes up as an entertaining whodunit. (September)

✓✓ (F) *ALL BECAUSE OF SALLY*—U-I: See review for "Sally and Saint Anne."

✓✓✓✓ (F) *BIG SKY, THE*—RKO: Rousing, authentic adventure story of pioneer fur-trappers' expedition up the then uncharted Missouri. Kirk Douglas and virile young Dewey Martin vie for the love of Indian princess Elizabeth Threatt. Arthur Hunnicutt almost steals the show as a tough scout. (September)

✓✓ (F) *BRIGAND, THE*—Columbia, Technicolor: An old-fashioned swashbuckler with Tony Dexter doubling as a frivolous king and his commoner cousin who subs for him when he's wounded. Jody Lawrance, Gale Robbins and Anthony Quinn. (July)

✓✓ (F) *CARBINE WILLIAMS*—M-G-M: A biographical drama in which James Stewart plays a convicted murderer who, while serving his sentence, invents the U.S. Carbine rifle. With Jean Hagen, Wendell Corey. (July)

✓✓ (A) *CARRIE*—Paramount: Laurence Olivier gives up his wife, family and honor and sinks to tragic depths for the love of Jennifer Jones, in a haunting picturization of the Theodore Dreiser novel. With Eddie Albert, Miriam Hopkins. (July)

✓ (F) *CARSON CITY*—Warners, Warnercolor: Another workin'-on-the-railroad fable—this time with Randy Scott overcoming obstacles laid in his path by dastardly Raymond Massey to get the choo-choo going. With Lucille Norman. (July)

✓✓✓ (A) *CLASH BY NIGHT*—RKO: Barbara Stanwyck returns to the small fishing town of her birth, marries simple fisherman Paul Douglas, and becomes romantically involved with ne'er-do-well Robert Ryan, in this intense adult drama. With Marilyn Monroe, Keith Andes. (August)

✓ (F) *DENVER AND RIO GRANDE, THE*—Paramount, Technicolor: Unscrupulous Sterling Hayden and staunch Edmond O'Brien, working for rival companies, fight tooth and nail to get a railroad built. Routine story. With Laura Elliott. (July)

✓✓ (F) *DIPLOMATIC COURIER*—20th Century-Fox: Courier Tyrone Power becomes involved in a tug-of-war between Russians and Americans working in Trieste, in this fast-moving modern spy story. With Pat Neal, Hildegarde Neff. (July)

✓✓✓ (A) *DON'T BOTHER TO KNOCK*—20th Century-Fox: A real thriller about one evening's goings-on in a New York hotel, with Marilyn Monroe as an unpredictable baby-sitter, Richard Widmark as a cynic who learns to like people, Anne Bancroft as his singer sweetheart. (September)

✓✓ (F) *DUEL AT SILVER CREEK, THE*—U-I, Technicolor: Mild horse opera starring Audie Murphy as hot-tempered deputy to a marshal (Steve McNally) whose trigger finger is crippled. Faith Domergue's the lady menace, secret member of a claim-jumping gang; Susan Cabot's a winsome heroine. (September)

✓ (F) *FIGHTER, THE*—U.A.: Mexican prizefighter, Richard Conte, slugs his way to victory in the ring in the U.S. to get money for guns for his revolutionary friends across the border. (July)

✓✓ (F) *FRANCIS GOES TO WEST POINT*—U-I: That loquacious mule is with us again—this time preventing sabotage in a war plant, winning owner Donald O'Connor a West Point appointment. A real riot. With Lori Nelson. (August)

✓ (F) *GLORY ALLEY*—M-G-M: Ralph Meeker, Leslie Caron, Kurt Kasznar are the principals in this confusing drama about a boxing cad who becomes a war hero and later returns to justify his previous behavior to the girl he loves. (August)

✓✓✓✓ (F) *HAPPY TIME, THE*—Columbia: Wonderfully witty and wise story of a French-Canadian boy's awakening to love and sex. It's a family saga, excellently acted by Bobby Driscoll, the boy, Charles Boyer, his father, Marsha Hunt, his mother, Louis Jourdan as the uncle who woos Linda Christian. (September)

✓✓ (F) *HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL*—U-I, Technicolor: The roaring twenties is the background for this gay romp about a family's reaction to millionaire Charles Coburn's anonymous showers of wealth. With Piper Laurie, Rock Hudson. (August)

✓✓ (F) *ISLAND RESCUE*—Rank, U-I: Droll English film about a pregnant, royally pedigreed cow on a British island held by the Nazis. Major David Niven heads the expedition to rescue *Venus;* Glynis Johns lends aid and romance. (September)

✓✓✓✓ (F) *IVANHOE*—M-G-M, Technicolor: Big, splendid action epic of knighthood days. A handsome cast fills the famous roles: Robert Taylor as the Saxon hero fighting King John's tyranny; Elizabeth Taylor as *Rebecca* who loves the knight; Joan Fontaine as *his* true love; George Sanders as the ruthless Norman who covets Liz. (September)

✓✓ (F) *JUMPING JACKS*—Wallis-Paramount: Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis invade the paratroopers, Dean as a draftee, Jerry as a civilian who plays G. I. to help with an Army show. A weak story. Mona Freeman's the girl. (September)

✓✓ (F) *JUST ACROSS THE STREET*—U-I: An amusing little comedy with complications occurring when Ann Sheridan is mistaken for a society girl by plumber John Lund. With Robert Keith, Cecil Kellaway. (August)

✓✓ (F) *KANGAROO*—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Rogue Peter Lawford pretending to be the long lost son of Finlay Currie, falls in love with Currie's daughter, Maureen O'Hara, and ultimately reforms to bring sweetness and light to this Australian-made hoss-opera. (August)

✓ (F) *LOST IN ALASKA*—U. I.: Rowdy-dowdy horseplay in the frozen North with Abbott and Costello. Bud and Lou, visiting firemen (literally!), cheer up millionaire Tom Ewell. (September)

✓✓ (F) *LOVELY TO LOOK AT*—M-G-M, Technicolor: A lavish musical remake of the Jerome Kern musical classic "Roberta," in which Red Skelton inherits a dress shop and goes to Paris with pals Gower Champion and Howard Keel. There they meet co-owners Kathryn Grayson and Marge Champion. All unite to get the shop out of hock. (August)

✓✓ (F) *LYDIA BAILEY*—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Dale Robertson arrives in Haiti of 1802 to secure Anne Francis' signature on a document and becomes involved in a native uprising and jungle perils as he leads Anne to safety. A fast moving adventure romance. With Charles Korvin, William Marshall. (August)

✓✓✓ (F) *MERRY WIDOW, THE*—M-G-M, Technicolor: Lush and lovely romance in waltz-time, about a wealthy American widow whose cash is desperately needed by a tottering little mythical kingdom. Lana Turner's luscious, but Fernando Lamas steals this film, as the dashing officer. (September)

✓✓✓ (F) *NARROW MARGIN, THE*—RKO: Excellent suspense-filled story of events that take place aboard a crack train as detective Charles McGraw tries safely to escort gangster's widow, Marie Windsor, to a grand jury trial in California. (July)

(F) *NO ROOM FOR THE GROOM*—U-I: All sorts of nonsense prevents Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie from getting together after they marry. (August)

✓✓ (F) *OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT*—20th Century-Fox: Exciting events occur when, after being driven out of a pioneer town, Anne Baxter, Dale Robertson, Miriam Hopkins seek refuge in a mountain cabin. A harsh drama. With Cameron Mitchell. Craig Hill, Barbara Bates. (July)

✓✓ (F) *PARK ROW*—U.A.: The newspaper era of the 1880's is the background for this absorbing behind-the-scenes story, in which Gene Evans plays an idealistic publisher whose innovations in journalism keep him from being ruined by his attractive but hard-hitting rival, Mary Welch. (July)

✓✓✓ (F) *PAT AND MIKE*—M-G-M: Professional sports become a laughing matter when promoter Spencer Tracy sets out to make a star athlete of gym teacher Katharine Hepburn. With Aldo Ray and such sports stars as Babe Didrikson, Gussie Moran, Don Budge. (August)

✓✓✓✓ (F) *QUIET MAN, THE*—Republic, Technicolor: Ace director John Ford returns to ancestral Ireland to film the lovable, laughable yarn of an Irish-born, American-bred prizefighter who vainly seeks peace and quiet on the ould sod. John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara, and Victor McLaglen. (September)

✓✓ (F) *SALLY AND SAINT ANNE*—U-I: Addled but affable story of an Irish-American family's feud with a local politico. The original idea, Ann Blyth's faith in Saint Anne, gets lost in the shenanigans. Palmer Lee, Edmund Gwenn. (September)

✓✓ (F) *SCARAMOUCHE*—M-G-M, Technicolor: Stewart Granger plays an adventurer of pre-French Revolution times, who, motivated by revenge, sets out to kill nobleman Mel Ferrer. Janet Leigh and Eleanor Parker spar for Stewart's affections in this lavish historical romance. (August)

(F) *SCARLET ANGEL*—U-I, Technicolor: Threadbare story laid in post-Civil War era of how Yvonne DeCarlo gives up her plan to fleece a wealthy Nob Hill family to win poor but husky Rock Hudson. (August)

✓✓ (F) *SHE'S WORKING HER WAY THROUGH COLLEGE*—Warners, Technicolor: This musical version of "The Male Animal" stars Virginia Mayo as an ex-burlesque queen who goes after some higher education and becomes involved with college musicals and jealous co-eds. Gene Nelson, Ronald Reagan, Pat Wymore. (July)

✓✓ (F) *SKIRTS AHOY!*—M-G-M, Technicolor: A rousing musical with nautical trimmings starring Esther Williams, Joan Evans and Vivian Blaine as WAVES who set forth to get their men: Barry Sullivan, Keefe Brasselle, Dean Miller. (July)

✓✓ (F) *STORY OF ROBIN HOOD, THE*—Disney-RKO, Technicolor: The legend of Sherwood Forest comes to life again with more emphasis on history than sword-play and the result is a delightful human adventure. Richard Todd plays the outlaw. With Joan Rice, Elton Hayes. (August)

✓ (F) *THREE FOR BEDROOM C*—Warners, Natural Color: Gloria Swanson, a glamorous Hollywood star, meets and falls for chemistry professor, James Warren, after usurping his train accommodations. With Janine Perreau. (July)

✓✓ (F) *WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE*—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Laughter, music and sentiment blend in this story of fifty years in the life of small-town barber David Wayne. With Jean Peters, Helene Stanley, Hugh Marlowe. (July)

✓✓ (F) *WASHINGTON STORY*—M-G-M: Tribute to an honest congressman. Van Johnson's daily routine shows you how hard your representatives work; less absorbing is his romance with Pat Neal, female newshawk who turns dove. (September)

✓✓✓ (F) *WE'RE NOT MARRIED*—20th Century-Fox: Hilarious quintet of stories about five married couples, each discovering that the J. P. (Victor Moore) who united them had no legal power to do so. Funniest: Ginger Rogers and Fred Allen, a radio Mr. and Mrs.; Marilyn Monroe, beauty-contest queen, and David Wayne; suburbanites Eve Arden and Paul Douglas. (September)

✓✓✓ (F) *WHERE'S CHARLEY?*—Warners, Technicolor: Our old friend set to music, with Ray Bolger's terrific dancing in the role of the Oxford student who impersonates his own aunt. Allyn McLerie's his demure sweetheart; Bob Shackleton and Mary Germaine also duet. (September)

✓✓ (F) *WHITE CORRIDORS*—U-I: This British-made drama goes behind hospital doors as it chronicles a scientist's attempts to perfect a rare drug. With Googie Withers, James Donald, Godfrey Tearle. (August)

✓✓ (A) *WILD HEART, THE*—Selznick-RKO, Technicolor: Jennifer Jones marries Welsh pastor, Cyril Cusack; leaves him for sadistic David Farrar but eventually returns to her home and doom, in this artistically beautiful but gloomy period piece. With Edmond Knight, Sybil Thorndike. (August)

✓✓ (F) *WINNING TEAM, THE*—Warners: Doris Day and Ronald Reagan help this tale of baseball hero Grover Cleveland Alexander, who rose to fame as a pitcher, fell to bottom and then came back with a bang. With Frank Lovejoy. (July)

✓✓ (F) *WORLD IN HIS ARMS, THE*—U-I, Technicolor: An exciting, if somewhat far-fetched adventure story concerning the events that take place when Ann Blyth, a Russian countess, tries to persuade captain Gregory Peck to help her flee from San Francisco to Alaska. Anthony Quinn. (August)

LANA TURNER TELLS YOU HOW TO LOOK BETTER IN A DRESS... BEFORE YOU WEAR IT

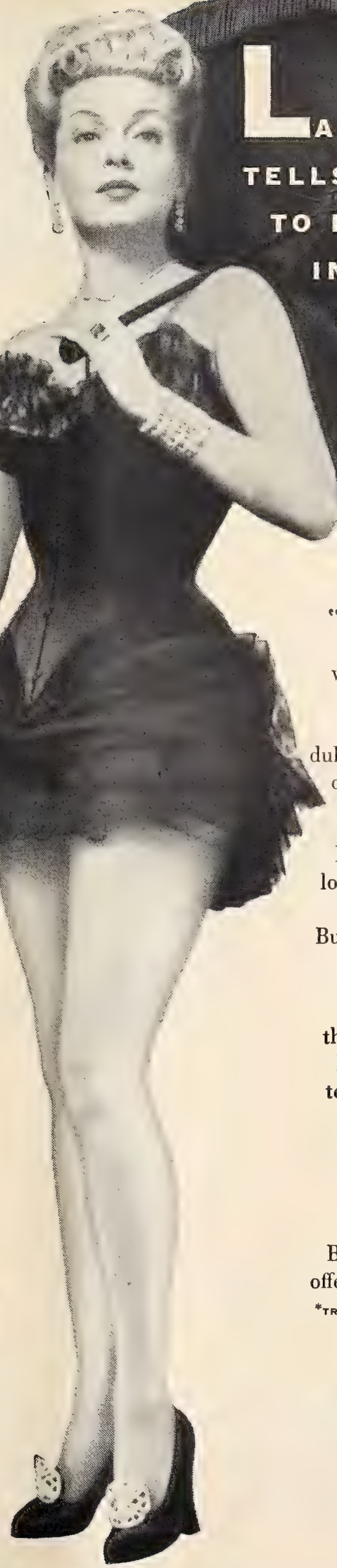


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With this ring...

THE NEWS OF JOAN EVANS' marriage to Kirby Weatherly on July 25 surprised no one. For although Joan had previously denied she and Kirby would elope —saying they would instead be married at a formal ceremony on August 15—no one believed she'd wait very long after her eighteenth birthday. And it was, in fact, just one week after Joan's birthday party that she routed Municipal Judge Charles Griffin from bed and summoned him to the home of her good friend and godmother, Joan Crawford, for a quiet ceremony.

The only guests present were Joan and photographer Hymie Fink who was called just a few minutes before the ceremony, to take the wedding pictures and to give the bride away. Joan Crawford gave Joan a gold locket (something old), a hair clip (something new) and a blue handkerchief. Missing, however, from the midnight marriage were both young Joan's and Kirby's parents.

For two years, Joan had made no secret of the fact that Kirby had stolen her heart completely. And Joan's friends knew that her dates with Carleton Carpenter, Robert Arthur and other members of Hollywood's junior set were either to please her studio or to bow temporarily to the wishes of her parents, writers Dale and Katherine Eunson. They were opposed to Joan's going steady with Kirby.

In 1950, Joan met Kirby at a diction class in which both were enrolled. The tall, dark and ruggedly handsome young man was studying for an acting career at the time. Joan, then sixteen, and riding high as a star, thought he had terrific talent. She decided to make him her protege.

At the time, Mr. and Mrs. Eunson were vastly amused at Joan's acting as a patroness to Kirby, who is eight years her senior. They thought it was "cute" until they began to realize that Joan was taking far more than a professional interest in the young man. By then, however, it was too late to do anything about it. Joan was head-over-heels in love and refused to stop seeing Kirby.

Dale and Katherine Eunson have been Hollywood's outstanding example of modern parents in every sense of the word. They encouraged Joan, when at fourteen she was going through the crucial training period for "Roseanna McCoy." And after Joan's click in "Roseanna" they moved to Hollywood, and built a private apartment for her in their fashionable home. Joan was allowed to dress as she wished (although some of her low cut gowns drew criticism from mothers of teenage girls who wanted to copy her). She was permitted to change the color of her hair and was allowed unchaperoned dates . . . all this is a far cry from the way Pier Angeli and Debra Paget are being sheltered.

However, when it came to their daughter's falling in love and thinking of getting married, Joan's parents were no different from parents everywhere. They worried about their daughter's happiness and feared that perhaps at seventeen or eighteen a girl is too young to take such a crucial step.

Joan took exception to this theory. She agreed to wait until she was eighteen, but not much longer. And she agreed to wait for Kirby's sake too.

A practical young man, he realized that it would be several years before he could establish himself in the film industry, and even longer than that before he could hope to reach the star standing of his famous wife. And he saw, all around him, the unhappy proof that the odds against a marriage between a big female star and an unestablished actor were terrifying. Sure, he loved acting, but he loved Joan more. So he gave up his acting aspirations and instead went into the automobile business with a friend.

Soft-spoken and friendly, he clicked immediately and is drawing a good salary for a young man of twenty-six. The prospect for the future of the business looks bright. Naturally, Kirby's income doesn't begin to compare with what Joan is making. But neither considers that important.

For examples of successful marriages between a star and an up-and-coming businessman they point to Jane Powell and Geary Steffen, and to Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman. Cynics didn't give either marriage much of a chance. Yet they are exceedingly happy couples.

Paul Brinkman, like Kirby, gave up an acting career in order to go into business when he married Jeanne. And Jeanne's parents, like Joan's, were so opposed to the idea that Jeanne was forced to elope. Now they are celebrating their seventh anniversary, and are the parents of four children.

Joan Evans takes her place among the down-to-earth young marrieds of Hollywood. She's wise beyond her years and with her maturity goes the conviction that she and Kirby will have a wonderful life together.

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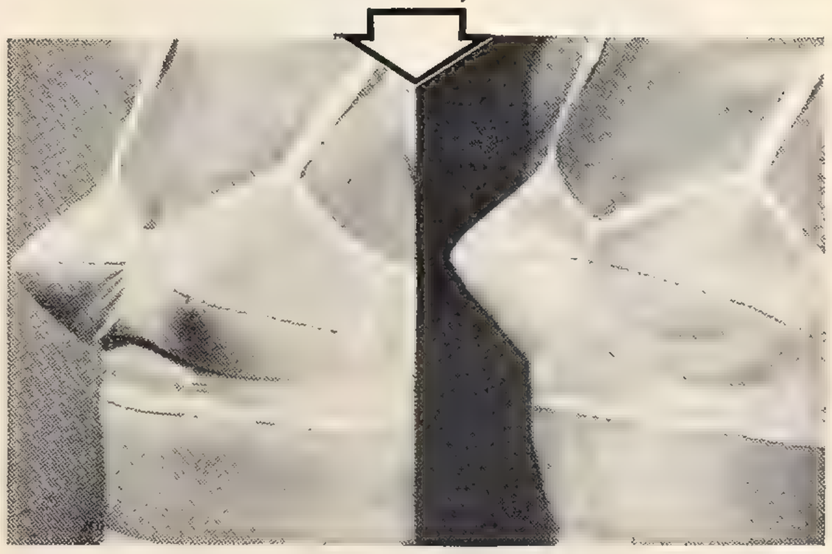
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by CHERAMY

PERFUMER

Gable's in Love Again!

(*Continued from page 47*)

His face was a wreath of smiles when he floored me with his next pronouncement. "Elsa, there's something terribly important I want you to know." He paused dramatically. "I'm in love again. Desperately in love."

"Who is she?" I gasped. My surprise was real, because I had distinctly heard him just a few minutes before vow that he would never re-marry.

"I'm in love with Paris," he murmured dreamily. "With the Paris that you adore. And what woman could ever compare with her?"

Clark had only allowed himself three weeks in Paris. But his infatuation for the fabulous town gripped him so firmly that he put off going to London to begin shooting on M-G-M's "Never Let Me Go" until the very last minute.

And now he says he's heading back to la belle France whenever he gets the chance.

He doesn't care though if he never learns to speak a word of French. He's having too much fun letting the French people explain themselves to him. He can't even pay his taxi fares without help, so he strikes up a close friendship with every cabbie he encounters. He thinks they're all terrific; they reciprocate heartily. When he steps out of a Paris cab—no limousines, these rackety, shaky, pre-two-war buggies—the pomp and ceremony is sensational.

First he pays the driver. Then they shake hands. Then they both bow solemnly like Alphonse and Gaston. Then they shake hands again. *Toujours la politesse*. I wouldn't be surprised to see Clark get a big kiss on each cheek from a French charioteer one day, in the fine French style reserved for military heroes being awarded medals.

Clark had a charming dinner companion almost every evening during his stay in Paris—Virginia Keeley, a lady who might come closer than most to winning his attention away from the fascinating old town. Virginia, who looks startlingly like Carole Lombard, is not an actress. She's young and gay, with blonde hair blowing in the breeze—just a girl from home.

Seeing Clark again in Paris—assured, relaxed, very much at peace with himself and his world—I was struck with how little he has really changed since I met him in 1932. He's more sophisticated, worldlier, yes. But the basic sweetness and simplicity are the same.

When I first saw him, way back in his early Hollywood days, I thought he was not only the handsomest man I had ever seen, but also the shyest. He seemed unaware of his charm. When all the great stars got together at parties, Clark always stayed on the outer fringe—a little awkward, ill at ease, not quite sure of himself.

The first time he seemed to break out of his shell and join the general festivity was one night at a party where he swung into an old-fashioned barber shop quartet with the late Leslie Howard, Gary Cooper and Ronald Colman. Everybody loved it. There was a great deal of good-humored chaffing—and Clark, for once, seemed freed of his restraint.

This was just about the time that he was being divorced from his second wife, Rhea, a charming woman much older than himself. And it was probably the fact that he was solving his marital problems that contributed to his general ease . . . comparative ease, that is.

But he never became a real social butterfly in any sense of the word. I saw a great deal of him during that period, and I knew him to be a man of few words. He was already the greatest male star in Hollywood; but he hated public adulation. Autograph hounds upset him and he rarely even attended his own premieres. What he wanted most was to be left alone. M-G-M provided him with iron-clad protection and the result was that few people saw him.

I remember his particularly modest behavior after his huge success with Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night." Claudette gave a party to celebrate, and although Clark came—it would have been rude not to—he left almost immediately. There were too many people, too much praise for his taste.

The famous Garbo line would have been just as accurate for Gable as it was for the fabulous Swede. More than anything else, he wanted to be alone. He wanted to hunt, to fish, to break his way through bush-tangled mountain paths. And he neither searched for nor seemed to desire any feminine companionship on these masculine forays.

Until he met the late Carole Lombard. She strode into his life with easy assurance. In her breezy, fun-loving, free-wheeling way, she was the perfect complement to him. And she adored him. When they were married, she chose to key her life entirely to his needs, his enthusiasms, to place her career second to his.

Their life together seemed to be enclosed in a magic circle—so tightly drawn that no outsider could step into it at all. They turned their backs squarely on Hollywood's social life, which came as a surprise to people who knew them. Because Carole, at least, had loved the flurry and excitement of filmdom's parties.

They moved out to Clark's ranch in the San Fernando Valley and turned it into a sort of shrine to their happiness. I remember when I first went out there being almost overwhelmed by the way Clark—the man's man—had turned his hideaway over to his wife. He had hung a huge portrait of Carole in his gun room—his own special retreat—and there was another painting of her in the drawing room. Her face and her personality were everywhere in that house.

Yet, I sometimes have the feeling that even before Carole's tragic death, their romance had begun to wear just a little thin. Carole was the pal—the good companion in every way, one of the boys—but I think Clark was beginning to yearn for more real femininity, for a gentler, womanlier wife.

Clark was truly grief-stricken though when news reached him of the plane crash in which Carole perished. And after that, he withdrew more completely into his shell than ever before.

But always, somehow, there seemed to be one human being destined to pierce his armadillo covering. This time it was Mrs. Dolly O'Brien—charming, blonde, beautiful. She had a wonderful house in Palm Beach in which she gave fashionable parties. But Clark would never visit there during the season. Too many people, too much adulation. But he did come East to see her every year after the holidaying birds had flown north. They seemed very attached. I thought they might marry, and once I asked Dolly about it.

"Never," she said firmly. "I would have to live in Hollywood. Can't you just see me standing meekly in the background while Clark signed autographs?" She laughed a little. "Oh, I'm fond of him all right. But just being Mrs. Clark Gable isn't good enough."

Their romance ended—interestingly enough—in France. That was four years

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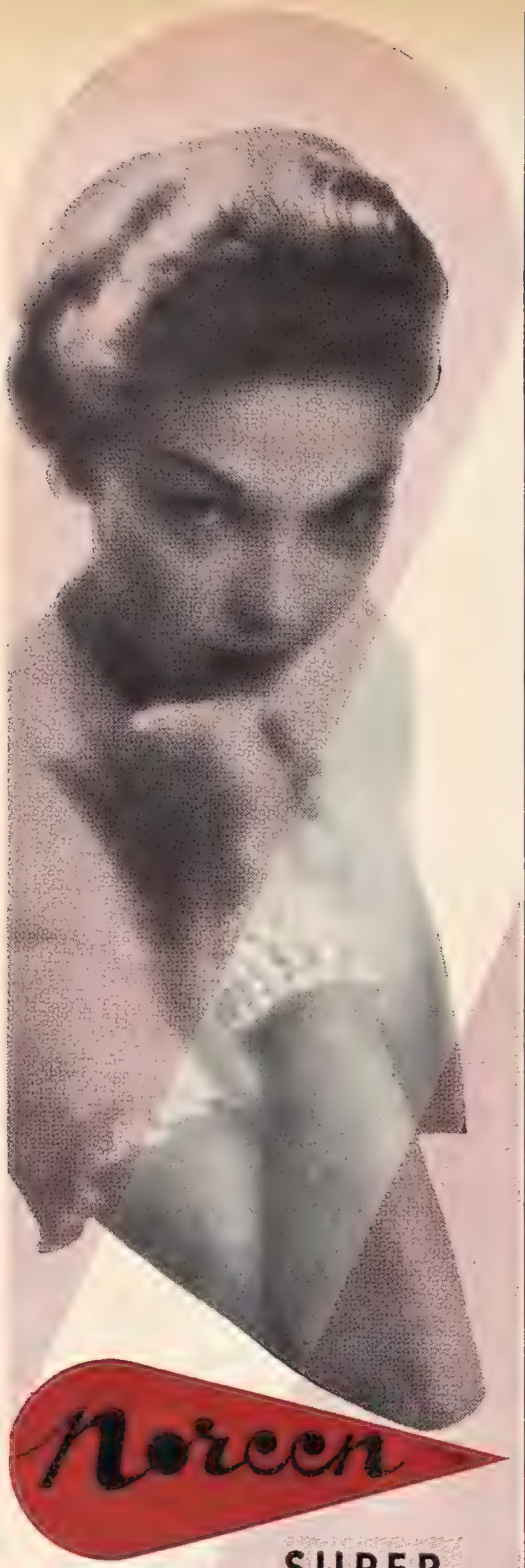


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ago. It's strange, seeing Clark so enchanted by Paris now, to think that he was unhappy there before. But he was. His only memories up till then of the country had been rigorous, unpleasant ones—the result of his war experiences. And to make it worse, he wasn't well when he was there with Dolly. He had a touch of arthritis in his leg, and though he played some golf with the Duke of Windsor, he was disgruntled most of the time. When news of his father's death in the States reached him, he left France and Dolly behind. And I think he was glad to go.

Dolly married again shortly afterwards. And that was the end of that.

Through this long trying period, my friendship with Clark continued firm and strong. My affection for him grew, and I was genuinely concerned about this paradoxical man who, though at the very top of his profession, was lonely and unhappy.

Then three years ago, I gave a ball in New York, where I was inaugurating square dancing for the sophisticated Manhattanites. Dolly wasn't remarried at that time, and she brought Clark to my party. And what a job we both had convincing him to come!

I was calling the routines over the microphone, and when I noticed that Clark and Dolly weren't dancing, I determined to find him a partner. So I beckoned to Lady Sylvia Ashley—she was then Sylvia Fairbanks—to take him in hand. She got up to dance with him, and I think it was the first time they had exchanged more than polite "How do you do's"—though they had met before through Dolly.

Sylvia looked particularly lovely that night, and Clark was really quite gay. It was obvious that they had something for each other. But nothing much came of it then, because Sylvia had to leave for California the very next morning. She had some business affairs to take care of —matters that had to do with the estate she had inherited from Douglas Fairbanks. Even if she had wanted to stay, she couldn't have.

That winter, however, they did see each other fairly regularly in Hollywood. I saw them dining together several times at Romanoff's, and it was apparent that Clark found her gay and amusing. She's a man's woman, there's no doubt of that.

And she had a way of setting Clark back on his heels, blithely letting him pursue her. He admitted to me that it was this independence of hers—this casual rejection of his favors—that started him thinking seriously about her. It was a little pettish, like a child who doesn't want any toy except the one he can't have. But that was how it developed. And I suppose that's Clark.

Soon they were seeing each other constantly. Though their wedding—and their honeymoon trip to Honolulu—came as a surprise jolt to Hollywood, the step was inevitable for Clark. The feminine Sylvia enchanted him completely.

When I saw them after their return to Hollywood, Clark took me aside and confessed to me that he was deeply in love.

"Elsa," he said, "I don't know about English women. But I've heard a lot and read a lot about sirens. And now that I know Sylvia I'm convinced that sirens are an export product of the British Isles."

It looked and sounded very hopeful to me. I would see them again and again, and the radiant glow never diminished. I remember once discussing marriage with Greta Garbo at a party at Cole Porter's house in Brentwood. We had been talking about why Garbo had never married, when Clark and Sylvia walked across the room. Garbo gazed long and hard at the glowing Mrs. Gable, and then turned to me with a touch of sadness in her eyes. "If I thought I could ever be as happy as she is, I would look on marriage in a new light."

There seemed no doubt at all that everything was going beautifully between my friend and his bride. I had seen them blissful together when I dined alone with them at the San Fernando ranch. And I couldn't help noticing, of course, how every trace of Carole Lombard was gone from the house, and how Sylvia's brand of womanliness now dominated it. She had turned a rather austere bachelor abode into a gracious and charming home —flower-filled, elegantly decorated.

Nothing could have shaken me from my belief that this was a real marriage, permanent and lasting, when I took my leave of them in Hollywood. So I was completely startled when news of the break came. It was common knowledge that Sylvia had flown to Nassau, but we had all believed that she had simply gone to see to the disposition of some joint property there. It was inconceivable that this could have been the prelude to their final parting.

But it was. And the rest is history.

What really happened, nobody knows for sure. But Sylvia told me that there was far more unhappiness in their marriage than anyone would ever have dreamed.

For one thing, Clark refused to allow her to visit him on the lot, because he felt wives shouldn't be involved in their husbands' work. And he was moody. Sometimes, when he came home from work, he would go to his room without addressing a single word to her, and then stay behind locked doors for twenty-four hours at a stretch.

Folks who live one day at a time, generally live a long time.

GARY COOPER

The climax came when Sylvia flew back from Nassau and found the doors of the ranch locked and her trunks awaiting her out in the courtyard.

It is a peculiar story. And I wanted to reserve judgment until after I spoke with Clark. But he is reluctant to discuss it.

I do know, though, that while Sylvia was terribly hurt, she was glad to write finis to the humiliating experience of being an unwanted wife.

In any case, the final chapter was written amicably. When she was in the hospital—after the Nassau automobile accident in which she fractured her leg and her ankle—Clark came to visit her, and was more than solicitous. He sent books and flowers, and his concern appeared sincere.

Now it's all over. Sylvia came out of it with a generous settlement—ten per cent of Clark's earnings for the next five years. Since he is the highest paid actor on the screen, that should be a fat sum indeed.

And Clark came out of it with what seems to be a new and healthier and happier point of view than he has ever had before.

He is hard at work now in London on "Never Let Me Go." Then he goes on to South Africa to make a John Ford picture burlesquing the typical African safari. But in between times, and afterwards, he's going to be heading back to Paris just as often as he can.

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The True Turner-Lamas Story

(*Continued from page 70*)

was begun, both Lana and Lamas were in such a position, careerwise, that they could profit by any news-space tossed their way. With long intervals between, poor Lana had turned out two clinkers in a row, "A Life of Her Own" and "Mr. Imperium." Still a brilliant personality in the fans' affections, she'd slipped at the box office. Lamas had only three supporting performances to his credit after two years in Hollywood—quite a comedown for a man who had been a top star in his native Argentina, though he'd known it would take a while to overcome language difficulties and get a foothold here.

So it's significant that, along with the rumors about the love scenes, word seeped out that Lana and Fernando were keeping a jealous eye on the length and quality of each other's close-ups. They were rivals. Both, at this stage in the game, were putting business first. Troupers both, they managed to get along. Eventually, there were chummy little sessions between the co-stars and their director, Curtis Bernhardt, in Fernando's dressing room, with the host sometimes whipping up a Latin-style dish on the electric grill.

Perhaps by no coincidence, the first date for Lana and Lamas was at the premiere of their studio's biggest picture, "Quo Vadis." Blonde Lana, splendid in white satin and plumes, and the darkly handsome Lamas made a spectacular couple, target for every camera. Quite possibly they were conscious of this pleasant fact. Other dates followed. More often, Lana wore black: sequined and figure-hugging, or cut simply—and low. "Black I like," says Fernando. "Depends on the occasion." For him, formal dress needn't wait for the most gala occasion; South American socialites, far more than their counterparts in *America del Norte*, like to do it up right almost any evening. Lana's costume tastes, sometimes a little too flamboyant for casual Hollywood, agreed nicely with her beau's. Other colors? "Red makes me very excited," Fernando laughs, "so that's not so good." Lana didn't wear red.

Now let's make this clear: While Lana and Fernando might have been chiefly career-minded in their earlier association, this doesn't mean that they weren't conscious of each other in a more personal sense. Beyond a doubt, the physical attraction between them must have been immediate, definite—and no surprise to either. Lana, with her three marriages and many romances, would have been the first to admit her interest in the opposite sex. Fernando's marriage (his second, following a one-year union with Argentine star Perla Mux) had been unsteady even before he was brought to Hollywood. So, being wise in the ways of romance, Lana and Lamas were not thrown off-balance by any sudden infatuation. They didn't start dating until after Fernando and his wife, Lydia, had separated for the second time.

Then, gradually, Lana and Fernando began to find that they had other tastes in common. Lana, with the memory of a shabby, often hungry childhood still haunting her, has always loved the glitter and luxury of night-club evenings. For the opposite reason, Fernando shares this bent. Raised in a society that's fond of formality, he stepped out on his first night-club date at the age of fifteen, and early in his career he even became an entertainer in a swank Buenos Aires spot. So the striking couple was seen night after night enjoying music and fine food—and each other's company.

Favorite place for both was—and is—the Macayo, in Santa Monica. Here the specialty of the house is Spanish food, naturally suited to Fernando's palate. "But if you think I like it," he says, "you should see how Lana likes it!" He was delighted to discover how she went for the fiery-hot Latin delicacies with special sauces—*chili con carne, carne asada.* At the Macayo or at smaller hideaways, theirs was simply a gay companionship at this point. Lana called him "honey" or, teasingly, "the pride of the pampas," and he took it with a smile. On his arrival in Hollywood, Fernando had given American women the once-over and come up with this string of highly approving adjectives: "Beautiful! Outspoken and honest. Sincere. Down-to-earth. Friendly and real." And Lana Turner was all of these, the embodiment of the American woman he so admired.

But was it mere admiration? The atmosphere was changing. Often, the two would be seen, not dancing, but simply talking in a shadowed corner of the Macayo. That is, Fernando did most of the talking—intently, expressively, with ebullient gestures—while Lana listened



U. S.-born Yolande Donlan had to go to England to win movie fame, but Hollywood looked good to her as she flew in via American with producer-director Val Guest

raptly. But talk would stop when the strolling guitarist paused by their table to serenade them. Long before she ever heard of Fernando Lamas, Lana loved the insinuating, sensuous rhythms of Spain and Spanish America. Now, throbbing from the guitar, her favorite *"Noche de Ronda"* ("Night of Revelry") and *"Quizas"* ("Perhaps") may have had their effect on her. The same rhythms, of course, are in Fernando's blood; later, she was spellbound to hear him sing—just for her—*flamenco* songs, the barbaric, insistent music of the Spanish gypsy.

They began devoting sentimental care to the choice of gifts for each other. On Fernando's birthday (January 9th), Lana gave him a beautiful set of cuff links and studs trimmed with pearls. On her birthday (February 8th), he gave her a pair of antique gold earrings, explaining to a friend, "What can you give a woman like Lana? This is a woman who has everything. So you try to find something that is different."

Now even the skeptics had to admit that the romance *might* be serious. Fernando's wife and daughter, Alexandra, had gone home to Buenos Aires; he had given up their large Brentwood house and moved into an apartment on Wilshire Boulevard in Westwood. It was a modest-sized, bachelor establishment, furnished in what he described as "a kind of 'soft' modern." As for Lana, there had been no real hope of a reconciliation with Topping since the final breakup that had followed so much discord. Both marriages were over—emotionally. But the situation remained so complex that Lana's friends worried.

Complicated situations were an old story for Lana—the pattern of her life, in fact. Her first marriage, to Artie Shaw, had been a brief, tumultuous affair, an impulsive mismating. Her second, to Steve Crane, had set an all-time Hollywood record for complexity: the quarrels; the discovery that a baby was on the way and, just afterwards, that Steve's divorce had not been final and his marriage to Lana was therefore legally invalid; his vain pleas that she remarry him; his attempted suicide; the remarriage; the divorce. The Topping story was only slightly less confused: the lavish wedding that became a publicity circus; the honeymoon in England, marred by jeers from the press; the loss of two expected children; the incompatibility.

Somehow, Lana had managed to regain her balance after each of these disasters, but now it appeared that she was heading straight for another. Divorce does not exist in Argentina; Fernando's only recourse would be a decree won outside the country. And there was a child to be considered, a very important person in Fernando's life. He says fondly of his five-year-old Alex: "She is not only my child. She is a human being, whom I've learned to know and understand—and like. I understand her, and she understands me."

At least, there was no threat of bitter recriminations between Fernando and his estranged wife. Lydia had never been the meek shadow of her lord and master; she's a dark, brilliantly handsome woman of French-Scottish descent, an intelligent woman, a sophisticate. The separation was a friendly one, and the question of little Alexandra's future was simply a problem to be talked over sensibly. This was the difficulty: Lydia hadn't really set down roots in this country, had gone back to Argentina as soon as she knew her marriage had collapsed; Fernando, on the other hand, had fallen in love with the United States at first sight.

"I must be here," he said earnestly at this time. "My work is here. I would like for Alex and her mother to be here, so

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Alex can grow up here, where I'll be able to see her. A child needs both parents. She will need a father—a mother more, maybe—but a father, too. I think California is a paradise for children, anyway."

Lana met Alex just once before her mother took her to Buenos Aires. But Fernando soon became well acquainted with little Cheryl Crane, Lana's daughter by her second marriage. "I love children by nature. But this," he emphasizes, "is a very sweet child. She calls me 'Uncle Fernando.' You see, I thought 'Mr. Lamas' was a little too formal. And Lana thought 'Fernando' was too informal. So we broke it in the middle—we decided on 'Uncle.' Anyway, she calls everybody 'Uncle.'"

There was no such major hitch in Lana's marital situation; all she and Bob had to discuss was a property settlement, a delicate item under California law. But the discussions dragged on. No word was heard from South America, though there had been rumors that Lydia might get a divorce in Uruguay. She and Fernando were married there, and divorce is possible in that country. Again, Lana's friends began to worry. There was no doubt of her devotion; for her, the "publicity" romance had turned real. But an ugly whisper going the rounds hinted that Fernando still had his eye chiefly on all that lovely free space in the papers.

To such whispers Fernando gave the lie, when he made this dignified answer to the reporters' probing questions: "What can I say now? I can say I'm in love with Lana. And she can say she's in love with me. But how can we say about the future? At the present it would be very bad taste. This is not the time to say."

Then, suddenly, the crisis came. While Lana headed for Lake Tahoe, to establish Nevada residence and wait out the six weeks before her divorce suit, Lydia made plans to return to Hollywood for conferences with Fernando and their respective attorneys. And a final period was put to all the cries of "phony!" Publicity may be vital to a star's career; but nobody goes to such decisive legal lengths to get it.

Before his romance with Lana flowered, Fernando once told a close friend that he believed an actress makes the ideal mate for an actor. "A professional woman who is used to working around the same problems might understand you better," he said thoughtfully. "A woman who understands that you don't own your own life . . . a person who has been through the whole thing could understand better."

There, of course, is a perfect description of Lana Turner, whose experiences entitle her to just such a deep understanding. She has been "through the whole thing;" she has learned that she doesn't own her own life. She has been married to a temperamental musician, to an obscure actor, to a playboy. Maybe the love story that links her with an equally outstanding star, a personality equally rich in color, may come to a happier ending.

Quite a surprise for the publicity boys—*if* they did dream up the whole idea. The love story hits a fine dramatic climax just as the lovers' co-starring film is released—and you can file *that* in the dream-come-true department. THE END

Rory's Gone Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 68)

began to rise. No less an authority than Director Henry King sought him for a role in "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain," with Susan Hayward and William Lundigan. This picture changed Rory's whole future. Fan mail flooded the Twentieth Century-Fox studio for the dark, handsome ex-fire-fighter who suddenly torched the hearts of feminine fans everywhere.

Twentieth proved its faith in Rory by signing him to a long-term contract. It was after "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain" that Rory Calhoun, too, began to have faith in his future as an actor. "When the studio sent for me for that picture, and when, following the picture, they put me under contract with a sizeable jump in pay—then I thought, 'Now I have a chance.' I figured they must have believed in me—giving me a part like that."

The studio put him in "With a Song in My Heart." Then they gave him the colorful starring role in "The Way of a Gaucho" which practically cinched him as one of the screen's most popular romantic leading men. Following this, came his present role in "Powder River," with Cameron Mitchell and Corrine Calvet.

By then, there was no shadow of a doubt left in Rory's mind. He was for Hollywood—and his rapid rise to success proved it conclusively—Hollywood was for him. But to Rory, who still kept the tang of the pine forests dear to his heart, that didn't mean changing his entire way of life. He vowed he would never trade the wide open spaces for the heavy air of the night clubs. And he hasn't done it.

His credo has always been, "I live the way I feel, so long as it doesn't hurt anybody else." And if that means that Rory's uncomfortable from time to time, he can be philosophical about it.

Night clubbing is a case in point! Although the pastime is anathema to Rory, his wife, who once sang with Xavier Cugat's band, under the stage name of Isabelita, loves the bright lights, the hum of conversation, the tinkle of glassware. And if that's what Lita wants, Rory sees to it that she gets it.

Lita is equally cooperative about Rory's enthusiasms. His daily seventy-mile drive from their Ojai Valley ranch into Hollywood—just so he could be sure that the air he breathed when he got home at night was fresh and free of gas fumes—may have struck her as a little less than convenient. But she went along with the arrangement.

And for a gal who had never approached a gun at closer range than the ones she saw flashed on a movie screen from the safe distance of a loge seat, she reconciled herself completely to the small scale armory of hunting irons that Rory keeps on hand. And she's as attached as he is—almost—to the collection of antique and unusual guns that Rory tends with the love of a museum curator. She even understands that a hiking type guy like Rory needs the solitary walks he takes out over the hills, with just his dogs to keep him company.

And Rory, for his part, knows how well his Lita understands him, and how lucky he is to have a wife who doesn't try to make him over. For his sake, she's learned to respect riding and shooting and hunting. For her sake, Rory has learned to dance—and Lita, who makes her living on her toes—says that he can samba and rumba with the best of them.

Actually, adding it all up, it's really not a very great change from the old Rory Calhoun who began his wanderings when he was a boy of ten. He'd take off into the hills near his home town, Santa Cruz, Cali-

fornia, with his .22-rifle, knapsack and his dog, "Rags," avoid searching parties and disappear for days at a time . . . ever eager to commune with Nature, even at the expense of communing with a concerned parental hairbrush when he finally returned home.

"I loved the out-of-doors. I was always a kid wild for adventure," Rory says now with his slow smile.

He hired out as a bronco-buster on a ranch near Tombstone. He worked as a hardrock miner in a silver mine outside of Reno. Worked in a logging camp. Hired out on a fishing boat. He dug ditches in the Oklahoma oil fields as a roustabout. With ambition and resourcefulness to match his energy, Rory Calhoun kept roving around, searching for his own particular sphere, trying to discover what he could do best—where he rightfully belonged. He went back to his hometown—to the forests, his first true love. Digging in, he determined to become a ranger.

He'd never so much as emoted in a school play. "I was of the opinion acting was strictly for *softies,*" he says, wincing at the word now, and remembering the

Habits are easy to form—they might as well be good ones.

MONA FREEMAN

long weeks he spent alternately working in freezing snow and ice high in the Andes, and sweating in the blistering dust-choked plains of Argentina for "The Way Of a Gaucho."

But all this fire-fighter "Smoky" Calhoun had yet to discover. In 1944, he took a two-week emergency vacation from fire-fighting and went to Los Angeles to visit his ailing great-grandmother. This is when, by happy accident, he became an actor.

Early one morning while riding in the Hollywood hills, he met a likable fellow on the bridle path who later turned out to be Alan Ladd. "I didn't recognize him," Rory recalls. "We talked for ten minutes, mostly about horses."

"Are you an actor?" Ladd finally asked.

"Thunder no," said Rory, realizing too late why this fellow looked so familiar.

"Would you like to be an actor?" Alan smiled.

"No," said Rory, adding, "I don't know anything about it."

His wife, Sue, was an agent, Alan told him. Sue could get him a good coach. Flattered, but hesitant, Rory lunched with Sue and Alan in their home and agreed cautiously, "Well—I'll stay thirty days."

He was studying to be a ranger. Even going to night school. And he'd worked too hard for it to take any long gamble.

Sue Ladd got Rory a job right away, playing the part of Jim Corbett in "The Great John L.," a part which she knew wisely enough, would require little of him. He worked three days and he had one line. "I'll do that, Champ," it was.

And for this he was paid $600. "As a forester I'd been making $78.40 a week. This was tremendous pay. Two hundred dollars a day—how could you turn that down?" asks Rory.

There followed a part in "The Bullfighter" with Laurel and Hardy at Twentieth Century-Fox. He could handle his dialogue in this too. "If that guy's a bullfighter—I'm Mickey Mouse," was his worthy contribution.

To a practical young man who'd worked



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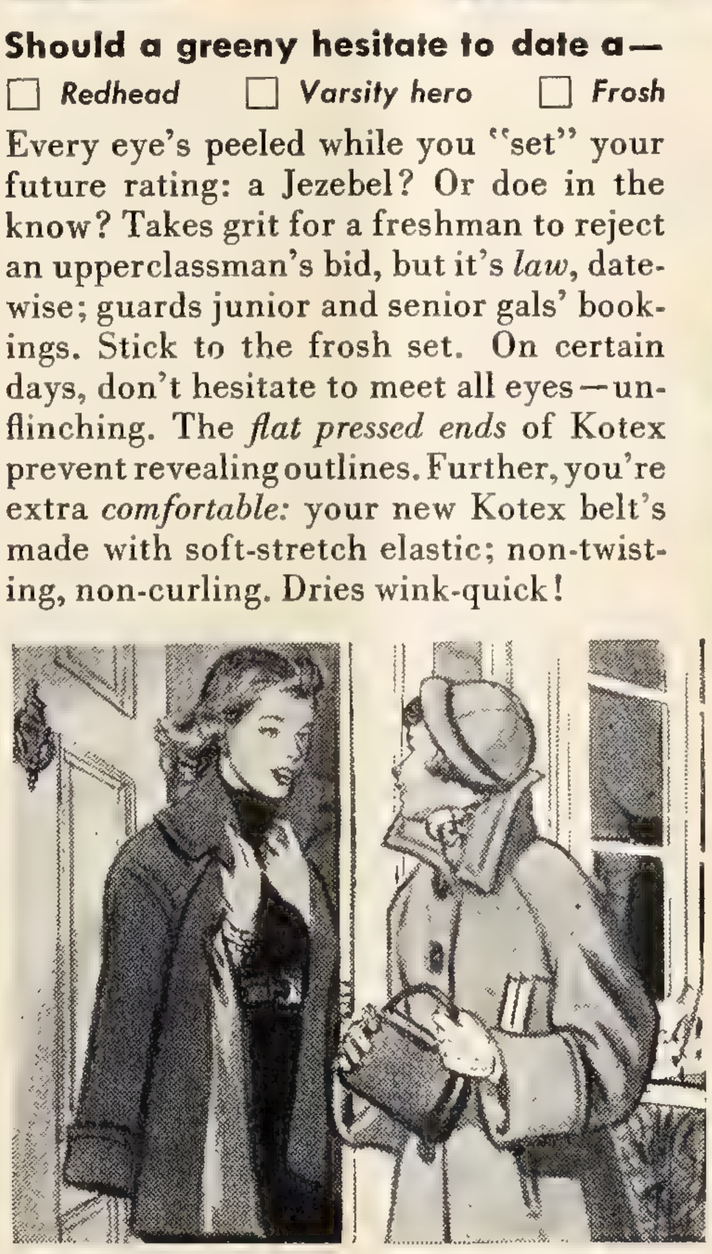
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so hard for a dollar, Hollywood seemed an almost unbelievable place. These people were crazy, but as long as it lasted, they could count him in. He decided to put his realistic mind to the business of making motion pictures. "I thought acting was like a vacation with pay. . ." Rory grins now, adding, "when I got paid."

For there were lean days when, having made acting his business and having given up his job at home, he needed all the ingenuity and athletic ability of which he was capable to stretch a dollar.

There were no dreams in Rory Calhoun's eyes, then or later. No Shakespeare in his soul. Making movies remained just a job. But acting, he discovered, was a trade. "If you're an apprentice, you learn. Then when you're a craftsman, breaks come your way. I found I was an apprentice then. I'm not a craftsman now—but I'm learning."

Twentieth Century-Fox signed him to a stock contract, and Rory, by now sold on the fact that he needed both training and experience, got jobs on the side to augment the small stock salary. He spent his days at the studio and worked nights as attendant at a Beverly Hills service station. When he was on lay-off, he worked in a brick yard near the studio.

Rory got a few small bit parts now and then, including one in "Sunday Dinner For a Soldier," in which you won't remember him. "One-Line-Calhoun," they called him then. His greatest performance was trying to out-talk his creditors, such as the one who eventually took back his '35 Oldsmobile.

When Twentieth Century-Fox dropped his option, Rory wasn't surprised. "I figured I didn't know anything about acting. I expected it. Disappointed? A little, but I didn't let it throw me."

About this time Henry Willson, then a Selznick studio executive, and today one of Hollywood's star-discoverers and most famous agents, saw Rory at a party given by the Ladds. He noted the way all the girls present kept ogling Rory and recommended that his studio sign him. One of Rory's best parts during his five years at Selznick-International was a loan-out for "The Red House."

Then Twentieth Century-Fox borrowed him for "Sand." Although he couldn't foresee it, Rory Calhoun's future was developing. And in more ways than one.

For about the same time he met a beautiful little Spanish dancer, Lita Baron, who was leading her own orchestra at the Mocambo. Rory was intrigued by the diminutive dancer with the flashing green eyes and the warm, vital personality. One night he stagged it to the club and invited her to join him when she left the podium. "I'm not allowed to dance with the customers," she demurred smilingly.

"But I'm not just a customer," he said.

Later, he asked if Lita had someone to take her home. "My brother always comes for me," she said.

"Well, if you'll trust me, *I'd* like to take you," said Rory.

They stopped at six drive-ins on the way home. "A kind of drive-in marathon!" laughs Lita now, remembering how they ordered a sandwich one place, a dessert another, and coffee four times.

For Lita and Rory it was love at the first drive-in. "I admired him so," she says. "Rory didn't act like a big shot, like a celebrity. He was such a regular person," she says, her eyes shining the way they do whenever she speaks of him.

"Lita? I liked everything about her," says her husband. "She was very sweet, but with the fire and spirit I liked too. And such a nice, clean girl. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I could tell she was a girl who'd make a comfortable home and who would want a family."

When Rory went to Durango, Colorado, on location, he sent her a silver fox cape which was initialed "I.C.C." "What's the other 'C' for?" her brother teased Lita, whose real name is Isabelita Castro.

"I don't know. Maybe it means Interstate Commerce Commission," she laughed. But she knew it was Rory's way of proposing to her. "I think you made a mistake and sent the cape to the wrong girl," she told him that night when he called.

"Why?" he said.

"Those aren't my initials," said Lita.

"They will be," he said, his voice slow and serious, "if you want them to be."

And so shortly thereafter, they were married one summer Sunday morning in Santa Barbara, with the old mission bells ringing melodically in the background. And now Rory Calhoun was gambling for two, himself and a brunette vision in grey chantilly lace.

But after eight years in motion pictures, it was the starring role as the South American Gaucho, the rugged, handsome horseman of the pampas, untamed and passionate, fighting for love and for his own ideals, that convinced Rory Calhoun that he was probably in Hollywood to stay. And it was during the making of "Way of a Gaucho" that Rory realized his heart, as well as his wallet, was all wrapped up in his work.

"It came to me during that picture—that I enjoyed this kind of work," he says seriously. "The role of *Martine* I liked. I'd played the 'other man' many times—but to be a good guy and a heavy at the same time as in this role was a stimulating challenge. Besides, I liked the guy."

It was while they were in Argentina, too, that Rory Calhoun realized first-hand how great was the impact of his adopted profession, how warm the spot Hollywood's stars hold in the world's hearts. He was surprised to find fans there even knew him, and he was touched by the way droves of them followed him around wherever he went. Two hundred followed him to a bar one evening, and while Rory sat inside having a sandwich and a beer, they stood outside mutely watching him. "Those people can't stand there," the tavern keeper said angrily.

Finally he became fairly violent about it, threatening to use force to disperse them. "You can't stay out there," he was saying, when Rory moved in and convinced him they could.

"They're my friends," Rory explained, when the fighting was over.

He invited all two hundred into the tavern and bought a round of drinks. He couldn't speak their language, nor they his. He was a stranger in a strange country, but he was surrounded by friends. Because of motion pictures, wherever he might go in this world, he would find friends. It was a warm and wonderful thought.

Now Rory and Lita have another wonderful thought. They plan really to take root in Hollywood. They want to buy a lot and build their own house. In the meantime, they're going to dispose of their "Rocking Star" ranch. "I want to sell it. I don't have the time to devote to it. Acting is my business now," says Rory the ranger. He has found that his own particular trees grow greenest in front of a camera.

Rory's gone Hollywood. He's come home.

THE END



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Boys Are Here to Stay!

(*Continued from page 67*)

her own business. My tolerance in this proves to me I'm really aging. When I was in Junior High, I thought that a girl who parked with a boy on some quiet road was pretty icky. But at twenty, I know that it's not up to me to decide how other people should behave.

Take kissing, for example. Sometimes I kiss a boy goodnight after a date, and sometimes I don't. It depends upon the boy. If he acts as though a goodnight kiss is really going to make the evening for him, I do. But if he acts as though my kissing him is supposed to send me into a new high, I don't.

You know that wolf type. They hand out the same old compliments to every girl they meet. I never listen to a boy who tells me how big my eyes are or that I've got cute hair or something. The boy who snares my attention is the one who's sharp enough to pay me a compliment *if* he really means it. Most girls can tell, you know. The boy who makes me an individual is the one I'm enthusiastic about.

When I was sixteen I actually didn't like dates. All they meant to me then was that I'd have to dress up. But when I got to be seventeen, I changed my mind and began to see that boys were pretty nice to have around, particularly if you wanted to go to a basketball game or to a show.

I still prefer a date that isn't a big production. For instance, one night recently I went bowling with R. J. (Bob Wagner). We had a million laughs, and a lot of good exercise. On the way home, we passed a theater that was showing "Dracula" plus "Frankenstein and the Monster."

R. J. said, fast-like, "Let's go see those, huh?" We went to the box office, but it was closed. However it was a theater near where I live, so the manager let us in, anyhow, because he knew me. Of course, those two oldies scared me so I was practically afraid to get out of the car when I got home—but doing a funthing like that, on impulse, was wonderful.

And speaking of cars makes me think of one subject on which boys are absolutely the living end. That's whether or not you are big and strong enough to open the car door on your side and step out. Fellows are so inconsistent.

I do wish they'd get together on these etiquette problems. I think it is perfectly dreary to drive up to a show or a beach place or something and have to sit there while the boy runs around the car and helps you out. But with some boys, if you do just step out, they start throwing Emily Post at you.

I went out with one character who, when I got out of the car, put me right back in and locked the door on me before he'd let me out again. What I like best is a boy who reaches across, as you come to a stop, opens the door that way and knows perfectly well you can get out under your own power.

Boys talk about girls not being on time for dates, but I seem to have known many more who were just as guilty and I'm here to tell you that boys who always arrive late drive me crazy. I'm always ready at the correct hour and if I sit and sit, I begin thinking of something much better to do than have an evening with this particular character. So when he does arrive, I have to knock myself out to get into the proper mood again. Sometimes I never do make it.

A boy who won't let you be yourself is a creep as far as I am concerned, because it just annihilates your personality to be two other people. If a boy isn't interested in the real you, why does he hang around?

A perfect example of this in my case, is my Girl Scouting. I love the Scouts and I always will. And I'll tell you in a sec about a recent occasion when my Scout training made the whole evening for four of us. But every once in a while I get some creep like the one who called me the other evening. He asked what I was doing and I told him I was about to go to a Scout meeting. This really sent him. He began howling with laughter and he said, "Oh, please, let's not go through that silly routine again."

"I don't mean to be rude so I'll tell you I am going to hang up now," I said to him.

I did that little thing, and he called me right back. "I'm sorry, Debbie," he said—which, of course, showed he was a nice guy, and I forgave him.

Of course, I do get teased about my Scouting. People say to me, "Aren't you a little old for this sort of thing?"

I answer, "My mother is a Girl Scout, too, and if she can get away with it, I guess I'm safe." Actually, of course, we are both counselors.

But one night this past June, I got my revenge on all those kidders. I didn't plan it that way. It just worked. You see, Richard Anderson and I had a double date to go grunion hunting with Bill Campbell and Pat Tiernan. Grunion, if you don't know, are a kind of California fish, that swarm up the beach at high tide on moonlit nights in early summer. It seems to me that all my life I've been told what fun it is to be in on a grunion run. You hunt them down with a flashlight, scoop them into a basket full of holes—and that is supposed to be living (for you, not the grunion). Even Governor Warren gets into this act every California summer—but when I dated with Dick, Bill and Pat, it was about my fourth time at it—and never once had we hit the night, or the beach where those crazy little fish were flapping themselves up on schedule.

We'd decided to meet at my house, and all four of us go down in my car. So I made ready. I put in my Girl Scout knife and waterproof matches. My dad put some logs for a fire back in the baggage compartment. I carried a change of clothes and three extra sweaters, because it had been a foggy kind of day that always promises a cold evening. I also put in my collapsible bucket. So we drove out to the only beach around Hollywood where you're permitted to light a fire—and Dick and Bill started to work.

By the light of a beautifully full moon, they gathered driftwood, and by the flame of Dick's lighter, they tried to make it burn. But there was a cold breeze blowing, and it blew out the lighter faster than they could flick it on. A spark or two did catch, but the driftwood was too damp to make them effective. It was only around nine o'clock, and the grunion weren't due to run till eleven-fifteen, when the moon reached the zenith.

"Well," said Dick laughing, while we shivered, "if we can't have a fire, let's have a coke." He reached into the sack he'd brought along, but he hadn't thought about an opener. "I'll get my knife," I said.

"Knife?" said Dick, "to open a coke?"

"Girl Scout knife," I explained. "It has everything on it except a cement mixer. And there's dry wood in the back of my car and here are my Scouting matches."

In a few minutes we had the fire. A second later, the boys were whittling sticks, with my knife, and before long we were spearing frankfurters to roast over the flames. When the grunion did

begin to run, my bucket was mighty handy and we ran in and out of the water so much, we would have frozen without those extra sweaters. Pat and I pulled them on in no time. The boys hadn't thought to bring extra things so they were out of luck. But they danced around our fire so vigorously that they got dry and also attracted people from the rest of the beach to share the fire's warmth and we really had a ball. When we got back home, Dick said, "Debbie, I salute the Girl Scouts forever from now on."

And I was saluting the Girl Scouts myself. Because if it hadn't been for that training, I probably would have had the sniffles and not have been able to show up on the M-G-M set next day, where I was working on "I Love Melvin."

I learned the hard way that you shouldn't go out on a twosome the first time you are dating a new boy. Until this one particular occasion I had never done that—and I never will do it again. My plan before and since has been to ask the boy to my house to meet my folks, when he asks to see me. We sit around and talk, or if he wants to go out, I get another couple to go with us.

I think this is a good rule—and not only for that old safety-in-numbers bit. It's also insurance against your getting bored right out of your red shoes in case the boy turns out to be a very dreary drip.

On one exceptional occasion, I let my date do all the planning, and I must say he did it real big. We went to a premiere. We went dancing. But when we got home, all of a sudden he blew a fuse. Suddenly he seemed to have six hands and four pairs of shoulders. I realized to fight or kick would get me nowhere. It would only egg him on. So I just let myself go limp in his arms, and kept looking at him with real disgust in my eyes, until I began to see the red creep up from under his collar and cover his whole face. He let me go and dashed for his car. He's never called me since, thank goodness.

The trouble with such boys is that they positively try to snow a girl under with the notion that it is practically in the Constitution that she's got to kiss them good night. But it isn't—and the kind of boy who makes those demands isn't what you want, either.

Oh, they have their faults all right, boys do. They get full of crazy notions like it's being sissy to dance well, or sharpie to get dressed up. But in this latter department you can usually calm them down by pointing out that a girl has to be uncomfortable, too, if she's really dolled-up in the chic manner. Besides, no matter what they say, they always seem to have that dark blue suit, somewhere in their wardrobe, which is dedicated strictly to formal occasions. And it doesn't take too much cleverness on a girl's part to get a boy who dances off-beat to dance on it.

As I said in the beginning, a boy does make a girl's life eventful. I have five particular girl friends. We all grew up together and we understand everything about one another. But just lately two of them married and now the third is heading in that same direction.

It makes me feel both lonely and dreamy. I wonder who "He" will be. I say to myself, "Will I like love?" And then I see my friends who have just been married, and I see that extra-special light in their eyes. I see their husbands' faces light up like a Hollywood opening when they look at their brides. Then I know, for sure, that the nicest thing about boys is that they are boys and can bring girls that unique kind of utterly, positively magnificent happiness. THE END



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116. Coleen Gray
117. Terry Moore
118. Ruth Roman
119. Patricia Neal
120. Arlene Dahl
121. Tony Curtis
127. Piper Laurie
128. Debbie Reynolds
129. Penny Edwards
130. Carleton Carpenter
131. Jerome Courtland
132. Polly Bergen
133. Marshall Thompson
134. Gene Nelson
135. Jeff Chandler
136. Rock Hudson
137. Stewart Granger
138. John Barrymore, Jr.
139. Debra Paget
140. Dale Robertson
141. Marilyn Monroe
142. Leslie Caron
143. Pier Angeli
144. Mitzi Gaynor
145. Marlon Brando

Cowboy Specials
25. Dale Evans
33. Gene Autry
34. Roy Rogers
35. Sunset Carson
36. Monte Hale
37. Hopalong Cassidy
38. Bill Elliott
39. Johnny Mack Brown
40. Al "Lash" LaRue
41. Jimmy Wakely

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one-minute facial

clears off... softens... brightens "young skin"



Cover face, all except eyes, with a lavish 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave 1 minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action *loosens* stubborn, dead-skin cells—*dissolves them off!* Frees the tiny skin gland openings so they can function normally. Now—after 60 seconds—tissue off. How tingling-fresh your skin feels. And how much smoother, clearer it looks.

For skin that "can't take" heavy make-up:

Use a thin film of *greaseless* Pond's Vanishing Cream for a more natural, fine-textured, smoother powder base!

(*Continued from page* 45)

Mike, amazingly taller and leaner, then Joel, an enormous, rounded-out version of the "baby" Kirk had remembered. Both had butch hair cuts. Both wore mannish blue suits. His sons.

"Daddy, Daddy, Daddy," they shouted, coming at him and climbing up his fortunately muscular frame as though he were a Jungle Jim. In one voice they chanted, "When can we go swimming?"

Possible Crisis No. One. In the early spring, when Kirk and Diana agreed on the long Hollywood holiday for the boys, Kirk had promptly bought property—a large lot complete with swimming pool and tennis court—but no house! (Things like that actually happen in Hollywood.) He had planned to build a house. But that takes time and concentration, of which recently he had had none to spare. The house in Beverly Hills which he had rented and which was spacious and lovely had (horrors!) no swimming pool.

But Kirk—for the boys' benefit—had joined a private club which had a pool. And, of course, they could always go to the beach.

"The beach!" The boys remembered it more than fondly.

"We can jump in the waves," said Joel.

"And dig," said Mike. "I have a *very* large shovel."

He had, indeed. Mme. Duprava exhibited it. Among their assorted pieces of small-boy baggage were enough shovels and pails to begin heavy construction.

And when could they go to the beach?

"Today! Today!"

"Okay, today," Kirk conceded. But first they would have to stop off at the house and have lunch. He had stocked up, like a conscientious father, with all the things that are "good" for little boys—carrots and celery and apples and milk—the works.

"We want lunch at the *beach,*" cried Mike, who has a memory like a baby elephant. "We want hot dogs!"

"*Ten* hot dogs!" said Joel. "With lots of mustard!"

Kirk looked questioningly at the governess, who nodded approval and promised to make up the score on lost vitamins at dinner time.

So the stop-off at the house was the shortest in history—just time enough for the boys to change from traveling clothes to beach duds and for Mike to compliment his father, as one bachelor housekeeper to another: "Say, you keep this place *neat!*"

A threat was implied, Kirk sensed. He took what he feared was a last look for a while at the immaculate, orderliness—flowers in the vases, cigarettes in the boxes, books on the shelves.

"It *is* neat," he thought, adding to himself with trepidation, "but not for long."

They drove out to Malibu in Kirk's open convertible, stopped for lunch at a place where the boys could eat hot dogs while watching a family of seals at play.

They didn't manage the ten hot dogs they had threatened, but they did put away three apiece, with mustard, and potato chips, and two chocolate ice-cream cones each for dessert.

"Now," said Joel, "we can swim!"

"Not yet," Mike told his little brother with the authority of advanced age. "We have to wait at least an hour for our food to develop."

While their food "developed" they dug—Kirk, too. And though he is as fit as any actor in these parts, he knew all too soon that he had been neglecting a few very important muscles. They dug a trench two feet wide and four feet long and deep enough for the boys to stand in. Great for playing cowboys and Indians, Kirk thought. While they played cowboys and Indians, he thought, *he* would grab a nap.

The boys climbed down into the trench and right back out again.

"It's a *fine* trench," Mike conceded. "Now let's go swimming!"

So they went swimming.

"Now for a nap," Kirk proposed when he finally lured the little fish out of the surf. Surely by now even they were exhausted!

"Daddy, I'm seven. And even Joel is five. We *never* nap. Absolutely *never!* Let's play baseball."

So they played baseball. Mike, whose athletic skills had multiplied in the year since he had spent any appreciable time with his father, was surprisingly good.

As for Kirk:

"My batting average was never anything to brag about. And my pitching arm had gone a little rusty.

"I decided I'd better get them out of there before I lost face entirely."

They were induced to leave the wonderful beach— "There's so *much* of it," said Mike, accustomed, by now, to the East's more crowded playing areas—by Kirk's promise to practice tumbling before bedtime. Kirk *had* been a good tumbler in his growing-up days, and had had recent opportunity to brush up in preparing for his trapeze-artist part in "The Story of Three Loves."

At home, the three he-men ate three man-sized steaks and then, with no time out for breath-catching, got right down to tumbling on the king-size bed in the master bedroom. (This was chosen as the boys' room for the summer, Kirk having retreated to a small bedroom across the hall.)

"It was a shambles," Kirk admits, almost boastfully. "The kids really like to rough it up. I'm afraid Diana wouldn't have approved."

But Diana wasn't there.

Once again Mike proved his prowess. Joel is still too bottom-heavy to be very bouncy on his feet (and has a bump on practically every inch of him to prove it), but Mike is shaping up for the Olympics.

His father made an admiring comment about his muscles.

"Me too?" asked Joel.

"You too," Kirk fibbed fondly.

Joel apparently sensed a note of insincerity. Kirk is a better actor when he has a little time to get up in the part.

After the boys were bathed and brushed and tucked snugly into the remade bed, Joel was still cogitating.

"I do too have muscles, Daddy," he insisted. "I have muscles on my legs and on my arms and all over my body."

"Fine muscles," his daddy reassured him solemnly.

Joel smiled and went to sleep. Mike, the athlete, was already dreaming of

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THE SECRETS BEHIND THOSE HOLLYWOOD HEARTBREAKS

You'll know the true story about some star couples when you read November Photoplay, on sale October 10

trenches five feet deep and waves ten feet high and pyramids built of hot dogs—with mustard.

As for their father, his bed looked good.

Kirk had planned, once the boys were settled in bed, to fancy up a bit and go in search of grown-up company. As a matter of fact, he had a date that night with a beautiful girl.

But he was tired. He was downright weary.

He called the B.G. and explained.

The whole summer was like that. That's why the glamour spots saw so little of Mr. D. while his fellow bachelors were in residence.

Actually, Kirk didn't mind. He had missed the boys painfully since they had gone East to live. He had looked forward for a year to this reunion. The beautiful girls, the adult world, could wait. This was an adventure in rediscovery—of youth, his own included.

But he wasn't seven years old any more (you can add thirty years), and keeping up with the small fry was hard work.

"I actually found myself looking upon the days I had to be on the set as resting-up periods."

But the fun periods came when he was free to scout for adventure with his sons.

They had one blissful week together at a dude ranch.

Kirk had promised Joel a look at some real cowboys and Indians. Mike was one up on him there, because he had visited his father the summer before on "The Big Sky" location in Wyoming.

He had slept in a tent with his father (no governesses along on *this* trip) and had eaten his meals sitting at a big sawbuck table smack between two Blackhawk Indian chiefs in full regalia.

He rode, and swam and fished.

"Boy," he said over and over again, "wait till the kids in school hear about all this."

Kirk was pleased, and eager to hear the details of Mike's triumphant homecoming.

He telephoned him in New York.

"Hey," he said, "how did it go?"

Mike was surprisingly subdued.

"Not so good, Daddy," he said. "They didn't believe me!"

"We'll do it again next summer," his father comforted him. "And this time we'll take pictures."

"Me too?" pleaded Joel, who was listening in on the extension phone.

"You too," his father promised.

And Kirk is a man who keeps his promises.

They'd go to the dude ranch, Kirk told him, soon after they arrived next summer, and they'd ride horses together every day. He knew the boys had had some lessons.

"Can we ride just with you, Daddy," Joel asked, "without the master?"

They'd better not even mention the master to the cowboys at the ranch, Kirk said. Real cowboys wouldn't understand that city talk.

"*Real* cowboys!" Joel gasped. "Boy!"

And this time, their father assured them, they'd take pictures. This time the kids back home would *have* to believe it.

"The kids will never believe that you know real cowboys," Mike put in cynically. "They all think you're just an actor!"

Just an actor!

Kirk counted ten, and while he counted, he thought.

The boys hadn't seen many movies, all told, and they had seen none of his. He and Diana had planned it that way.

"The heavy dramatic stuff was a little bit thick, we thought, for little-boy blood," he says, "and then, too, you can never tell—the kids might get it into their heads that their daddy is really a heel. A lot of supposed adults confuse a performance with the guy who is giving it. You can't expect kids to know better."

But the time had come, obviously, when something had to be done.

Fortunately "The Big Trees" was playing when the problem came up, and in this picture—while it is not Kirk's favorite—Daddy starts out as a hard guy, but winds up pure hero, without a neurotic quirk in his make-up.

Kirk took his sons to see it. He'd show 'em who was "just an actor."

They were fascinated, of course, and during the scene where Kirk, single-handed, holds back a rampaging caboose which is about to plunge over a cliff, they were overwhelmed.

"Boy!" Mike marvelled afterward. "Oh, gee! That was somethin'."

And then he thoughtfully bestowed the highest compliment at a boy's command:

"Gee, Daddy," he said, "you're almost as good as Roy Rogers!"

"You're pretty good yourself," Kirk laughed, and catapulted Mike up on his shoulder.

"Me, too?" chimed in Joel, once again.

"You, too," his daddy said, and threw him up on the other shoulder. (He was really getting in shape this summer.)

Mike and Joel have gone back to school now, full of tales of great adventure—and a new respect for "just actors." Kirk, himself, has left his bachelor diggings for a while, to make "The Juggler" in Europe. But they'll all be together again next summer. If not in Hollywood—then in Rome, Paris, Switzerland.

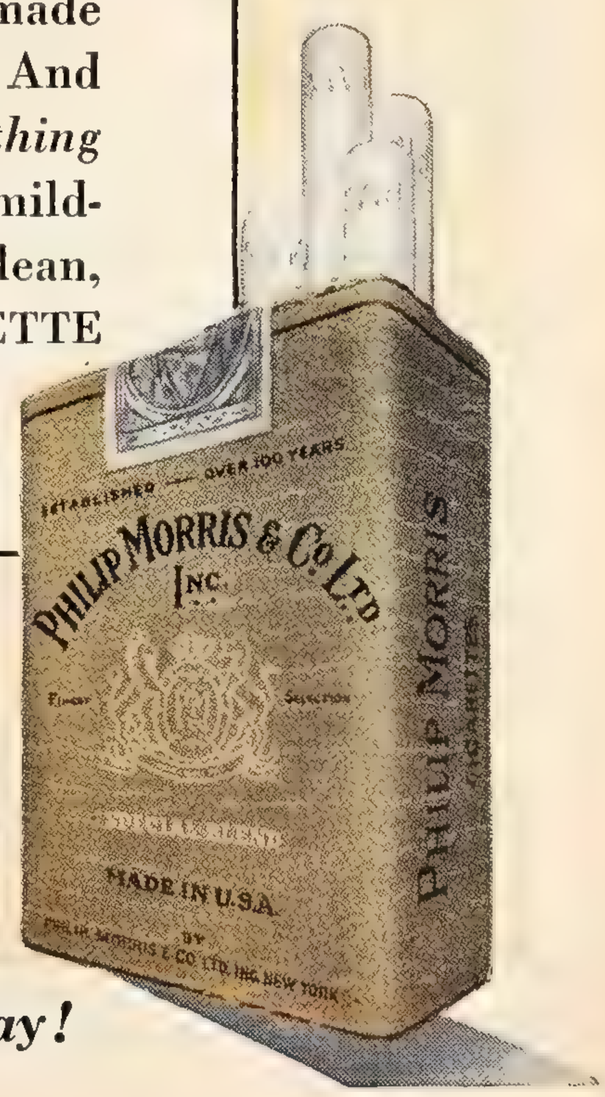
Their world is growing up. All of their worlds. And they have a lot more living and learning to do together.

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The Present Is Perfect!

(*Continued from page* 59)

husband or youngsters. The move into town was on B-D's account. Bette and Gary would have stayed at the beach forever. Margot and Woody were too young to care. For that matter, B-D wasn't worrying either, happily unaware of her deprivations. But the absence of children during the winter months troubled her elders.

"For us it's enough to look at the water," said Bette. "For her it's unsocial. She needs sidewalks where she can ride her trike and roller skate with kids of her own age."

"She needs birds and trees," said Gary. "It's sad for a child to grow up without birds and trees."

In an old section of Hollywood where the trees have had time to soar and spread, they found the kind of house people used to build for generations to live in. It has a two-storied hallway and a staircase straight out of Longfellow. Its timber is seasoned, its proportions beautiful, its rooms high-ceilinged and spacious, its atmosphere one of mellow serenity. Says Bette, "If I'd found it twenty years ago, I'd have been *in* it for twenty years."

Shunning verbal sentimentality, she can't douse the gleam of delight as she talks of her brood. "The gang," she calls them, all but smacking her lips over the word. "I always thought B-D should have a gang. Gary thought so too, which was fortunate. Very little children can have marvelous times with their parents. But the minute they're out in the world, they start looking around and wondering why they're alone."

So the Merrills adopted Margot, now a vivid-looking charmer of fourteen months. It was Gary's idea to name her after the character in "All About Eve," adding a *t*. It was B-D who staked out a claim to her from the first. "Close your eyes," said Bette. "Here's a present for you, here's your sister," and laid the little thing into B-D's lap. From then on, she's been the baby's "mother."

"If the younger kids play it smart," observes Gary, "they'll never have to turn a hand for themselves."

When Bette told a famous woman, nameless for our purposes, that she and her husband were in the market for a third, the lady said, "You're crazy!"

"Maybe. But you might as well have three as one to tie you down. Because even with one your entire life changes. You're never free in the way you once were, nor do you want to be. So it's nice to have three to show for that loss of freedom. Or six or seven or eight. Only three's our limit."

They wanted a boy the first time. Rather, Gary did, and not so he could take him fishing. "Men," he said, "feel a special tenderness for daughters, women for sons. I think Bette ought to have a son." Since more daughters than sons were being born at the time, they took what they got. With Margot safe in the fold, they could afford to wait for a boy, and a few weeks ago Michael Woodman Merrill came home. Woodman is a Merrill family name, and they call him Woody. Michael, explains his mother, is an ace in the hole. "If he grows into a big tough character and thinks Woody's too elegant, he can be Mike."

An added reason for the third child reflects her fairmindedness. "Two adopted to one you've borne is a good proportion. If the day ever comes—mind you, I don't believe it will but how can you be sure?—if the day ever comes when B-D says, 'Pooh, you're adopted and I'm not,' then Margot will have an ally in Mike. One against one is apt to be a rough deal. If we weren't in the public eye, I'd be tempted never to tell them. I loathe this business of 'her own and the two that aren't'." The blue eyes flamed. "They're *all* our own!"

It took more than children to shift life's center of gravity for Davis. For a year and a half after parting company with Warners, she sat in Laguna and ate her heart out. Here was a woman to whom acting was vital, who'd worked for eighteen years under the contract system that lines up your next picture before your last one's finished. Studio contracts with their fettering shalls and shall-nots can hogtie, enrage and frustrate you, but they have one saving grace—you know you'll work.

Breaking free of the shackles had been her own choice, but she'd made it, as an actress with her record has the right to do, hopeful that good scripts would come along. Those that came fell painfully short of her standards and as time wore on, she grew increasingly frantic. Idleness was the one thing she hadn't reckoned with, and idleness was murder. "I might add," she volunteers with her usual candor, "that there's also the ego in you. You feel, 'Well, of course, I no longer *mean* anything,' and it hurts."

Eventually you have to earn a living.



Family affairs took over the "Kansas City 117" set when John Payne's little Katie and Tommy guested at a birthday party for Coleen Gray's daughter, Susan (right)

Though it was nothing to shout hosannas over, she made "Payment on Demand" for RKO. One day a message came from Darryl Zanuck. "There's a script I want you to read, but I won't send it unless you promise to start work as soon as you finish over there."

It was "All About Eve" and she'd have promised her right arm for it. Colbert had been set to play *Margo*. They'd leased San Francisco's Curran Theatre for two weeks. It was the only theatre that looked like New York and it was tied up for the balance of the year. Colbert hurt her back, making it impossible to work during the crucial two-week period. So Davis got the job. "Rotten luck for her," says she, "and freak luck for me."

Call it freak luck, destiny or accident, something was at work. In the picture, Gary Merrill made love to her with intelligence and charm. One may hazard the guess that similar qualities marked his off-screen courting. Uncommunicative about her personal affairs, Bette breaks through her natural reticence to say, "This is the only marriage I've ever had."

Any criticism implied is largely self-criticism. With her New England conscience, Bette's incapable of taking marriage lightly. Her failures have tormented her. To a wise woman friend she once unburdened herself on a note of despair. "Nothing I do works out. There must be something wrong with my judgment."

"There isn't," said her friend. "The point is, some people have to keep on trying for happiness, others are fortunate the first time."

She's found happiness with Merrill. Their basic interests are the same—family and work. "The last thing I'll ever do," she used to say, "is marry an actor." She's lived to learn that actors can be people, and that it helps to have a man around who understands your professional problems without having them spelled out.

Still more relevant is the fact that Gary confines his acting to the job. He's an adult who puts first things first, and whose attitude toward non-essentials is relaxed. Good grooming, except when you're in front of an audience, ranks as non-essential. Playing the lead in "Born Yesterday," he showed up at the theatre one warm day in a pair of Army suntans, hacked off above the knee. "At least," pleaded the wardrobe woman, "let me hem them for you." He's averse to shaving or getting his hair cut, looks upon ties as a form of strait jacket and attributes these idiosyncrasies to nothing more romantic than laziness. In an effort to reform him, Kurt Frings, Bette's agent, appeals to his business sense. "You get better parts when you're better dressed."

"Who sees me here? Even business men like to be sloppy round the house. I work less of the time, so I'm sloppy more of the time. So I won't be in *Esquire*."

Frings turns to Bette for support. She considers her husband. "I think his hair looks kind of cute when it's long. Starts curling a little. You know something, Kurt? If he wants to look like a tramp, let him. It couldn't bother me less."

Thus encouraged, Gary continues cheerfully unshaven and unshorn. Without encouragement, he'd doubtless be the same.

On the surface, they're both casual, and react alike to any suggestion of stickiness. "Are you sweet and wifely when you get home from work?" asked an interviewer.

She controlled a grimace. "I don't think I'm ever sweet and wifely. It has nothing to do with getting home from work. However, the only person qualified to know is Mr. Merrill."

"She's as sweet and wifely," Mr. Merrill confided, "as I'm sweet and husbandly."

The newshound departed. "Kid," Gary announced, "I've become Dean Acheson."

"Then Acheson, kid, is a charming man to live with."

Gary's tough-minded and soft-hearted. Though he shares Bette's love for animals, he's less emotional about them. Klaus, the big Rottweiler, was prowling sick and lost round an airport when Gary spotted him, took him home, advertised for an owner who never showed up, and thus came into possession of his first dog. Later, Bette thought a toy poodle would be nice for the kids. Gary agreed on one condition. "No clipping. I won't have any lahdidahs round the house. Let it look like a bum."

"Fine," said Bette. "Then there'll be two of you."

Out of a litter, they picked the underprivileged one with the limp, and named her Gimpy. Through B-D's influence, she's now known as Tinker Bell. Tink's a character. Klaus is a wanderer. Whenever he takes a powder, Bette loses her mind. "You ought to watch him. You ought to keep him in."

"I won't tie a dog to a rope," says Gary, hotfooting it out in search of his runaway. Should the worst happen to Klaus, Bette would be crushed. Gary would keep his composure, but in his own quiet way he'd be beating himself.

He gives his wife's clothes as scant attention as his own. If she wore something he couldn't stand, he'd let her know it. Or the sixth appearance of an outfit might inspire him to comment, "New, huh? Very attractive." For the most part, though, he's oblivious to what she has on. But about gifts, he's a perfectionist. Bette's the kind who can't keep a gift to herself. "Your package is this big and it's not gold but something like it and I refuse to give you

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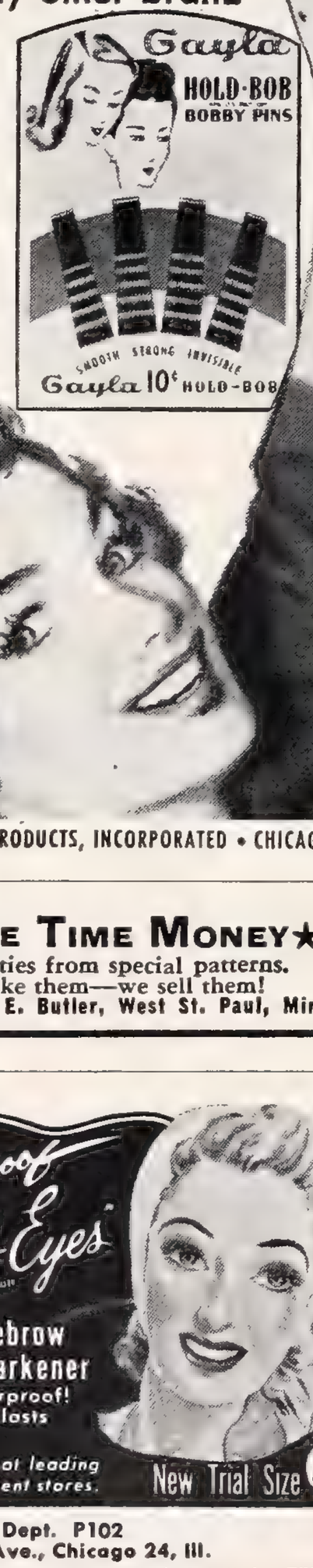
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a single hint except it's useful for shirts." Gary's of the opposite school. Keeps mum as an oyster, sheds help, advice or suggestion, roams highways and byways to find the rare and arresting. In London, Bette had a birthday. She thought he'd forgotten it till he came up with an exquisite pin of topaz and ruby-colored stone. He takes the same pains with the kids' birthdays and Christmas. Unless it's a surprise and he digs it up himself—preferably with sweat—it's a dud to Gary.

Long ago his father said, "You show your likes and dislikes too plainly. If you want to get on with folks, you'll have to change your ways." He's learned to be more diplomatic, but not to pretend. In this, he's akin to Bette, who applauds his honesty even when it's aimed at her. He's rather rude, for instance, about her Oscars, up on a mantel for all the world to see.

"I think they're flattering," she contends, "and I'm certainly going to have them around. Besides, you protest too much. *You* get one some day and see how you react."

"I'd say, 'thank you very much,' but I wouldn't put it on display."

He's from the New York stage, and Oscars loom less dazzlingly there than in Hollywood. Which isn't the whole answer, since even Broadway actors paste up scrapbooks. Merrill doesn't. His stepmother does, however. At his father's one day, Gary leafed through it. "You see!" crowed Bette. "You are interested!"

"Sure," he agreed equably. "Enough to look at it every two years. That's hardly worth the upkeep."

More important to him than Oscars are fairly good notices, so he can go on working in his chosen profession. Bette understands this, just as he understands that without acting, her life would be unrounded and unfulfilled. "Eve" should have brought the plums pelting into her lap. Inexplicably, it didn't. Again she sat through a year professionally barren. Then came "Another Man's Poison," no worldbeater, which they made largely for the sake of going to England. That wound up almost a year ago. Since then Hollywood's only job for Davis was an incidental role in "Phone Call from A Stranger"—so incidental that no one would have had the crust to offer it to her. Because Gary was doing the picture, she read the script. "I'd like to play a woman like *Mrs. Hoke.* But you can't write a whole picture round such a woman, so I'll never get the chance."

Negulesco was trying in vain to cast the part. One day he groaned, "Oh, let's get Bette over here," as you might say let's get the man in the moon.

"She'd like to do it," said Gary.

The other glared. "Don't toy with me, Merrill. I'm a desperate man."

So Bette did it for two reasons, neither of which involved her husband. It was a good part and she wanted to work.

Under business arrangements recently concluded, she looks forward to working more consistently in the future. This fall she'll be in a Broadway musical, "Two's Company." "But never again," she vows, "on the old treadmill. For nothing on God's green earth would I go back to that fifty-two week stretch. In some ways, though, I must be a creature of routine. I want to know what's ahead. It's uncertainty I hate, and in freelancing, that's the one great adjustment you have to make. Whether I work next week or next month doesn't matter, so long as I know that six months from now or even twelve, there's a picture waiting. Meantime George Brent and I do "Woman of the Year" for radio. We record it and have a perfectly wonderful time. That takes one day a week, and I'm the kind of woman who has to keep busy. So I've invented a new job for myself. I always did like new jobs."

It's an age-old invention that consists of looking after children. Not that she ever turned them over to a nurse and said, "*You* bring them up." Not Bette, whose sense of responsibility is all but a religion. When her working schedule made a nurse imperative, she kept a close supervisory hand on the helm. Now there's no nurse except Woody's, and she'll be gone in a month.

What non-career women take as a matter of course meant a whole new pattern of living for Bette. She laid her plans before Gary. "Children in homes that can't afford nurses," she informed him, "are *twice* the children. These are statistics. All doctors tell you this."

"Who needs doctors? It stands to reason that a nurse has her own ideas, which may not be yours, and you don't know what the dickens goes on with your kids. Stick close, and you find out little things every day that point to other things. You get to know your children.

"Then, instead of sitting and waiting for parts to turn up, why don't I take them over and have a busy day? It'll fill my life. It'll be good for them. When I work—which will be only now and then—I'll get someone in to help."

"Amen," said Gary.

Ask what she does with the children and out comes a hoot, derisive, incredulous, yet somehow jubilant. "What mothers all over America do with children. Get them up, bathe them, feed them, dress them, take them to the bathroom, play with them, nurse them when they're sick, comfort them when they're hurt, fix formulas when they're tiny, answer dozens of questions as they grow older, listen to problems, solve 'em or help them to find

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their own solutions—it's a big deal, believe me. Exhausting, but I love it. Especially with Gary around. I marvel at Gary's wisdom with children—his enormous patience, his tact, his humor. He could run a big fat orphan asylum and have every child in the place tagging after him. He's a Pied Piper.

"Not bad," he concedes modestly. "Married less than two years and I've got three kids. How much better can you do?"

Their household is flexibly run. Bound to necessary routines at the studio, they hoist the flag of the free at home. In Bette's flat statement, "You want nobody to tell you you have to do anything." So no martinet rules in the kitchen. Everyone cooks—Gary, Bette, both maids or a combination. The children eat at fixed hours as children should. Bette and Gary eat when they're hungry, which is never at mealtime. If they want a snack, they forage and nobody sulks and nobody's schedule is ruined.

A recent outcry protests the de-glamorization of movie stars. They're not like the people next door—so runs the pitch—or they wouldn't be stars. To which the Merrills say, "Bunk!" Whatever magic they may project on the screen, their domestic activities happen to be as unspectacular as those of the Smiths or the Joneses. At the moment, they're busy with the house, furnishing without benefit of decorators and with stuff which, according to Bette, "we've both had for over a million years." Gary likes golf and skating but, moderate in all things, makes a fetish of neither. He would really rather lie in the sun, being a constitutionally lazy man except when he's working. While Bette feels that his gift for laziness is beyond her, it still acts as a tranquilizing influence on her dynamic nervous system.

Their evenings are quiet. B-D's bedtime is storytime, with Bette or Gary or both as storytellers. Even here, however, they avoid rigidity. Should they happen to be unavailable, B-D understands. After the story, she and Bette sing Margot a lullaby. Right now they're stuck with "Rockabye Baby," but they've learned the first two lines of the Brahms and, once they master the rest, plan to alternate for a change of pace. Finally comes the prayer which B-D, rapt as a Madonna in miniature, says for Margot because Margot's too little to say it for herself:

"Thank you for the world so sweet,
Thank you for the food we eat,
Thank you for the birds that sing
Thank you, God, for everything."

With the children tucked away, their evenings are quiet. Unlike his body, Gary's mind doesn't care about loafing in the sun. He's an avid reader, with a sharp awareness of what goes on in the world and of his own responsibilities to it. Bette's right up there with him. Agreement on basic principles still leaves plenty of room for what she calls enormous discussions, enormous being Davis for terrific, and discussion meaning exactly what it says. Too intelligent for the I-think-what-you-think-is-heaven routine, they're intelligent enough to keep their differences on a grownup level. "Heckle Gary, and he'd walk out," says his wife with the air of one who'd consider him justified.

For these enormous discussions they find no end of food, ranging up and down from Korea to the children to whether or not they'll get to Maine next summer. Both find the Atlantic more alluring than the Pacific, a thing they keep mum about, since you don't have to explain it to easterners, and to westerners you can't. As a kid, Gary spent his summers at Prout's Neck just south of Portland—a rockribbed paradise of beach and woods and crested blue breakers and little sailing places and clamflats where you dig your own. New Hampshire used to be Bette's Shangri-la. Gary found it a cinch to wean her away to Prout's Neck. So long as it's New England, it's home to her.

Marriage to Merrill has brought more vital changes. In the old days Bette was a stay-at-home, almost a recluse. Apart from her family and a couple of intimates, she knew nobody. Work was her life, draining time and energy, leaving nothing over for the social whirl she didn't want anyway. She still doesn't want it in the Hollywood party sense. "But what I have now," and her face lights to radiance, "that's different. Through Gary I've inherited a whole group of people. People from the New York theatre mostly, and they're wonderful—alive, many-sided, stimulating, gay without being shallow, and thoughtful without being self-important. They exhilarate you and they keep your brains on tiptoe. A few friends like that, and the world's under your roof."

To call her a new woman would be to repeat a tired platitude that was meaningless to begin with. Nobody's new, except a fresh-born babe. Like any actress with the true fire in her veins, Bette Davis will want to act until she dies. But never again will work be everything—or even the main thing. New human values have stretched her horizons and enriched her life. You used to think of her as a lonely person. No more. Now there's a lean-faced guy, whose mind is his own but who talks her language. Now there's Margot, laughing her head off in the playpen while B-D parades Tink on a red leash. Now there's a fuzzy-headed tyke in the nursery who, as Mike or Woody, will grow up as her son. Now there's a house whose warmth is like a welcome. If Bette's been tops with you for more years than you care to remember, you go away feeling good. THE END

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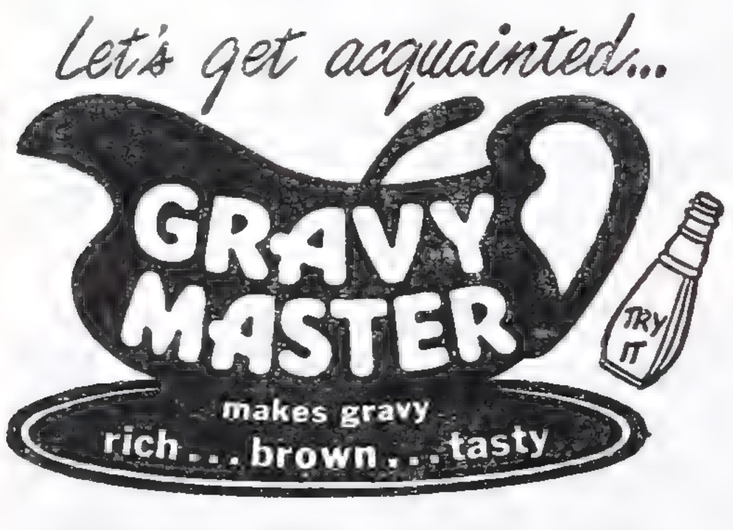
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Is June Allyson Retiring?

(*Continued from page* 38)

said to me, "June's the best actress I know. But she's the most un-actressy actress you'll find in Hollywood. I honestly think that on a lot of mornings she wouldn't go to work if I didn't urge her. It's not that I care whether she works or not; but I do believe she'll regret passing up the opportunity later on."

At that time June had an adopted child and was expecting another of her own. She seemed to look at us in amused wonderment as we talked about her career. "I'm not a career woman," she explained. "I don't like to fight, and in this business to get what you want you have to fight. I'd just as soon stay home and raise babies. I've been the happiest since the time I learned the stork was headed my way. For the first time in my life I feel important. I'd like to have at least five babies. But Richard (that's what she calls Dick) thinks he's a bit too old for such a big family."

I pointed out that a girl could have children and a screen career too, citing Esther Williams, Jeanne Crain, and Lana Turner as examples.

"I still don't like to fight," June repeated. "That's Richard's department."

Her attitude hasn't changed. Recently she told me she wanted to retire and devote her entire time to her family. Like many mothers, she shed tears when she sent in a school application for her daughter Pamela. "They grow up so fast," she said. "And even when working in Hollywood I miss being with my children."

Here indeed was a Hollywood phenomenon: a top star who didn't care about being a star. When I asked if she went to the studio while not working, she cast those innocent eyes upon me as if I'd wanted to know if she wished a trip to the moon and said, "What for? I've got everything I love at home."

June's contract with M-G-M ends within a year. I called Dore Schary, head of production at the studio, and asked him what he would think if June retired at the expiration of her contract. He hardly waited for me to get the words out of my mouth before replying, "She won't retire."

"What are the qualities that make her such a big box office star?" I asked.

"She has a fresh personality, an honest kind of personality," he replied. "She lends validity to a role. She reminds me of something in a picture we just produced about Hollywood, 'The Bad and the Beautiful.' In it Kirk Douglas says to Lana Turner, 'I know you're a star, because when you're on the screen no matter what you're doing or who else is in the scene the people in the audiences are looking at *you*.' That's true of Junie."

"What are her strong points as an actress?" I asked.

"Any good actress must have understanding of other people's problems, and June has," he said. "She also has that curious quality called talent—the ability to project herself and make others believe what she does. You know when you turn out the lights in a big room and start showing pictures, the good actress makes you think, 'This is really happening.' She can make one scared, happy, or sad. June has this ability to make others think make-believe is real. This is what we call talent."

"Do you think she'd actually be happy in retirement?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he quickly responded. "She's much too young to retire. Any personality as vibrant as she would be unhappy doing nothing. It would get tiresome. You know we all say that in a couple of years we're going to retire, but somehow it seems that we never do."

This is the opinion of the man who's June's current boss; and the person who will likely get her signature on a new contract, if she puts one anywhere.

To get another answer, I went to see the popular young miss in her Bel Air home. She and Dick had just finished dinner before an open fire. June, wearing quilted lounging pajamas and red felt slippers, looked hardly more than a child herself. She had on horn-rimmed glasses, but removed them when she started talking. A mannerism she has of hugging her knees in her arms added to her juvenile appearance.

Our conversation started with politics; and June began telling a story about Dick. He interrupted her with, "You'd better let me do the talking, because I'll get the facts straight." June stuck out her tongue at him and went right on with the story. On finishing, she asked, "Now, wasn't that the way it was?"

"Yes," he admitted. "But you never give prefaces."

"Oh, I don't have to go on and on to tell a story," said June.

Dick looked at her in a patient sort of way, continued his discussion of politics, and stated that he was not a rabid Republican.

"Thank God, you're not a rabid anything," chimed in June, whose every look and gesture indicated she was head over heels in love with the man. As she sat there with her chin on her knees, one

If you don't give, you'll never get.

SPENCER TRACY

couldn't possibly conceive of her being among the most popular film stars on earth, with the question of her quitting pictures causing many a producer and exhibitor to tremble in his boots.

It was plainly obvious that Dick was lord and master of the house, and when June had the opportunity to toss him a compliment or turn the conversation over to him she never failed to do so.

"In his new picture, Richard co-starred with Lana Turner," said June. Then as if suddenly recalling the event, she looked around with a very wise, impish expression on her face, and exclaimed, "Lana Turner! I was on *that* set every day Richard worked."

She glanced about the room, feeling something was wrong. Finally she got up and replaced a chair. "My daughter's shifted its position," she explained. "She's a furniture mover." It was typical of June to veer from Lana Turner to an action of her child. Unlike most Hollywood stars, she appears bored with talking about movies. That's one reason I believe she actually would like to retire.

"I want to direct," said Dick, who's very much a business man. "As an actor, I'm tired of holding in my stomach."

"Rich-chard!" remonstrated June.

"You're doing all right," I said to Dick. "Who's your manager?"

"Me! Allyson," said June.

"Okay," I said. "Now comes the $64 question. Why do you want to retire from pictures?"

A helpless expression came over June's face. With a wide, sweeping gesture, she turned the question over to Dick.

"You answer it," he said. "You made the statement."

June settled back into a lounge as if

accepting the inevitable. "It's really very simple," she said. "I love my career, and I've been very fortunate in movies. But I don't see why I should waste time doing something not worthwhile. The studio sends me a script. I read it and say, 'I don't want to make the picture.' The studio insists that I should. So I do. Then I'm told by studio officials that the picture wasn't very good. I knew that before I started working on it. Actually I want to retire from bad pictures. People don't want to see run-of-the-mill films. Take somebody making fifty dollars a week."

"Who do you know who makes fifty dollars a week?" Dick interrupted.

"My father," said June.

"He does better than that," said Dick.

"You're thinking of my step-father," June corrected. "If my father wants to take his wife and three children to a movie, he has to spend seven dollars. He doesn't have that much money to spend. He can't afford it. That's the reason I don't want to waste either the studio's or my time by making mediocre pictures. I'm married and have two children. I'd rather spend the time with my family."

"Are you getting lazy?" I asked.

"No," she said. "But my children need me. When little Pammy falls down and cuts her leg, the nurse tries to help her. But Pammy won't let her. She says, 'Oh, no, mummy will come downstairs and fix it.' So I go downstairs and fix it, and everything's all right. When I go to work that little thing is always in the driveway to see me off." Mimicking the little girl's voice, she continued, "Pammy says, 'Will you be home before I go to bed, Mummy?' That's not easy to take. I want to spend time with my children.

"But, as I said, I'm not a fighter. When anybody pats me on the head and asks me to do something, I'll do it. If I go into a store, and a clerk shows me something, I'll buy it. I don't want anybody to be unhappy. But most of all, I don't wish to be unhappy when I'm working. It makes me nervous. So I bring the state of mind home with me. I get mad at Dick and the kids. I grumble a lot, and that's not right. I can't blame the studio. If M-G-M had a good script suitable for me, I'd get it.

"I've had about everything a film actress could expect except an Oscar; but don't get me wrong. I have no burning desire to own one. However, if I were ever nominated for an Academy Award, I'd be down sweeping out the theater so it would be clean for the ceremonies. And I'm not saying to M-G-M, 'Give me a good picture, or I quit!' That would be childish. For my birthday two years ago, the studio gave me an $18,000 dressing room. The boys said, 'You've been a good girl, so here's a present.'

"Although I've turned down scripts, I've never been suspended. A classic example is 'The Stratton Story.' When I read the script, I saw there was very little in it for the girl, so I said I wouldn't do it. M-G-M told me I wouldn't be suspended for refusing to make the film but I was still wanted for it. Then I put up the argument that studio officials—not me—claimed I was one of their biggest stars and asked why they didn't protect their property. 'Well and good,' they said, 'but we want you for the picture,' So naturally I gave in. Then I went to Sam Wood, who was to direct the film, and explained that doing the picture was no wish of mine and that I'd have to depend upon him.

"My part in that film was strictly Sam Wood. He and Jimmy Stewart would come to my dressing room after working hours and cook up whole scenes for me. Jimmy would say, 'June's my wife. She's

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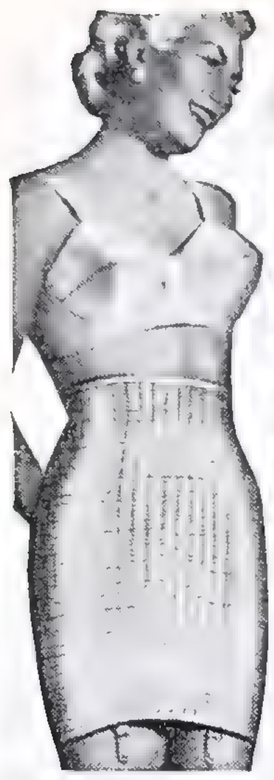
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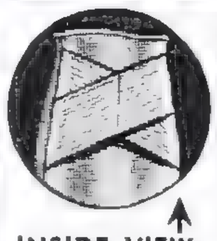
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the big star. Moviegoers won't want to look at me; they want to look at her.' So we rebuilt the whole picture around that idea. Now it's my favorite film.

"I've repeatedly told June that as long as I can walk and breathe, there's no necessity for her making a picture she doesn't like," said Dick. "But she's an actress; and not a *hausfrau*. And to an actress there's nothing more gratifying than doing a job well. June wouldn't be happy in retirement, because she's got acting in her blood. An actress simply hasn't the quality in her make-up to be indifferent to seeing herself fade from the public scene. If June had a substitute, got busy doing something else, I would think retirement would be okay for her."

"Busy!" exclaimed June. "I'm busy doing things that I want to do—not things you want me to do. I want to stay home."

"How do you spend your day?" I asked.

"I get up at eight o'clock in the morning," said she. "Then I go in to see the children and straighten out all their difficulties. I'm on a committee for the Good Samaritan Hospital. We arrange to send flowers and reading material to the patients. I'm also in all the charity drives for St. John's Hospital. I believe in working for my community. After all, my children are growing up here. Now I'm selling tickets for the Hollywood Bowl. Want to buy one?"

"Buy one?" I asked. "I'm selling them myself."

"Then we'd better get off that subject," said Dick. "But I do get sick of hearing actors talk about how nerve-wracking their business is; and how they hate it. Sid Luft gave the best answer to that I've ever heard. We were dining with him, the Edgar Bergens, and Judy Garland in San Francisco, when the girls began to complain about the hardships of show business. Sid said, 'Well, you're either equipped for it or you're not. If you're not equipped, you should get out.'"

"I don't mean that I'm neurotic," said June. "I just can't relax when I work. I love the film industry, and I think it's been very kind to me. But Richard and the children are the most important things in my life. I want to continue in pictures if I find the work interesting, enjoyable, and rewarding—but not for the simple sake of being a movie star. So far I've never learned to take it easy while making a picture. I never go into my dressing room to read or write letters, for instance. I work from the time I enter a sound stage until I leave."

"If you should retire, what would you do?" I asked. "You couldn't spend all of your time on charity committees."

"I'd have another baby right away," she said. Then she looked at me with sudden astonishment at the question. "What would I do!" she exclaimed. "Did you ever run a house and take care of two kids? We have a nurse, a butler, a cook, a gardener, and two secretaries. But they all have to be directed. I take charge of the children myself. Having a nurse is wonderful; but children also need the help of a mother. I teach Pammy to read, write, and draw. Then we go to the beach and on hikes. Passing on to them what little knowledge I have and seeing them discover new things for themselves is really thrilling. That's why I insist on quitting pictures before I get too old for them. If I find good stories, I wouldn't mind doing one film a year."

Dick laughed. "She'll re-sign with M-G-M. June, despite all she says to the contrary, is primarily an actress. And she won't find any satisfactory substitute for acting."

"I'll buy that," said I. "Her friends are non-professionals; and every one of them would give his right arm to have what June's got. They work hard to keep busy, and what do they do?"

"Talk," said Dick. "Talk."

June smiled. "I guess this guy is what the doctor ordered. When I was sent the script of 'Battle Circus,' I said, 'I won't read it.' We had planned to go to Europe, and I didn't want to do another picture. 'You can at least read the script,' Dick argued, 'and then you can tell Metro why you won't make the picture.' I said, 'I will not. Why should I?' His answer was: 'Either you work or you don't work. You can't do things half-way. Read that script, June.'

"I was watching television, but I got so mad at his insistence that I turned off the set and started reading. He just sat there and watched me. When I'd finished the script, I said, 'I'm ashamed that I didn't have the intelligence to read it so I could give the studio my opinion of it.' We discussed the picture, and I said, 'I want to do this film, Richard; but it means we can't go to Europe. But I'd rather stay home anyhow.'

"'So would I,' roared Richard. 'And you know what? I was beginning to feel too old to play in a film with you. But now that you're going to co-star with Humphrey Bogart, I've changed my mind!'"

THE END

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Afraid to Marry?

(*Continued from page* 43)

each case, the bogey is something personal, deep in hiding. Vera-Ellen, for instance, is like a kitten walking a fence—she's so cautious about her romance-life. Of course, I think she's right to be leery of hitching her star to the wrong marital wagon for the second time. But Vera's utter lack of normal, human impulsiveness in this department reminds me of the boys and gals who win Oscars and are then so careful about choosing the next picture that they never make another.

In recent months, I've often seen Vera with Henry Willson, the successful and personable agent. Henry tells me that he expects to marry the girl; he's even building a house as a lure she can't resist—he thinks. But the lady in the case, questioned about *her* intentions, smiles vaguely and counters by talking about her dates with Ernie Byfield. At that point, I decide she must be serious about Ernie. Next thing I know, I see her with Rock Hudson, even though these two had said a not-so-fond farewell months ago.

I don't know exactly what happened between Vera and Rock, but it couldn't have been pleasant, to judge by Rock's bitterness when he discussed the break-up. In the days when it looked really serious, he said the marriage was being postponed "because I can't marry a girl who makes so much more money than I do. When Vera marries me, she'll have to live on *my* income."

I suspect that suggestion didn't set so well with Miss Vera-Ellen. She's a very independent-minded girl, a well-balanced personality—maybe a little too well-balanced for her own good. Her opinions about running her own career, about regulating her life in general are clear and precise. Could be that, deep inside, unknown to herself, she's wary of becoming in any sense dependent on another person. A true marriage means inter-dependence, and it does take courage to surrender part of yourself into another's keeping. Perhaps Vera just can't get up enough nerve.

Rock tried to be understanding about her career problems; he even okayed her dates with better-heeled guys who could take her to Ciro's and Romanoff's and Mocambo, where she'd be photographed with the elite of Hollywood for the fan magazines and newspapers. That was probably a mistake in Rock's strategy. Seems Vera got used to going out with other men, and thus her ties with Rock were weakened. But I wouldn't write a permanent *finis* to this romance. These two have meant a great deal to each other, and some day Vera may realize that you can't be both completely self-sufficient and completely happy.

Meanwhile, the tall, dark and oh-so-handsome Mr. Hudson is having a ball with all the young, middle-aged and getting-on-to-be-elderly girls in this fascinating neck of the woods. You can hardly name an unattached girl in town whom Rock hasn't dated. On his list: Rocky Cooper, Nancy Sinatra, Marilyn Maxwell, Gene Tierney, Barbara Stanwyck—with eighteen-year-old Susan Zanuck, Darryl's sprig, thrown in for good measure. To date, his success with the ladies hasn't spoiled him. I'm keeping my fingers crossed, believing that Rock's playing a waiting game. I think he's settling for pleasant companionship, steering clear of strong attachments, hoping that Vera will overcome her qualms.

I called another gent-on-the-loose to check a rumor, and found myself accepting a date to dine at Romanoff's with Dan

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Dailey. Somehow or other, the conversation got around to love and marriage. And I was startled to hear Dan deliver a series of blasts against both. "It took me twenty years to find out what I really want in life," he told me, "and I've never been as happy as I am now. Women! Wives! I can do without them."

As everybody knows, the end of his marriage was a drawn-out, grueling business, likely to leave anybody bitter. But when I suggested this explanation, hesitantly, Dan replied in obvious anger, "Liz? I was never in love with her!" I'm sure he thought he was speaking the truth. But there was too much emotion in his voice. The break-up of a truly loveless marriage is usually accompanied by mere boredom or annoyance. This boy, I decided, is whistling in the dark, trying to get over his hurt by telling himself it isn't there.

And that's what lies at the heart of Dan's fear. It's the fear of being hurt once more. I think he *will* marry again, in spite of all his violent words. But he'll have to do some figgerin' first. He'll have to learn to understand his own reactions. Because his marriage failed, it doesn't mean that marriage *per se* is no good. Because he's beginning to enjoy living alone, eating when he feels like it, operating freely with no need to devote time to a wife and family, it doesn't mean that he'll never find a girl who can fit into his way of life. There might even be a someone—and I hear there is a someone, in Pasadena—who enjoys the racket he makes with his trombone, and wouldn't banish him to a shed in the garden or to his dressing room at the studio, to blow off steam. Anyway, I hope Dan finds his Mrs. Dream Dan (even though he *says* he isn't looking for one), because he's a darling.

And I hope June Haver may one day find the feller she deserves. In her case, the source of fear is much more obvious. Her marriage was thoroughly unhappy, bruising to the soul. And, as you know, June is very religious, schooled to look on marriage as a permanent bond. Being forced to break it was a shattering experience. She'll never wed again without the consent and blessing of her church; in fact, she went to Rome two years ago to plead for an annulment. In her short life, June has done penance with too much tragedy: the death of the one man she did love, Dr. John Duzik; her own illness; her misfortunes.

Her emotional upsets have taken their toll physically, as well as spiritually. Women aren't as subject to ulcers as men, but June has enough for a dozen men. More hospitalization—and operations—followed after she missed the leap into Dan Dailey's arms for that ill-timed dance number in "The Girl Next Door." (Such timing's a delicate thing, easily affected by one's state of mind.) Dan used to visit her in the hospital, but both were so full of woe they had no time for woo. June *needs* a husband more than any girl in Hollywood, and I devoutly hope that, when the time is right, she'll take her destiny in her two quite frail hands and go forward to meet married happiness.

Jean Peters is another who seems more than moderately wary. She's a mature-minded and highly intelligent young lady; yet she insists that she'll never marry, that her heart belongs to her career. I don't know who she's kidding; I hope it isn't herself. True enough, her career is now on the up-grade, but any girl with Jean's brains knows that the finest of careers alone can't provide a full life. For a long time, Jean was deeply in love with a producer. She'd have married him in a minute—*if* he'd ever asked her.

It's my guess that Jean still loves him. So she announces her devotion to her career by way of signaling to her producer that he has no real rival. Or perhaps she has lost hope, fears she'll never find love again, is trying to give romance in general the old sour-grapes treatment. The first is bad strategy, and the second is worse psychology, and I'm betting that Jean's smart enough to snap out of it if her hopes aren't realized.

Steve Cochran's even more the romantic enigma. He's always on the verge, but never merges (not recently, at any rate). Any girl, any time, any place—but strictly laughs, or strictly business—that's our little Stevie. I suspect he was boasting when he implied that Mae West was quite enthralled with him. I *know* he was when he let slip the story that Ginger Rogers was expecting to keep a rendezvous with him in Mexico. Steve showed up there, all right—only to find that his alleged lady-love had flown, to her ranch near Rogue River.

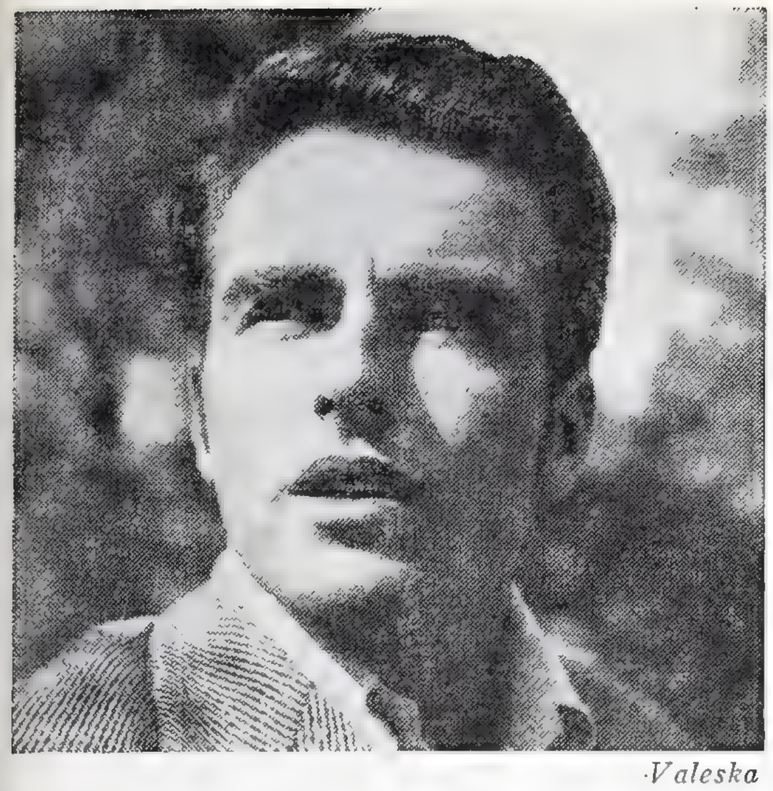
Then there was Steve's beeg romance with Denise Darcel. He went to the station to meet her when she was returning to Hollywood. By an amazing coincidence, there was a photographer on hand. So what happened? Nothing. I'm not sure whether it's Steve who is scared of marriage, or the girls who are scared of Steve. But I'll hazard another guess: Here is a fellow who's settled contentedly into bachelorhood after two divorces, who's scared of losing the freedom to pursue fun or publicity wherever he finds it. Oh well, he has his dog and his parrot to keep him warm. And, just because he feels so secure in his bachelorhood, he's likely to find himself some fine day securely snared by some enterprising lady.

Ann Blyth, Hollywood's nicest unmarried lady, tells me she will marry only once. So it's essential for Annie to hit the matrimonial bull's-eye with the first shot. It's sad and ironic that the only guy she's showed a real interest in should get into hot water with the Army—and I do mean Dick Contino. By the time he straightened himself out, he was out of Ann's life. At the moment, Maureen O'Hara's brother Charles FitzSimons seems the only likely replacement, but there will probably be others.

Just recently, Annie has developed a flair for tasteful clothes and meticulous grooming, and this, I think, may be the first sign that she is growing up psychologically. Strangely enough for a girl who has been in show business since childhood, she's led a rather sheltered life, absorbed in her work, tenderly cared for first by her mother and later by her aunt and uncle. More youthful than her years, Ann may have had the young girl's usual timidity with men, except on a comradely basis. And I'm sure this possibly slow maturing is going to produce an essentially lovely woman.

While there had been marriage rumors about them for a long time, nobody ever really believed that Farley Granger and Shelley Winters would get married, though the noise they—especially Shell—made about their friendship was so deafening you could hardly hear the truth. Farley was out of character during that interlude. He isn't the type to go whooping around night clubs. The sensitive Farfel ("Noodle"), as Shelley used to call him, prefers listening to classical records, reading, collecting paintings, or (when in Paris) philosophizing with existentialist friends on the Left Bank. That intellectual life is probably more peaceful than the average marriage. Farl keeps saying he'll get married some day, but if Shelley couldn't arouse this young aesthete from his dream, what girl could?

Another Hollywood maverick, Marlon



·Valeska

Monty Clift: perfectionist

Brando, is so busy finding mates for his pet raccoon, he's left with no time to find a wife for himself. And that's probably just as well. Breathes there a girl, do you suppose, with fastidiousness so dead she could tackle this untidy broth of a hulking boy? Maybe Marlon's afraid there *is* such a girl, and he shudders to imagine the marital dialogue: "Where are my jeans?" "I threw them out in the trash!" . . . "Well, I'm ready to leave." "Marlon, I won't go a step with you unless you put on a respectable suit—and a tie!" And that, very likely, does it.

Compared to Brando, Montgomery Clift's a fashion-plate, but he's still another maverick. Personally, I think Monty would like to marry; what stops him is a terrific inferiority complex that stems from his lack of height, in a profession crowded with six-footers. When I first met Monty, I was startled to find myself almost looking down on him, and I'm no Amazon. This feeling of insecurity might account for his long-time association with an older woman, Myra Letts, who used to travel with Monty wherever he went—giving him acting lessons, it turned out! And all the time I thought they were discussing marriage plans.

There's another fact that makes Monty shy of marriage: He's a perfectionist. And there are few women alive today (or yesterday or tomorrow) who could measure up to his high standards. Certainly not Liz Taylor, nor Barney Balaban's daughter, nor the secretary at MCA, to mention a few of his dates.

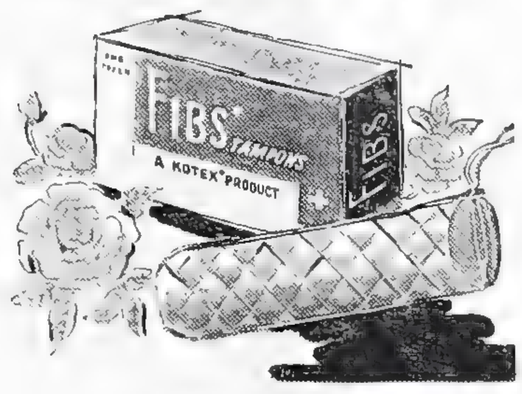
Also an ex-beau of Liz (and practically every eligible gal in sight), Peter Lawford has told me many times that he won't marry until he's thirty. Well, he's now twenty-nine, with no serious romance in his life. Scott Brady, now twenty-eight, has told me he's made the same resolution. Both boys, I think, are wary of the responsibility that goes with a wife and family. But Pete's the more likely to stay footloose. Though Scott has loved and wooed Dorothy Malone for two years, has he ever nerved himself up to the point of a proposal? I doubt it, because I believe Dotty would have said, "Yes." But she's a gal with a mind of her own, and possibly Scott's been afraid she might say, "No"—quite a blow to the masculine ego.

Dotty may very well be weary of waiting for Scott to come out with an honest-to-goodness "Will you marry me?" Or he may be waiting for her to arrange her career so that she can stay in Hollywood. Either way, I think they still may marry. That goes for ninety per cent of these marriage-shy stars. All their assorted fears aren't strong enough to cancel out the normal human craving for a lifelong companion. THE END



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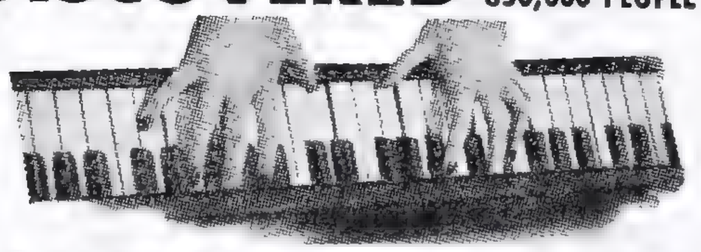
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SOAP BOX:

Recently, I saw a revival of "Knock on Any Door," the brilliant picture that successfully launched John Derek to stardom. And while watching it, I was reminded of quite a dangerous pitfall that sometimes accompanies the success of a new star.

Mr. Derek is an example. Ever since his tremendous introduction in that picture, which showed what a really fine talent he possesses, he has been receiving routine scripts in pictures unworthy of him.

The day we Derek fans are all waiting for —indeed all of us who approve of brilliant young acting talent replacing the older gentlemen and ladies—is when studio executives realize what excellent and genuine talent they have at their fingertips and reward these people with scripts worthy of them. Let them prove they have something lasting to contribute to motion picture art.

J. CATINELLA
New York, New York

I think nowadays there is too much talk about "new faces" as if the future of movies depended only on them.

It's much better for a picture to have a sound performance by an experienced player than the novelty of a pretty face giving some amateurish performance. For instance, I recently saw "I Want You" and think that Dana Andrews and Dorothy McGuire put Peggy Dow and Farley Granger back in kindergarten, even if these two are the best among young players.

Funny thing: I recently read that Mr. Goldwyn is planning a picture a year with Miss Dow and Farley, but, of course, he wouldn't dream of re-teaming Mr. Andrews and Miss McGuire in a good adult love story.

JUAN CORREA
Buenos Aires, Argentina

I think it would be a good idea if a movie was made with old-time favorites such as Greta Garbo, Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll and Fay Wray all in the one movie. My mother says that they still aren't bad looking. This movie would make many parents happy, it would give children like myself a chance to see the stars our mothers and fathers worshipped, and it might be a means for a comeback for some of the old-time greats.

CAROL CHIRKO
Berwyn, Illinois

QUESTION MARKS:

I just saw the movie, "About Face." Who was the wonderful actor who played Mr. Bender? Could you tell me something about him?

PRISCILLA BROWN
Mt. Pleasant, Iowa



That was Joel Gray. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, nineteen years ago. He is the son of BandleaderMickey Katz, but he has been doing just fine on his own careersince hestarted in show business at ten. You can get in touch with him through George Evans Associates, 36 Central Park South, New York 19. New York.—ED.

I have been collecting Photoplay pinups since they first started and would like to put them in an album, but am missing numbers 5, 6 and 7. Could you please tell me how I can get them?

MARY LOUISE GOMEZ
Woodside, New York

Send twenty-five cents in stamps for each issue to Photoplay Subscription Dept., 205 East 42 Street, New York 17.—ED.

I saw "The Battle of Apache Pass" and I thought it was an excellent picture. I think John Hudson has looks, personality and everything. Could you tell me something about him?

MARILYN WOLF
Butler, Missouri



He was born in Dublin, Ireland, on January 24, 1922. He has blue eyes and brown hair, is six feet tall and weighs 170. And he's not married. He is now working on "Return to Paradise." You can write to him in care of Mark Robson Productions, United Artists, Hollywood, California.—ED.

Could you please tell me the name of the background song in M-G-M's "Invitation"?

S. HUGHEY
Norris City, Illinois

It is also called "Invitation" and it is available on M-G-M recordings.—ED.

Could you please give me some information on Leo Genn? I have just seen "Quo Vadis" and I think he is a wonderful actor. Has he ever been in any other pictures?

MARY BOWLING
Mishawaka, Indiana

He is an Englishman who gave up a successful legal career to turn actor. He has a long list of stage and screen performances, both here and in England, including "Mourning Becomes Electra," "The Snake Pit," "The Miniver Story." He'll be seen next in M-G-M's "Plymouth Adventure."—ED.

CASTING:

The comic strip, "Winnie Winkle, the Breadwinner" would make an entertaining film with Ginger Rogers as Winnie, and Spring Byington and James Gleason as Ma and Pa

PVT. STANLEY LANG
APO 34
Postmaster, New York

This year marks the hundredth anniversary of inventor Louis Braille's death. It would be a good time for Hollywood to do a movie o this great Frenchman who devoted his life t helping the blind. Jean Pierre Aumont, wh played Braille on TV, would be the ideal star

DELA PAQUERETTE
Brooklyn, New York

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Rita Hayworth

(*Continued from page* 51)

world couldn't forget it. Now that she has returned to pictures, the spotlight will be even brighter. It will be focused primarily upon her work and her dates. And, of course, the things that mean the most to Rita—her home and family.

People sometimes ask if she wants her daughters to be actresses. At the question, Rita laughs. "How can you discuss futures for such young babies? Just let them be happy."

She's seeing to it that they are—and she's happy to tell the world.

When Rita's away from home, the roost is mainly ruled by a houseman named Domingo, who feels he owns the entire family. At Christmas time, Domingo hired an artist to come in and decorate the windows with snowmen, and Santa Clauses, and trees, and Rita didn't know anything about it until the job was finished.

Recently, Domingo averted a domestic crisis. Rita had heard that Alaskan Huskies were wonderful dogs with children, so she bought a pair. They *were* wonderful dogs. They were also monumental, and when Rita looked at all that latent dog power looming over her children, she got worried. The Huskies had to go. But Rebecca and Yasmine had grown to like having dogs around the house and at the Huskies' departure they set up a howl.

Domingo disappeared from the scene of battle, and returned sometime later with a small animal. "Nice dog," he said. "Cost one dollar-fifty."

The small animal—of mixed parentage—was promptly named Shorty and is now a great social success.

Rebecca, Rita's daughter by Orson Welles, speaks French beautifully, and acts pretty grown up nowadays; Yasmine speaks a kind of hybrid French-English, and acts any way that comes to mind.

She's a charmer, who flirts continually, lowers her head, glances up from under her lashes, and throws kisses. She visited Rita at the studio one day, watched her dance, and was utterly captivated. Rita came home that night and there was Yasmine, whirling like a dervish and shouting "I can do it, too, Mama. I can do it, too."

Already, Yasmine is denting men's hearts. Her nurse, Ann, takes her to the park every afternoon while Rebecca is at day camp, and in the park the little boys fall under Yasmine's spell. Donna Reed, listening to her small son Tony pray one night heard him mutter, "And God bless Jazz-min."

Subsequently, Tony informed his mother that he was in love with Jazz-min, and could she please come to his birthday party?

Donna made a trip to the park to discover the identity of the lady. She turned out to be our girl, looking up from under those lashes.

Rita keeps Aly up-to-date on Yasmine by sending him photos. "She looks exactly like you," Rita tells Aly. "Ridiculous," he writes back. "She is your image."

Once, when Rita was trying to snap some photos, Yasmine insisted on standing on her head. Getting up there was easy enough, but an astute observer who happened to be present, detected a hole the size of a dime in the sole of Yasmine's sandal. "Ho-ho," he cried. "A little princess with holes in her shoes!"

Obviously, an actress who earns $252,000 a year plus gravy (twenty-five per cent of the profits from each picture) can keep a little princess in Cadillacs, not to mention shoes. But with Yasmine, the shoe problem is high finance. She can and does wear





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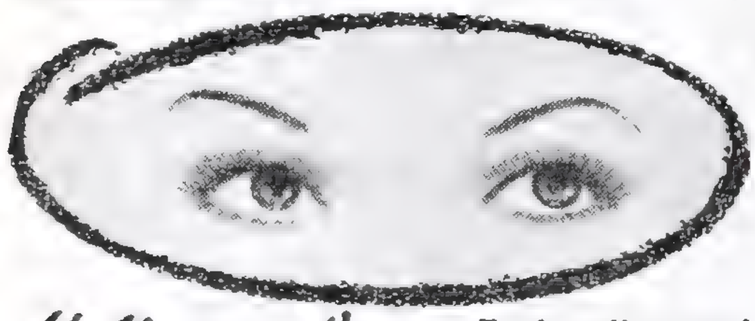
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out a pair a week. The only time she's not in motion is when she's sleeping.

Shoes aren't all that take punishment. On a recent morning, Yasmine whipped up a small tornado in her boudoir because she couldn't find a particular dress. Rita had bought the dress only a week before, and had just thrown it away. Within that time her daughter had worn it to shreds.

Then there was the case of the white, iridescent bathing suits. Both Rebecca and Yasmine had gotten one. Rebecca strutted about in her suit like a proud beauty. Yasmine let her suit take her down to the pool and coming back she crawled up the forty rustic stone steps of the terrace. That suit was finished.

Rebecca is taking dancing lessons at her own request. And Rita sometimes sits on the floor and plays Bongo drums while both kids cut a rug.

The girls have a good time with their mother and hate having her away. "Why do you have to leave us?" Rebecca asks, very reasonable and grown-up, but with tears in her eyes, and a trembling voice.

Rita dislikes separations, too, yet once in a while there is something she feels she just has to do—like the hospital tour last fall. She traveled from San Francisco to Seattle, visiting hospital wards.

It was Rita's own idea. She had no publicity. She paid all expenses for herself and her secretary, and even the expenses of an Army major who accompanied them.

Many stars are asked to visit the war-wounded, and many do; but Rita is the first big-name star to pick up and go on her own.

She was separated from her children again when she vacationed in Mexico after "Affair in Trinidad," but it's simply a matter of common sense for her to take a rest once a movie is completed.

Rita and her secretary went to Mexico in a station wagon. They covered three thousand miles, spent their first night in Phoenix, their second in Texas, and crossed the border on the third night.

They rested for a few days in San Miguel, then motored to Mexico City where they behaved like tourists. They visited an art school, cathedrals, missions and shopped for hats.

Next stop: Acapulco. Rita stayed at the Casablanca Hotel, played golf every day (she shoots in the nineties), swam in the ocean, lolled for hours on the sundeck. At night she went dancing with the local escorts. Sometimes in the nightclubs, sometimes barefoot on the sand.

It would have been a wonderful vacation. However, while she was there she received word that both her father and her grandfather had suddenly taken ill.

The Cansino men recovered, but for a long time after Rita flew back, her grandfather had to remain in the hospital, and kept asking to see her. She'd finish work, then dash down to spend an hour with him before going home to the kids. They spoke Spanish to one another, while the old man's eyes glowed with happiness. Rita is his favorite grandchild and not because she's a movie star. He's not impressed with that—all the Cansinos have been performers.

Padre, as he's called by the whole family, and Rita have always been very close. The old man was once a bullfighter, and together he and Rita started a magnificent collection of bullfight paintings.

Rita is not a drinker, but when Padre was around there was always a jug of Spanish wine in the kitchen. He'd go out, take a deep slug and then come back and start talking bullfighting, while his granddaughter listened raptly for the hundredth time, as though she had never heard him tell his stories before.

Rita's interest in art started with the bullfight posters, but it hasn't ended there. She met Picasso while she was abroad, and he gave her a painting of his, and she bought others. Now her house is filled with priceless pictures, and she has a record collection that's equally fine. About reading, she's less selective. She once went on a location trip with four twenty-five-cent detective novels, and Tolstoi's "War and Peace."

Rita, now on her second picture since she came home, is back in real harness again. She gets to the studio at six-thirty in the morning, and sometimes doesn't leave until eight-thirty at night. She's now a producer at Columbia, so things that do not concern other actresses do concern Rita. And for a lazy girl, she's holding up pretty well. She is ambitious for herself as an actress.

This ambition was probably inherited. All the Cansinos knew about was plugging away in show business, and Rita took her work seriously until she met Aly. Then, for the first time in her life, she walked off a picture. Furthermore, up until Aly, she'd never read a newspaper except for the funnies, and she couldn't have worried less about world affairs.

Now, she's got all kinds of political savvy, which seems to be the main change from the old Rita. She can talk to people who aren't "in the business" without getting tongue-tied. A close associate of Rita's says a conversation with her used to go like this:

"Gee, business smelled in Milwaukee."

"Well, it rained."

"Well, it's always bad in Milwaukee when it rains."

Today, Rita knows intimately premiers and potentates, and could argue for hours on matters of state and political trends.

If she had the hours in which to argue.

Except for broadening of knowledge and horizons, they say at Columbia that Rita hasn't changed a bit. And they say it on every level—carpenters, designers, grips, vice-presidents. They remember wondering what it would be like when she came home. After three years as a Princess, and manager of what was practically an international hotel—what kind of grand entrance would she make, how hard would she try to impress everybody?

Bob Coburn, head of Columbia's still department, who has been photographing Rita since her first picture there, tells the way it happened.

"I had the gang with me," he says, "and she walked in and we had a sign that said, 'Welcome Rita.' She ran around and hugged everybody, and it was just as if she'd walked out the night before. It was a touching home-coming."

Coburn sounds reverent when he talks about Rita. "She never will be a jerk like some of the others," he says. "You shoot 'em for the first time when they're nobody, and two or three years later they give you the ultra-ultra stuff . . ."

You'll get the same story from Jean Louis, Rita's wardrobe designer. Jean is impressed by her natural, friendly manner. The kind of manner that makes everyone feel like her pal.

Jean tells of the afternoon he was coming out of the studio and a man ran up to him.

"Hello, Jean. Do you remember me?"

Jean didn't, but being a friendly soul himself, he hedged. "Well, your face is familiar."

"Hattie Carnegie!" the man cried.

Then Jean realized. When he'd worked at Hattie Carnegie's swank establishment in New York, this fellow had been the doorman.

"Jean," the man said. "Get me in to see Rita."

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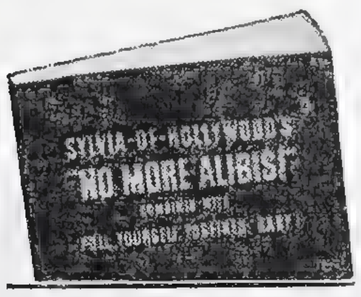
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"I can't," Jean said. "I'm not allowed on the set myself. They chase me out when I come around."

"But, Jean . . ." said the man, "I know Rita."

"Yes?" said Jean.

"Yes," said the man. "Not only do I know her; I know her very well."

"How do you know her so well?" asked Jean.

"From opening the door for her!" his friend said, triumphantly.

A typical working day for Rita starts at ten minutes to six in the morning. That's when the alarm goes off. Rita leaps out of bed into her jeans, has orange juice and a quick cup of coffee, then drives to the studio. By six-thirty Helen Hunt is bleaching Rita's hair, Helen Daniels (Rita's maid) is up in Rita's studio suite preparing breakfast, and Maggie Parker (Rita's secretary) is at Rita's elbow drawing up shopping lists or reading the morning mail.

Somewhere between the bleach job and the shampoo, Rita will dash upstairs to her suite (sitting room, make-up room, kitchen and bath) for breakfast. Bacon and eggs if it's an ordinary working day. Lots more if she has to dance.

Back again with Helen Hunt, Rita's amber bronze hair is washed and brushed dry. Then she's ready for work. The work never lets up, either.

After a day as Actress Rita rehearsing and shooting, Producer Rita has to see the rushes, read scripts, puzzle over advertising contracts.

Getting back to the rumors about Rita and men, they—the rumors—go on. An old friend like Gilbert Roland will drop over to her house one afternoon with a book she wants to read: reporters report, "What's between Roland and Rita." Kirk Douglas will invite her to his place for a quiet dinner and maybe dancing at Ciro's, and photographers will swarm all over them. Richard Greene will take her to lunch at Tail O' The Cock. This will be in the morning edition: "Richard Greene and Rita Hayworth are making the nightclubs their playground."

This kind of talk is dangerous for Rita. She's in the midst of a divorce case with a couple of probabilities as to its outcome. Though she filed for divorce some months ago, the court hearing is still in the future.

But, in August, Rita's lawyer, Bartley Crum, announced that she had agreed not to serve any papers on Prince Aly Khan while he is in the United States for a brief family reunion. This, intimate friends indicate, might develop into a permanent reunion.

The "mystery" that surrounds Rita at present is no mystery at all. She is finishing "Salome," enjoying renewed friendships in Hollywood and having a wonderful time with her children.

If at times she is lonely, she's busy enough hardly to notice it. THE END

THE VERDICTS!

Who are the "Choose Your Star Winners"? What have the readers of Photoplay decided should be the fate of Ingrid Bergman?

The answers in the November issue of Photoplay



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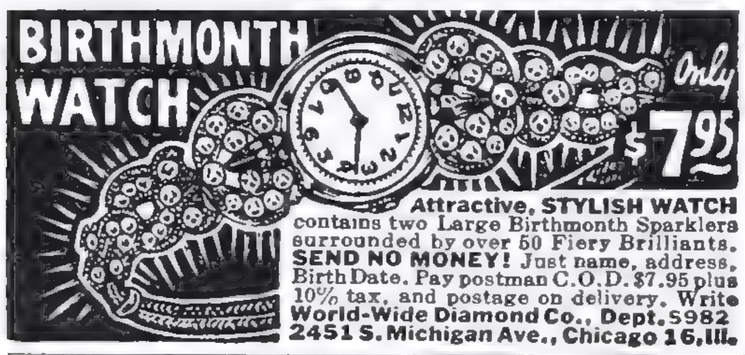


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Mitzi Gaynor

(*Continued from page* 48)

some time to her first and only love.

Puzzled at the interest shown, Mitzi once remarked to a friend, "Since I've been in motion pictures, I can't remember a day—not one—when somebody hasn't come up to me and asked when I'm going to get married. Or said, 'Congratulations, Mitzi! I hear you're already married.' Why? Wouldn't you think there'd be something else to talk about?"

But love helps substantially in making the movie world go 'round. In an industry which blossoms on boy-meets-girl, gossip columns are ever alert. The young star and the attorney have been a never-changing twosome. Some thought they looked married, acted married. The fact that they celebrated holidays raking leaves and working together in Mitzi's yard didn't detract from the idea. But no marriage license could be unearthed. Neither was listed on the other's income tax return. Columnists found no evidence. . . .

Her romance, as related by Mitzi, is a familiar story. Her attorney-fiance was her first beau. They met when she was appearing in "Naughty Marietta" at the Philharmonic five years ago. They have gone steady ever since. She promised her mother "many years ago—when I was a little girl—long before I met Richard—that I wouldn't get married until I was twenty-one." Until then, she was just "engaged to be engaged. . . ."

Mitzi turned twenty-one September 4th, a few days before she opened as the star of "Jollyanna." Reporters were all poised to print how, like Cinderella, on the stroke of midnight come September 3rd she would turn into a blushing bride. But they were denied this when, weeks before that date, Mitzi said her wedding would have to be postponed. "Look," she said unhappily, "I never said I'd get married the first day after I was twenty-one!"

It became generally known that for an interval Mitzi's fiance and his mother had occupied a separate four-room apartment in the rambling three-story house high on a hilltop overlooking Hollywood which Mitzi and her mother rent. This added to the rumors that Mitzi was secretly married.

According to friends, this was an economy move. Mitzi, who admittedly likes "the feeling of living on a hill," and her mother found the place and rented it months before she signed her motion picture contract. With their inherent warmth and hospitality, they wanted a place with a welcome mat large enough for the overflow of relatives and friends who visit them. Rent and expenses were high. As Mitzi once told a friend, "For a while there we were having hamburgers every night. And hamburgers every night can get pretty tiresome." Four rooms of the house divide into an apartment with its own outside entrance. This they could rent. And they did—to the Coyles, to Richard and his mother, who were looking for an apartment at that time.

During the years, Mitzi's mother, whom her fiance teasingly calls "Slim," and his mother, whose name is "Min"—and whom Mitzi addresses affectionately as "My Min"—have become very close friends. Also, this would enable both families to economize towards the home the engaged couple planned to buy.

Her explanation for postponing her marriage is very simple, and very believable. "We can't get married now," Mitzi says. "I'll be with the show on through the middle of January, and I'm not going to get married when I'm doing a show. We're taking 'Jollyanna' across the country—maybe to Broadway. This wouldn't be my



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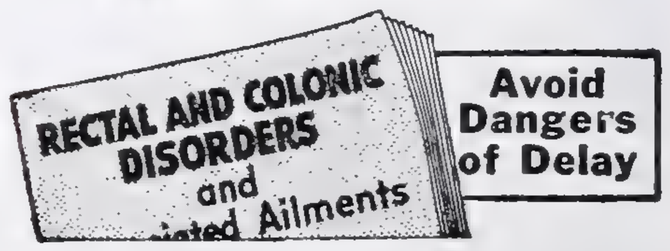
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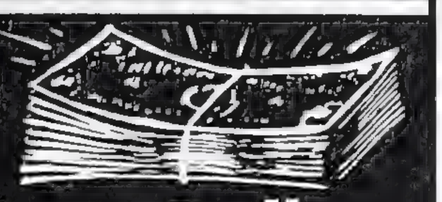
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idea of marriage—Richard traveling around and catching up with us for a day or two whenever he could. We want ours to be a normal marriage. That's the way Richard and I are. We couldn't be more normal. None of that tinsel and quick-silver part of this business for us. We have been to a night club but three times in as many years—each time it was to celebrate my mother's birthday. I love Hollywood and my career, but with us it's business. One we both like and respect, but still a business. We don't want a 'theatrical' marriage. We'd rather wait and have our wedding the way we've planned it for so long."

A hectic hurried ceremony between the matinee and the evening show is not for Mitzi. Nor a backstage honeymoon. After five years you can wait a few months more.

Today, Mitzi's name is in lights and she has the star's dressing room she once visualized, but marriage as she planned it must wait. Not even the help of her own magic slippers, her beloved purple toe shoes which superstitious Mitzi calls her "lucky shoes"—because she was wearing them in a show when Twentieth Century-Fox discovered her—could arrange this. "Nobody else believes they help—but if I believe they're lucky, then it means that to me," says Mitzi, who always wears them the first day of every picture.

Her contract specifies she be given six months off after three years to do a stage show, and that it must be done with Producer Edwin Lester, who gave her her big break. In this, the third year, Mitzi was offered the lead in "Jollyanna."

"Just think, the star of the show!" Mitzi says, even now still wide-eyed about it. "It's so wonderful to be the star. The way they ask your opinion of numbers and costumes and everything. The way everybody keeps saying 'What do you think, Mitzi? What would you like, Mitzi?' . . . Golly!"

Not so wonderful, however, is the thought of long weeks she may be separated from her fiance while the show is on the road. Not when she remembers a week away from him last year, when she vacationed with her mother and aunt in Twenty-Nine Palms. "The first two days were fun—but by the third, I was calling him long distance three times a day!"

But wisely enough, her fiance understands their respective roles in the backstage drama that is a familiar part of stardom and its demands. As for Mitzi—just inquire whether during the past five years she wouldn't have been wise to encourage other admirers, as some basis for comparison, and you get an amazed, "Why should I have gone with anybody else? He's everything I could ever want in a man. When you find somebody like Richard—" she breaks off. Then picking up steam, "Look, when you're ahead. . ."

When you're ahead, don't press your luck. Don't try the purple shoes too far.

How lucky for her the past five years have proven. Along with the fact that a teenager named Mitzi Gaynor knew her own head and heart amazingly well.

From the first, she felt it would be right for her to marry someone outside her own profession. A lawyer, say. "Professional men are less emotional," she points out. "Take me—I'm either way up or so far down you can't dig me up with a spade. But Richard is a very calming influence."

Let her blow up about something with, "Oh, you make me so mad!" "And where can you go from there," says Mitzi, "when the man in question just agrees calmly, 'I know I do, dear. But let's just think this thing out.'" By the time she sits and thinks a few seconds, the whole matter is straightened out.

"These lawyers—they're so logical!" says Mitzi. "But so right for me. I keep ex-

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pecting Richard to rave and rant back at me. But he never does. He just looks at me and listens to my argument, then he calms me down."

A close association of five years like theirs enables both to make compromises and adjustments. "The first year we disagreed on a lot of things. Or rather, I did. But I was so in love—I didn't know from nothin' anyway. We understand one another very well now. Richard is so understanding, and so right for me in every way. He has none of the little traits or mannerisms that irritate me. It's the little things in a marriage that can be so annoying—I would imagine."

After five years, a girl observes her share of little things too, like looking at a man's face and knowing instinctively how weary he is.

After five years, she can know how wonderful his sense of humor is and appreciate his teasing way. Like when Mitzi drops some slang expression she has picked up at the studio. "You know, phrases like 'he's real gone,' or get enthusiastic about a choreographer and tell Richard, 'This man is the coolest thing that ever happened to anybody!'" Upon which her attorney-fiance elevates his own cool eyebrow. "Cool?" he repeats. "You know, honey—cool," says Mitzi. Then, as per long-established ritual, she laughs, "He says, 'Well—let's get the book.' He looks it up in the dictionary and says—'Oh—rigid—eh?'"

In five years she can know there's nothing to fear from their two careers. "He knows I've been working in some phase of show business for seven years now, that I've grown up with it and enjoy it. If he thought it was just the money, he might be different. But he knows how much it means to me. He's a tremendous help too, reading lines with me. I get two copies of every script. He has his and I have mine. He's taught me so much about how to 'think' a line through, as well as the shortcuts to learning them."

And going steady for five years allows ample time to study at close range one's prospective mother-in-law.

"My mother thinks more of Richard than she does of me," states Mitzi. She adds laughingly, "And I don't like it one bit. I keep reminding him, 'I've lost a mother and you've got another one.' Mine



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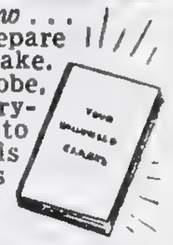
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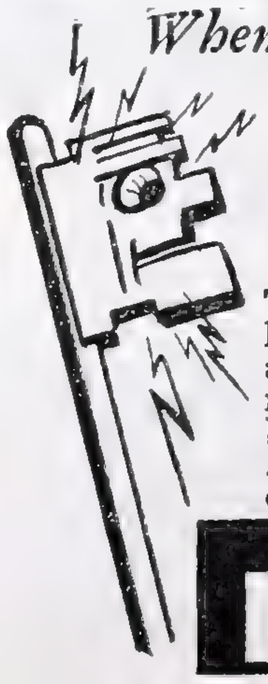


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is always going around asking Richard, 'What can I fix you, dear? What can I do for you, dear?' She treats him like a king. As for Richard's mother—My Min—I adore her! We look more alike than my mother and I do. And My Min is always taking up for me."

When their two families dine together at Mitzi's, her fiance is always threatening, teasingly, "I'll go home to your mother." Adding with a sigh of sheer satisfaction, "You can marry me if you want to—but bring your mother along. I don't trust you in the kitchen." Whereupon his bride-to-be reminds, "But your mother is teaching me how to cook!"

Regardless of their shared opinion that newlyweds should live alone, already they can weigh the potential disadvantages. "We keep asking ourselves, 'How can we do without them?'" laughs Mitzi. "What with Richard being so very fond of my mother's cooking. And where could I find another canasta partner like My Min?"

They're an affectionate family foursome, whether they're playing cards or spending a gala evening together at a neighborhood movie, armed to the teeth with popcorn. If it's Mitzi's picture, they sit in a tense family huddle. If her mother, out of their long working partnership, offers any helpful comments, "Why didn't you . . ." Min will be sure to counteract with, "I think you were just fine, Mitzi." Richard? "He just sits there saying nothing, with his hands clenched, waiting for the jury to come in."

At the moment Mitzi and her husband-to-be are looking for a home to buy. "Preferably a house on a hill. I'd love living up above the Sunset Strip."

As this is written her plans are to be married "early next year when I finish in 'Jollyanna.' We want a simple church wedding with a few close people," she says seriously, then breaks off, laughingly remembering how many close relatives and close friends they both have. "Maybe we'll hold it on television."

Her wedding gown? "I don't like to talk about that," she says, serious again. "I'm so superstitious. A magazine wanted me to model a wedding gown layout—but I wouldn't dare. It's the same when I'm up for a part. I never talk about it. Sometimes I don't even tell Richard. I'm bursting, but I don't say anything until I know—for fear of jinxing it."

Which brings up the matter of the "lucky" house Mitzi and her mother now rent, concerning which Mitzi has observed with some degree of mild understatement, "It's a busy house."

"It's no great shots of a house," she says, "but it's such a lucky house! Since we've been living there, I landed the part in 'The Great Waltz,' I signed with Twentieth, I got the part in 'Golden Girl,' and 'I Don't Care Girl' and 'Bloodhounds of Broadway' and now 'Jollyanna.' My mother has written a television play, and a recording company is interested in putting out an album of songs with her lyrics. My cousin Yvonne Ruby quit her job with an ice show and started working with a modeling agency, and she hasn't been two days without a job since then. Her boy friend, Coulter Irwin, hadn't worked in a year, but he came over to the house three times to see her—and got a series of television shows! It's such a lucky house, I don't see how I can leave it."

In the meantime, take Mitzi's word for it. "We're not married—and we're not going to get married right now." She refuses to be rumored into a wedding other than that which fulfills her own five-year-dream.

Then, and only then, can Mitzi Gaynor put her purple shoes away. THE END

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SON OF ALI BABA—U-I: *Kashma Baba,* Tony Curtis; *Kiki,* Piper Laurie; *Tala,* Susan Cabot; *Mustafa,* William Reynolds; *Hussein,* Hugh O'Brian; *Caliph,* Victor Jory; *Ali Baba,* Morris Ankrum; *Kareeb,* Philip Van Zandt; *Babu,* Leon Balasco; *Farouf,* Palmer Lee; *Theda,* Barbara Knudson; *Calu,* Alice Kelley; *Capt. Youssef,* Gerald Mohr; *Zaza,* Milada Mladova; *Princess Karma,* Katherine Warren; *Commandant,* Robert Barratt.

SON OF PALEFACE—Paramount: *Junior,* Bob Hope; *Mike,* Jane Russell; *Roy Rogers,* Roy Rogers; *Kirk,* Bill Williams; *Doc Lovejoy,* Lloyd Corrigan; *Ebeneezer Hawkins,* Paul E. Burns; *Sheriff McIntyre,* Douglas Dumbrille; *Pre. Stoner,* Harry Von Zell; *Indian Chief,* Iron Eyes Cody; *Blacksmith,* Wee Willie Davis; *Charley,* Charley Cooley.

STORY OF WILL ROGERS, THE—Warners: *Will Rogers,* Will Rogers, Jr.; *Mrs. Will Rogers,* Jane Wyman; *Clem Rogers,* Carl Benton Reid; *Cora Marshall,* Eve Miller; *Bert Lynn,* James Gleason; *Dusty Donovan,* Slim Pickens; *Wiley Post,* Noah Beery, Jr.; *Mrs. Foster,* Mary Wickes; *Dave Marshall,* Steve Brodie; *Orville James,* Pinky Tomlin; *Sally Rogers,* Margaret Field; *Art Frazer,* Virgil S. Taylor; *Mr. Cavendish,* Richard Kean; *Joe Arrow,* Jay Silverheels; *Flo Ziegfeld,* William Forrest; *President Wilson,* Earl Lee; *Tom McSpadden,* Brian Daly; *Eddie Cantor,* Himself.

SUDDEN FEAR—R-K-O: *Myra Hudson,* Joan Crawford; *Lester Blaine,* Walter J. Palance; *Irene Neves,* Gloria Grahame; *Steve Kearney,* Bruce Bennett; *Ann Taylor,* Virginia Huston; *Junior Kearney,* Touch Connors.

UNTAMED FRONTIER—U-I: *Kirk Denbow,* Joseph Cotten; *Jane Stevens,* Shelley Winters; *Glenn Denbow,* Scott Brady; *Lottie,* Suzan Ball; *Matt Denbow,* Minor Watson; *Camilla Denbow,* Katherine Emery; *Bandera,* Antonio Moreno; *Clayton Vance,* Douglas Spencer; *Max Wickersham,* John Alexander; *Charlie Fentress,* Richard Garland; *Dave,* Lee Van Cleff; *Ezra,* Robert Anderson; *Clem,* Fess Parker.

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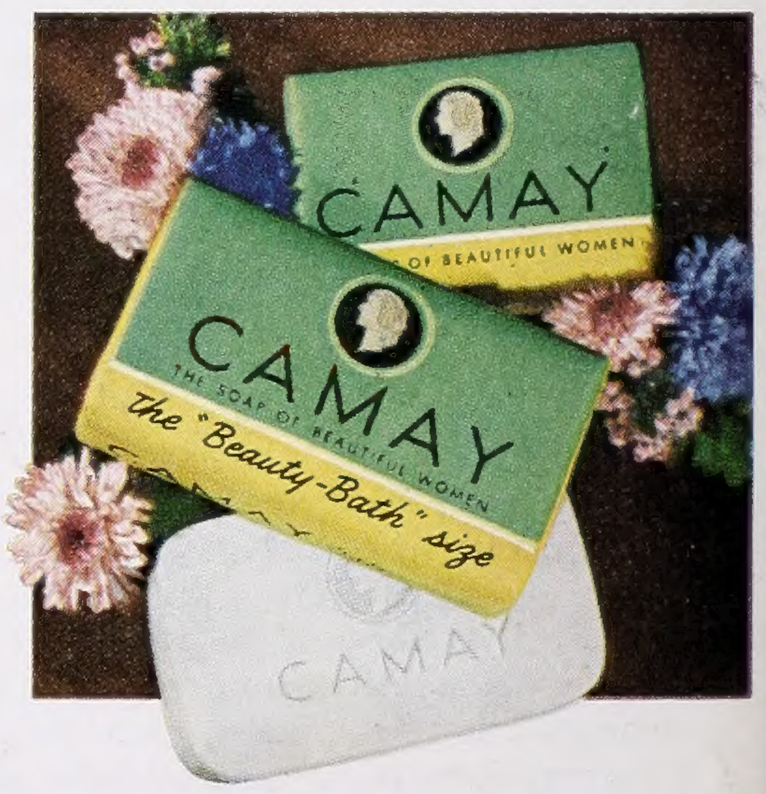
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